THE ROYAL SHAKSPERE

Five genuine Autographs of Shakspeare.

Nº1.

·W Esaffet

Mollraw . GP ff/pp

272 pm Milliam Egalynar

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5 is from the third brief of the Will.

H. Mutlow sculpt.

## THE

# ROYAL SHAKSPERE

The Poet's Works in Chronological Order

FROM THE TEXT OF PROFESSOR DELIUS

WITH

"THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN" AND "EDWARD III.

AND

AN INTRODUCTION BY F. J. FURNIVALL

FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHARSPERE SOCIETY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS

Vol. III.

CASSELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK & MELBOURNE

1898

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### KING LEAR.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, King of Britain.
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOSTER.
EDGAR, Son to Gloster.
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.
CURAN, a Contier.
OBWALD, Steward to Goneril.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.

Physician.
Fool.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on ('ordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.
GONERIL,
REGAN,
C'ORDELIA,

Knights of Lear's Train, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE-BRITAIN.

#### ACT I.

Scene I.—A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the Duke of Albany, than Cornwall

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's morety.

Kent. Is not thus your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknow-

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

ledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the

issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world, before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, "there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend si

Edm My services to your lordship.

Kent I must love you, and sue to know

Kent I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming.

[Sennet within.

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[Exeunt Gloster and Edmund. Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there — Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom, and 't is our fast intent

To shake all cares and business from our age.

Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Connwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future

May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most {

That we our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge.-Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare: 60 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found; A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable:

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [Aside.] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's

Be this perpetual.--What says our second daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall?

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart I find, she names my very deed of love; Only she comes too short,—that I profess

Myself an enemy to all other joys,

Which the most precious square of sense possesses,

And find, I am alone felicitate In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [Aside.] Then, poor Cordelia! And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's so More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever, Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom; No less in space, validity, and pleasure, Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our

Although our last, not least; to whose young

The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy, Strive to be interess'd; what can you say, to

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty

According to my bond; nor more, nor less. Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,

Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Good my lord, You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I Return those duties back as are light fit, 166 Obey you, love you, and most honour you. Why have my sisters husbands, if they say, They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,

That lord, whose hand must take my plight,

shall garry

Half my love with him, half my care, and

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters, To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this? Ay, my good lord. Lear. So young, and so untender !.

Cor. So young, my lord, and true. Lear. Let it be so: thy truth then be thy dower;

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun, The mysteries of Hecate, and the night, By all the operation of the orbs, From whom we do exist, and cease to be, Here I disclaim all my paternal care, Propinquity and property of blood, And as a stranger to my heart and me Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd, As thou my sometime daughter.

Good my liege,-Kent.

Lear. Pence, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath. I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest. On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!-

So be my grave my peace, as here I give

Her father's heart from her !—Call France.— Who stirs ?—

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany, 120
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third:

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her. I do invest you jointly with my power, Pre-eminence, and all the large effects

That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course.

With reservation of an hundred knights, By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode Make with you by due tarn. Only, we shall retain

The name, and all the additions to a king; The sway, revenue, execution of the rest, 140 Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm, This coronet part between you.

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I lieve ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my
prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shuft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade

The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly, When Lear is mad.—What wouldst thou do, old man?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,

When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;

And, in thy best consideration, check

This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;

Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound

Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; ne'er fear to

lose it.

Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight! 190
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still
remain

The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,-

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king, ou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant! [Laying his hand upon his sword.

Alb., Corn. Dear sir, forbear. Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my
throat,

I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant! 173
On thine allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our

(Which we durst never yet), and, with strain'd

pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear),
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thus for positions

Five days we do allot thee for provision To shield thee from disasters of the world; And on the sixth to turn thy hated back

Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,

The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter, This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—

[To CORDELIA.] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!--

[To Regan and Goneril.] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu; 180 He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[Exit.

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,

We first address toward you, who with this king

Hath rivall'd for our daughter. What, in the least,

Will you require in present dower with her, Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty, I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,

Nor will you tender less

Lear. Right noble Burgundy, When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;

But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:

If aught within that little seeming substance, Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,

And nothing more, may fitly like your grace, She's there, and she is yours.

I know no answer. Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she

Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate, Dower'd with our carse, and stranger'd with our oath,

Take her, or leave her?

Pardon me, royal sir; Election makes not up on such conditions. 200 Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,

I tell you all her wealth .- [ To FRANCE. ] For you, great king,

I would not from your love make such a

To match you where I hate: therefore, beseech you

To avert your liking a more worthier way, Than on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange, That she, who even but now was your best object,

The argument of your praise, balm of your age, Most best, most dearest, should in this trice

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence Must be of such unnatural degree,

That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection Fall into taint: which to believe of her, Must be a faith that reason without miracle

Could never plant in me. Cor. I yet beseech your majesty (If for I want that glib and oily art, To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,

I'll do't before I speak) that you make known

It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step, That hath depriv'd me of your grace and

But even for want of that for which I am

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue That I am glad I have not, though not to have it

Hath lost me in your liking.

Better thou

Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,

Which often leaves the history unspoke, 200 That it intends to do -My Lord of Burgundy,

What say you to the lady? Love's not

When it is mingled with regards, that stand Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her I

She is herself a dowry.

Royal king, Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,

Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm. Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father.

That you must lose a husband.

Peace be with Burgundy! Since that respects of fortune are his love,

I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most righ, being poor;

Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd;

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon: Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 't is strange, that from their cold'st neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.— Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my. chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France: Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.-Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind: Thou losest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see That face of hers again:—therefore, be gone Without our grace, our love, our benison.— Come, noble Burgundy.

> [Flourish. Exeunt LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters. Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you

And, like a sister, am most loath to call Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well... our father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him; But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,

I would prefer him to a better place So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon.

Let your study 200
Be, to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you

At fortune's alms: you have obedience scanted.

And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cumning hide.;

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides. Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[Execut France and Cordelia.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. Yow see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister roost; and with what poor judgment he hath now east her off, appears too grossly.

Rey. "I is the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

don. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leavetaking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it. 310 Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [Execunt.

Scene II.—A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom, and permit The curiosity of nations to deprive me,

For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines Lag of a brother? Why bascard? wherefore base?

When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true.

As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us

With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?

When in the lusty stealth of nature take More composition and fierce quality, Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops, Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund, As to the legitimate. Fine word, legitimate! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base we Shall to the legitimate:—I grow, I prosper;—Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

#### Enter Gloster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler part

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power

Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon' the gad!—Edmund! How now:
what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none. [Putting up the letter.

Glo. Why so carnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord. Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see; come; if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. 1 besech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read: and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification. he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [Reads.] "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to

find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it liath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR."-Humph! -Conspiracy !- "Sleep till I waked him,you should enjoy half his revenue."- My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in !---When came this to you? Who brought it !

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's !

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fam think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edia. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this business t

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, dotested, brutish villain! worse than ! brutish! -Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. -- Abominable villain! -Where is

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare prwn down my life for him, that he buth writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth !-

Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature find itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord: in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father We have seen the best of our against child. time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves.-Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully. - And the noble and true-hearted Kent, banished! his offence, honesty!—"T is strange. •

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion: knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under irsa major: so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.- Tut! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardising.

#### Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O! these eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in ?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a predic-

tion I read this other day, what should follow " these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Zdn. I promise you, the effects he writes ! Osw. Ay, madam. of succeed unhappily : as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edy. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him? Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance ?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the ·mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong. 170 \_ Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go: there's my key.—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? Edm. I do serve you in this business.— Exit Edgar.

A credulous father, and a brother noble, Whose nature is so far from doing harms, That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty

My practices ride easy!—I see the business.— Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit: All with me 's meet, that I can fashion fit.

Exit.

Scene III.—A Room in the Duke of ALBANY'S Palace.

Enter Goneril, and Oswald, her Steward. Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman or chiding of his fool?

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me: every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other, That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it. His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids

On every trifle. — When he returns from . hunting,

I will not speak with him; say, I am sick: If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer. Osw. He's coming, madain; I hear him.

Horns within.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he distaste it, let him to my sister,

Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are

Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities That he hath given away !—Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd With checks, as flatteries, when they are seen abus'd.

Remember what I have said.

Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so :

I would breed from hence occasions, and I

That I may speak :—I'll write straight to my

To hold my course,—Prepare for dinner. Exeunt.

#### Scene IV.—A Hall in the Same.

#### Enter Kent, disquised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech diffuse, my good intent May carry through itself to that full issue For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,

(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,

Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go,

it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How what art thou?

Kent A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with nim that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as

poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that ?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for anything: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho! dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

[Exit an Attendant.]

#### Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,—

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [Exit a Knight.]—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.

#### Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when 1 called him !

· Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont: there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

"Lear. Ha! sayest thou so:

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into 't.—But where 's my fool'! I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [Exit an Attendant.]—Go you, call hither my fool. [Exit an Attendant.]

#### Re-enter OSWALD.

O! you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

Osc. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [Striking him.

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base football player. [Tripping up his heels.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to: have you wisdom? so.

[Pushes Oswald out. Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank

thee: there's earnest of thy service.

Giving KENT money.

#### Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb.

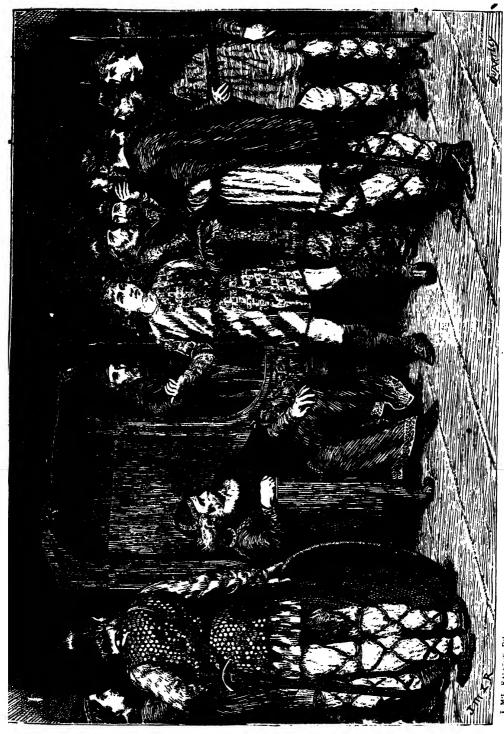
[Giving Kent his cap.

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that 's out



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of favour.—Nay, an thou canst not smile as the, wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah,—the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do. ·

Fool. Mark it, nuncle :---

Have more than thou showest, Speak less than thou knowest, Lend less than thou owest, Ride more than thou goest, Learn more than thou trowest, Set less than thou throwest; Leave thy drink and thy whore, And keep in-a-door,

And thou shalt have more Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't.—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made

out of nothing.

Fool. [To Kent.] Prythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me;
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy ? Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my . lord.

Fool. No, faith; lords and great men will

not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't; and ladies too: they will not let me have all fool to myself; they 'll be snatching.—Nuncle, give me an egg, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be? 128 Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg 'i the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt; thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[Singing.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear, we
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirral ?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod and putt'st down thine own breeches, [Singing.

Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should pluy bo-peep,
And go the fools amony.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you

whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

#### Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on?

Methinks, you are too much of late i'the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing. — Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [to GONERIL] bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, Mum:

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.
That's a sheal'd peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool.

But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known
unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long.

That it had it head bit off by it young. So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away

These dispositions, which of late transport you

From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse !—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not lear:

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings Are lethergied.—Ha! waking? 't is not so.— Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o'the

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, should be wise. Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their man-

Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,

Thun a grac'd paluce. The shame itself doth.

Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy: be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—Saddle my horses; call my train together.—Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble

Make servants of their betters.

#### Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woo, that too late repents,—[To Albany.] O, sir, are you come? Is it your wil!? Speak, sir.—Prepare my

horses. Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,

More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,

Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. [To GONERIL.] Detested kite! thou liest:

My train are men of choice and rarest parts, That all particulars of duty know,

And in the most exact regard support The worships of their name.—O most small

fault, 270 How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!

Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature

From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear! Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[Striking his head.

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant

Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.— Hear. Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend make this creature fruitful! Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her
cheeks;

Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits, To laughter and contempt; that she may feel. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away!

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more of it;

But let his disposition have that scope As dotage gives it.

#### Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a ciap!

Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee:—Life and death! [To
GONERIL.] I am ashamed,

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,

Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
• Pierce every sense about thee !—Old fond
eyes,

Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out, And cast you, with the waters that you lose,

To temper clay.—Yea, is it come to this? Let it be so:—yet have I left a daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable: 210 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt final,

That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think

I have cast off for ever.

• [Execut Lear, Kent, and Attendants. Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril, To the great love I bear you,—

• Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!—

[To the Fool.] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool, Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her, And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter;

So the fool follows after. [Exit. Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A hundred knights!

T is politic, and safe, to let him keep

At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike, sao

He may enguard his dotage with their powers, And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister:

If she sustain him and his hundred knights, When I have show'd the unfitness,—

#### Re-enter Oswald.

How now, Oswald!

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osvo. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear; And thereto add such reasons of your own, As may compact it more. Get you gone, And hasten your return. [Ecit Oswald.] No,

no. my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom,

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then--

Alb. Well, well; the event. | Execut.

Scene V .- Court before the Same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent, I will not sleep, my lord, till I have! delivered your letter.

Fool, If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what

Lear. What canst tell, boy !

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face !

Lear, No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his

Lear. No.

Fool, Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in ; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature,-So kind a Exit. | father! Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?
Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce !-- Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad !-

#### Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord. . Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs

at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless things be

cut shorter.

Exerent.

#### ACT II.

Scene L.-A Court within the Castle of the Earl of GLOSTER.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they? Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then, in time. Fare you well, sir. Exit.

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act. -Briefness, and fortune, work!

Brother, a word ;—descend :—brother, I say!

#### Enter Edgar.

My father watches, -- O sir! fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid:

You have now the good advantage of the

Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke &f Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,

And Regan with him: have you nothing said

Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

I am sure on 't, not a word. Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me;

In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you: Draw: seem to defend yourself. Now quit you well.

Yield :—come before my father.—Light, ho!

Fly, brother. -Torches! torches!-So, fare-[Exit Edgar. well.-

Some blood drawn on me would beget [Wounds his arm. | opinion Of my more tierce endeavour: I have seen

drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father! father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

Now, Edmund, where's the villain? sword cut,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand auspicious mistress,---

But where is he? Glo. Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Where is the villain, Edmund? Glo. Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could-

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [Exit Servant. — By no means, — what !

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend; Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,

Seeing how loathly opposite I stood To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion, With his prepared sword he charges home My unprovided body, lane'd mine arm: But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits, Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,

Or whether ghasted by the noise I made, Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far: Not in this land shall be remain uncaught; And found—despatch.—The noble duke my

• master, My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night: By his authority I will proclaim it,

That be which finds him shall deserve our thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake; He that conceals him, death.

**Blm.** When I dissuaded him from his in-

And found him pight to do it, with curst speech

I threaten'd to discover him: he replied, "Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think, If I would stand against thee, would the re-

Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should

(As this I would; ay, though thou didst pro-

My very character,) I'd turn it all To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice: And thou must make a dullard of the world, If they not thought the profits of my death Were very pregnant and potential spurs To make thee seek it."

Strong and fasten'd villain! Glo. Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp \ Would he deny his letter \—I never got him. [Tucket within.

Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape ;

The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture

I will send far and near, that all the king-

May have due note of him; and of my

Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means, To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since J. came hither

(Which I can call but now), I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,

Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord i

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's cracked!

Reg. What! did my father's godson seek your life ?

He whom my father named? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady! shame would have it

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights

That tend upon my father!

Glo. I know not, madam, 't is too bad, too

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that con-

Reg. No marvel then, though he were illaffected:

"Tis they have put him on the old man's death,

To have the expense and waste of his venues.

I have this present evening from my sister Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house, I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.— Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father

A child-like office.

Edm. 'T was my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice! and receiv'd

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, no Corn. If he be taken, he shall never

Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,

How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant So much commend itself, you shall be ours: Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;

You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir, Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit

Reg. Thus out of season, threading darkey'd night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise, Wherein we must have use of your advice. Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister, Of differences, which I best thought it fit To answer from our home: the several mes-

From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow Your needful counsel to our businesses, Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam. Your graces are right welcome. 130

Exeunt.

Scene II.—Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.

Osm. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me. Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thec.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced variet art thou, to deny thou knowest me? Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for though it be night, yet the moon shines: I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you. [Drawing his sword.] Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take Vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

Osm. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave: stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [Beating him. Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

#### Enter EDMUND.

Edm. How now! What's the matter?

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh you, come on, young! master.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives: He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak. Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the

Corn. Speak vet, how grew your quarrel? Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou who reson zed! thou unnecessary letter !- My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.-Spare my grey beard, you wag-tail?

Corn. Peace, sirralf!

You beastly knave, know you no rever-

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry !

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain Which are too intrinse t'unloose; smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel; Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods; Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks With every gale and vary of their masters, so Knowing naught, like dogs, but following.— A plague upon your epileptic visage! Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool? Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What! art thou mad, old fellow? Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, Than Land such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not. Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain: I have seen better faces in my time,

Than stands on any shoulder that I see Before me at this instant,

This is some fellow, Corn. Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb, Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he; An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends, Than twenty silly ducking observants,

That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity, Under the allowance of your great aspect, Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant

On flickering Phæbus' front,—

What mean'st by this ! Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him ?

Osw. I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the king, his master, very late, To strike at me, upon his misconstruction: When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,

Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted,

And put upon him such a deal of man, That worthied him, got praises of the king For him attempting who was self-subdu'd; And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit, Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,

But Ajax is their fool.

Fetch forth the stocks! Corn. You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,

We'll teach you.

Sir, I am too old to learn. Kent. Call not your stocks for me; I serve the king,

On whose employment I was sent to you: 130 You shall do small respect, show too bold malice

Against the grace and person of my master, Stocking his messenger.

Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,

You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Corn. This is a fellow of the selfsame

Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks. [Stocks brought out.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do

His fault is much, and the good king his master

Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low correction

Is such as basest and contemned's wretches, For pilferings and most common trespasses, Are punish'd with. The king must take it

That he, so slightly valued in his messenger, Should have him thus restraind.

Corn. I'll answer that.
Reg. My sister may receive it much more

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his
legs.— [Kent is put in the stocks.
Come, my lord, away.

[Execut all but GLOSTER and KENT.
Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 't is the duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows, Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee,

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle,

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:

Give you good morrow!

worse,

Glo. The duke's to blame in this: 't will be ill taken. [Exit.

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw:

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st To the warm sun.

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter.—Nothing almost sees
miracles,

But misery: · I know, 't is from Cordelia; Who hath most fortunately been inform'd Of my obscur'd course; and shall find time From this enormous state,—seeking to give Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'erwatch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel! [He sleeps

Scene III.—A part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may
'scape,

I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime
with filth,

Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots, 10 And with presented nakedness outface The winds and persecutions of the sky. The country gives me proof and precedent Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices, Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms.

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;

And with this horrible object, from low farms.

Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills, Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!

That's something yet :— Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.

Scene IV.—Before Gloster's Castle. Kent in the Stocks.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'T is strange that they should so depart from home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in
them

Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!
Lear. Ha!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! look; he wears cruel garters.
Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears

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by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether stocks.

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook,

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,

Your son and daughter.

Lear. No. Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't; They could not, would not do't: 't is worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage.

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way

Thou mights deserve, or they impose, this
usage, •

Coming from us,

Kent. My lord, when at their home I did commend your shighness' letters to

Ere I was risen from the place that show'd My duty kneeling, came there a recking post, Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth

From Goneril, his unistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,

Which presently they read: on whose contents They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend The leisure of their answer; gave me cold

And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I porgaiv'd had poison

Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,

(Being the very fellow which of late Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais'd the house with loud and coward

Your son and daughter found this trespass worth

The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wildgeese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,

Do make their children blind;

But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow!

Thy element's below.—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir; here, within,

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [Exit. Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a number?

Fool. An thou had been set 'i the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will turry; the fool will stay, And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy. Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool ! Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches,

The images of revolt and flying off! Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! con-

fusion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster,

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I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and | Sepulchring an adult'ress. -[To Kent.] O! his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd

Lear. Informal them! Dost thou understand me, man !

Glo. Ay, my good lord. Lear. The king would speak with Corn-

wall; the dear father Would with as daughter speak, commands her service :

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!---

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke,

No, but not yet; -may be, he is not well: Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the

To suffer with the body. I'll forbear; And am fall'n out with my more headier will, To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! Looking on Kent. wherefore

Should be sit here? This act persuades me, That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth. Go, tell the duke and's wife, I'd speak with

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum, Till it cry "Sleep to death."

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you.

Lear. O me! my heart, my rising heart! but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the cels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Hail to your grace! KENT is set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your highness. Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know

what reason I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be

I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,

are you free?

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan! she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.—

Points to his heart. I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not be-

With how deprav'd a quality-O Regan! Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope.

You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.

Say, how is that ? 140 Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance, She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome

As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

O, sir! you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine: you should be rul'd and led By some discretion, that discerns your state

Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,

That to our sister you do make return:

Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Ask her forgiveness? Do you but mark how this becomes the house:

"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; • Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,

Kneeling. That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Reg. Good sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks.

Return you to my sister.

Lear. [Rising.] Never, Regan.

She hath abated me of half my train;

Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue.

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.— All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty, You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. Othe blest gods! so will you wish on me, When the rash mood is on.

my curse:

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine

Do comfort, and not burn. "T is not in thee To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train, To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes, And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt

Against my coming in: thou better know'st The offices of nature, bond of childhood, Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;

Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot, Wherein I thee endow'd.

Good sir, to the purpose. Reg.Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [Tucket within.

What trumpet's that? Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,

That she would soon be here. ---

#### Enter Oswald.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—

Out, variet, from my sight! What means your grace?

Lever. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope

Thou didst not know on t .-- Who comes here? O heavens,

#### Enter Goneril.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,

Make it your cause; send down, and take my part! -

[To GONERIL] Art not asham'd to look upon this beard !

O Regan! wilt thou take her by the hand! Gon. Why not by the hand, sir! How have I offended?

. All 's not offence that indiscretion finds, And dotage terms so.

O sides! you are too tough: Will you so hold?-How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders

Desérv'd much less advancement.

You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem

If, till the expiration of your month, You will return and sojourn with my sister, Dismissing half your train, come then to me:

Lear. No, Regan; thou shalt never have I am now from home, and out of that provision .

Which shall be needful for your entertain-

Lear. Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd !

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose To wage against the enemity o' the air; To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,— Necessity's sharp pinch! -Return with her? Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless

Our youngest-born, I could as well be brough. To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension

To keep base life afoot.—Return with her? Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter To this detested groom. [Pointing at Oswald. At your choice, sir. Gon.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell. We'll no more meet, no more see one

another: But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my

daughter; Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine: thou art a

f A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,

Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove. Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure :

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan, I, and my hundred knights.

Not altogether so: I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided

For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion,

Must be content to think you old, and

But she knows what she does.

Is this well spoken? Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What! fifty followers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more }

Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, un one house,

Should many people, under two commands, Hold amity? "T is hard; almost impossible. Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,

We could control them. If you will come to

(For now I spy a danger), I entreat you To bring but five-and-twenty: to no more Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all -

Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my
depositaries;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number. What! must I come to you

With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd!

When others are more wicked, not being the worst

Stands in some rank of praise.—[To Goneril.]
I'll go with thee.

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty, 200 And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord. What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five, To follow in a house, where twice so many Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?
Lear. O! reason not the need; our basest
beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a
lady:

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience 1 need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both:

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger. O! let not women's weapons, water-drops, Stain my man's cheeks.—No, you unnatura! hags,

I will have such revenges on you both, 280
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;

No, I'll not weep:-

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws, Or ere I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

[Execunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool. Corn. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

[Storm heard at a distance.

Reg. This house is little: the old man and his people

Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. "T is his own blame; hath put himself from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him ghally,

But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.

Where is my Lord of Gloster ?

#### Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth.—He is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?
Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. "T is best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack! the night comes on, and the high winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about

There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your
doors:

He is attended with a desperate train;

And what they may incense him to, being apt

To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a wild night:

My Regan counsels well. Come out o'the storm.

Excunt.

#### ACT IIL

Scene I.-A Heath. A storm, with thunder | To make your speed to Dover, you shall and lightning.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's there, beside foul weather? Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king ? Gent. Contending with the fretful elements; Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea, Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main, That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of; Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain. This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs, And bids what will take all,

Kent. But who is with him? Gent. None but the fool, who labours to outjest

His heart-struck injuries.

Sir, 1 do know you; And dare, upon the warrant of my note, Commend a dear thing to you. division,

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;

Who have (as who have not, that their great !

Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no

Which are to France the spies and specula-

Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen, Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes, Or the hard rein which both of them have borne

Against the old kind king; or something

Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings :---

(But, true it is, from France there comes a

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already, Wise in our negligence, have secret feet In some of our best ports, and are at point To show their open banner.-Now to you: If on my credit you dare build so far

Some that will thank you, making just report Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow

The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding, And from some knowledge and assurance offer This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you. Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia (As fear not but you shall), show her this ring,

And she will tell you who your fellow is That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!

I will go seek the king. Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say ?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;

That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain

That way, I'll this,) he that first lights on him.

Holla the other. Exeunt severally.

Scene II.—Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurrineanoes, spout Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought executing fires, Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts, Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world! Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at

That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in; ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters: I tax not you, you elements, with unkind-

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,

You owe me no subscription: then, let

Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man. But yet I call you servile ministers,

That will with two pernicious daughters

Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O!O! 't is foul! Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house, Before the head has any, The head and he shall louse :— So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe What he his heart should make,

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, [ will be the pattern of all patience;

I will say nothing.

#### Enter KENT.

Went. Who's there !

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir! are you here? things that love night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,

And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,

Such groams of roaving wind and rain, I

Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry

The affliction, nor the fear.

Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes, Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou similar of virtue

That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming Has practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilts,

SCENE II.

Rive your concealing continents, and cry These dreadful summoners grace. I am a

More sinn'd against than sinning.

Alack, bare-headed! Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hoyel; a Some friendship will it lend you gainst the tempest:

Repose you there, while I to this hard house (More harder than the stones whereof 't is

Which even but now, demanding after you, Denied me to come in) return, and force Their scanted courtesy.

My wits begin to turn.— Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art

I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange, That-can make vile things precious. your hovel. . .

Poor fool and knaye, I have one part in my heart

That's sorry yet for thee.

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Fool. [Sings.] He that has a little tiny

With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain, Must make content with his fortunes fit, Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring wa to this hovel.

[Excunt LEAR and KENT. Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.

I'll speak a prophecy ere I go: When priests are more in word than matter;

When brewers mar their malt with water; When nobles are their tailors' tutors; No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors; When every case in law is right; No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;-When slanders do not live in tongues; Nor cutpurses come not to throngs; When usurers tell their gold i' the field; And bawds and whores do churches build; Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion:

Then comes the time, who lives to see't. That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time, Exit.

## SCENE III.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

#### · Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo, Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house, charged me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night;—'t is dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; we must incline to the king. I will look him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward. Edmund; pray you, be careful.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the

duke

Instantly know; and of that letter too.

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw

That which my father loses: no less than all:

The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

• [Exit.

Scene IV.—A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

Lear.

Let me alone.

Lear. Let me alor Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Ledr. Thou think'st 't is much, that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a
bear:

But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,

Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind Doth from my senses take all feeling else, Save what beats there: filial ingratitude.

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand, For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish home:—

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure.—In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave

O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;

No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine
own ease:

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in.

[To the Fool.] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,---

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll steep.— [Fool goes in. Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,

That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm, How shall your houseless heads, and unfed

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend

From seasons such as these t O! I have ta'en

Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp; Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel, That thou may'st shake the superflux to them, And show the heavens more just.

Edy. [Within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[The Fool runs out from the hovel. Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit. Help me! help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who 's there? Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name 's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw !

Come forth.

Enter Edgar, disgnised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!— Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds.—

Humph! go to thy bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters?

And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trottinghorse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.- Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O! do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes.—There could I have him now, -- and there,-- and there,- - and Storm continues. there again, and there.

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass t -

Couldst thou save nothing t Didst thou give them all t

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daugh-

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicions punishment! 't was this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill :— Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk; false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman; keep

thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind, says suum, mun, ha no nonny. Dolphiu my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by. [Storm still continues.

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated: thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings.—Come; unbutton here.—

Fool. Pry'thee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to swim in.— Now, a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold.— Look! here comes a warking fire.

Edy. This is the foul fiend f'libbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night more, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Gloster, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek? (Ao. What are you there? Your names? 120 Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the ftry of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer, Have been Tom's food for seven long year. w

Boware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What! hath your grace no better company?

Edy. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;

Modo he's called, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer

To obey in all your daughters', hard commands:

Though their injunction be to bur my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon
you,

Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—

What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer: go into the house.

Lear. I'll 'talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study !

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my tord;

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death.—Ah, that good Kent!-

He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!—

Thou say'st, the king grows mad: I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself. I had a son,

Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,

But lately, very late: 1 lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell
thee,

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this! [Storm continues.]

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear.

O! cry you mercy, sir.—

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Noble philosopher, your company.

Kent. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him:

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came, His word was still.—Fic, toh, and fum, I smell the blood of a British man.

Exeunt.

Scene V.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart this house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent part to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside.] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.

—I will persever in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.

Enter Gloster, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience.—The gods reward your kindness.

[Exit CLOSTER.

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me,

Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No: he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To h. ve a thousand with red-burning spits

Come hissing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul field bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—

[ To EDGAR. ] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;

[To the Fool.] Thou, sapient sir, sit here.—
Now, you she-foxes!---

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessie, to me:— Fool. Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dures not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul tiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee. 32

Kent. How do you, sir! Stand you not so amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.--

[ To EDGAR.] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place:

[To the Fool.] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

Bench by his side: --

[To KENT.] You are of the commission, sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth, Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here take my outh before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

\*\*Food Comp bither micross Is your name.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril!

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [Aside.] My toars begin to take his part so much,

They Il mar my counterfeiting

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail:
Tom will make them weep and wail;
For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled. Do, de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market-towns.—Poor

Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomise Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts  $t = [To \ Ebgar]$  You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon,

#### Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: where is, the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready; lay him in 't, Son And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up; And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps:— This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,

Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. [To the Fool.] Come,
help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Excust Kent, Gloster, and the Fool,
heaving off the King.

bearing off the Kino.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our

We scarcely think our miscries our focs.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth
oerskip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now, When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow:

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away! 100 Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray, When false opinion, whose wrong thought refiles thee.

In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee. What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!

Lurk, lurk. [Exit.

Scene VII.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund,
and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—The army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloster.

[Exeunt some of the Servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly. Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Cora. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister:—farewell, my Lord of Gloster.

#### Enter OSWALD.

How now! Where's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloster bath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questrists after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lord's dependants.

Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.
Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister. 
[Execut Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.
Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us, [Execut other Servants.

Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice, yet our power Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants with GLOSTER,

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 't is he. Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces t -Good my friends, consider

You are my guest: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants bind him. Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor! Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none. Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—

[Regan placks his beard.

Glo. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host:

With robbers' hands my hospitable favours 40 You should not ruffle thus. What will you do? Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France!

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king? Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down, Which came from one that's of a neutral heart.

And not from one opposid.

Corn. Cunning.

Rey. And false. 50
Corn. Where hast thou scat the king!
Clo. To Dover.
Rey. Wherefore to Dover! Wast thou

Reg. Wherefore to Dover! Wast the not charg'd at peril

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that,

Glo, I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover!

(46). Because I would not see thy cruel nails Pluck out his poor of leyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have
buoy'd up,

And quench'd the stelled fires;

Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain. If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time.

Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key,"

All cruels else subscrib'd: but I shall see The winged vengeance overtake such children, Corn. See't shalt thou never,---Fellows, hold the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I II set my foot.

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—O cruel!—O ye gods!

Reg. One—side—will mock another; the

other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,

1 Serv. Hold your hand, my lord. I have serv'd you ever since I was a child: But better service have I never done you, Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog! 1 Seer. If you did wear a beard upon your chin

1'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean!

Corn. My villain!

Draws and runs at him.

1 Serv. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[Draws. Cornwall is wounded.

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!

1 Serv. O, 1 am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him.—O! [Dies. Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now !

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund!

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature, To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies! 90

Then Edgar was abus'd. —
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let
him smell

His way to Dover.—How is 't, my lord? How look you?"

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt.--Follow me, lady.

Turn out that eyeless villain; -- throw this slave

Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace: Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan:—Servants unbind Gloster, and lead him out,

2 Serr. I'll never care what wickedness I do, If this man come to good.

3 Serv. If she live long, (a) And in the end meet the old course of death, Women will all turn monsters.

2 Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam

To lead him where he would: his reguish madness

Allows itself to anything.

3 Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [Execut severally.

#### ACT IV.

SCENE L.—The Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Elgar. Yet better thus, and known to be contemu'd,

Than still contemu'd and flatter'd. To be worst,

The lowest and most dejected thing of fortime,

Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:

The lamentable change is from the best; Welcome, The worst returns to laughter.

Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace:

The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the

Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here !--

Enter Gloster, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led! World, world, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make us hate

Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord! I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone :

Thy comforts can do me no good at all; Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way, tilo. I have no way, and therefore want no

I stumbled when Law. Full oft 't is seen, Our means secure us, and our mere defects 25 Prove our commodities,--- Ah! dear son Edgar,

The food of thy abused father's wiath! Might I but live to see thee in my touch, I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! who's there? Edg. [Aside.] O gods! Who is't can say "I am at the worst!"

\_I am worse than e'er I was.

'T is poor mad Tom. Old Man. Edg. [Aside.] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not

So long as we can say, "This is the worst." Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man! Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo, He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw, Which made me think a man a worm: my son

Came then into my mind; and yet my mind Was then scarce friends with him: I have card more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods: They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [Aside.] How should this be!— Bad is the trade that must play fool to SOITOW,

Angering itself and others. — Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked follow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.o Glo. Get thee away. If, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain, I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love:

And bring some covering for this naked soul, Which I'll entreat to lead me,

Old Man. Alack, sir! he is mad. Glo. "T is the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure; Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll being him the best 'pare! that I have,

Come on 't what will. Exit.

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow. Edg. Poor Tom's a cold. [Aside.] 1 cannot danb it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must. Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed,

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover!

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse way and foot-path. Poor Tom bath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing: Modo, of murder; Flibbertigiblet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting women. So, bless thee, master!

Clo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes; that I am wretched.

Makes thee the happier: -heavens, deal so still:

Let the superfluous and lust-dicted man,

That slaves your ordinance, that will not

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover!

Edg. Ay, master.
Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the contined deep:

Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear With something rich about me: from that

place I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm: Poor Tom shall lead thee. Exeunt. SCENE II. Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Coneril and Edmund; Oswald meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband

Not met us on the way .-- Now, where's your master?

Osio. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.

told him of the army that was landed;

He smil'd at it: I told him, you were com-

His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloster's treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot, And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side

What most be should dislike, seems pleasant to him:

What like, offensive,

Gon. [To EDMUND,] Then shall you go no further.

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,

That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs

Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;

Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers: I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty ser-

Shall pass between us; ere long you are like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, A mistress's command. Wear this; spare Giving a favor speech ;

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air,-Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

My most dear Gloster! [Exit Edmund.

O, the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due:

My fool usurps my body.

Madam, here comes my lord. Osw. [Exit.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle. Alb. O Goneril! 30 You are not worth the dust which the rude wind

Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition: That nature, which contemns its origin,

Cannot be border'd certain in itself;

She that herself will sliver and disbranch

From her material sap, perforce must wither, And come to deadly use,

Gon. No more: the text is foolish.

416. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;

Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?

A father, and a gracious aged man,

Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it? A man, a prince, by him so benefited!

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

It will come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself, Like monsters of the deep.

Milk-liver'd man! That bear'st a check for blows, a head for wrongs;

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discern-

Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,

Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum!

France spreads his banners in our noiscless

With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats; Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,

"Alack! why does he so?"

See thyself, devil! 50 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness

To let these hands obey my blood,

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear Thy flesh and bones:- howe'er thou art a tiend,

A woman's shape doth shield thee. Gon. Marry, your manhood now!-

### Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out The other eye of Gloster.

All. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword To this great master; who, thereat enrag'd, Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:

But not without that harmful stroke, which since

Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above, You justicers, that these our nether crimes so So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!

Lost he his o her eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord. -

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer; "T is from your sister."

Gon. [Aside.] One way I like this well; But being widow, and my Gloster with her, May all the building in my fancy pluck Upon my hateful life. Another way,

The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [Exit.

answer. [Exit.
Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes!

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here. ∞

 Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 't was he informed against him,

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live To thank thee for the love thou showd'st the

king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither,

• friend:

Tell me what more thou know'st. [Execut.

# Scene III.—The French Camp near Dover.

### Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back, know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required, and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him gene-

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief t

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down

Her delicate check : it seem'd, she was a queen

Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,

Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O! then it mov'd her. Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove

Who should express her goodliest, You have seen

Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears

Were like a better way: those happy smilets,

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd, If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd
the name of "father"

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart; Cried, "Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!

Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night!

Let pity not be believed!"—There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

And clamour moisten'd: then away she started

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with
her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; the poor distress'd Lear's i' the town;

Who sometime, in his better tune, remeni bers

What we are come about, and by no means Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him:
his own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd

To foreign casualties; gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters: these things
sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!
Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers
you heard not?

Gent. Tis so, they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,

And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:

When I am known aright, you shall not grieve

Lending me this acquaintance.

I pray you, go along with me. [Execut.

Scene IV .-- The Same. A Camp.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack! 't is he: why, he was met

As mad us the vex'd sca: singing aloud; Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrowweeds,

With hoar-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckooflowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow

In our sustaining corn.—A century send
forth;

Search every acre in the high-grown field, And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.]

—What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam; Our foster-nurse of nature is repose, The which he lacks; that to provoke in him, Are many simples operative, whose power Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,

In the good man's distress !—Seek, seek for him;

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life That wants the means to lead it.

#### Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam: 20
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. "T is known before; our preparation stands

In expectation of them.—O dear father, It is thy business that I go about;

Therefore great France

My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite, But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right.

Soon may I hear and see him! [Exeunt.

Scene V.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Regan and Oswald.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Osio. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home !

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Rey. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,

To let him live: where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us. Edmund, J think, is gone.

In pity on his misery, to despatch

His nighted life; moreover, to descry

The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;

The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam; My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?

Might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike, 20

Something—I know not what.—I'll love thee much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here, She gave strange cyliads, and most speaking looks

To noble Edmund. I know, you are of her bosom.

Osw. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know't:

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have
talk'd;

And more convenient is he for my haid,
Than for your lady's.—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her: So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor, Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. 'Would I could meet him, madam: I would show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a peasant.

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark! do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed. Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou

speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edy. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you're better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand
still.—How fearful

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air.

Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head. The fishermen, that walk upon the beach, Appear like mice; and youd tall anchoring bark.

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring
surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes, Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more; Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight Topple down headlong.

Gto. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand. Here, friend, 's another purse; in it, a jewel Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies, and gods,

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair, Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods! This world 1 do renounce, and in your sights Shake patiently my great affliction off;

If I could bear it longer, and not fall To quarrel with your great opposeless wills, My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless

him !- --

Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob The treasury of life, when life itself

**g**elds to the theft: had he been where he thought,

By this had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?

Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir!—speak!—

Thus might he pass indeed,—yet he revives.— What are you, sir ?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,
feather, air,

So many fathom down precipitating, 3
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;

Hust heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude Which thou hast perpendicularly fell: Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

ACT IV.

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.

Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack! I have no eyes.--

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,

To end itself by death! "T was yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage, And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—so;—how is 't? Feel you your legs!
You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was
that

Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought,
his eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,

Harns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridg'd sea:

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy

Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll
bear

Affliction, till it do cry out itself

"Enough, enough," and "die." That thing you speak of,

I took it for a man; often 't would say,

"The fiend, the fiend:" he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.

—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look! a mouse. Peace, peace!—this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.—There's my gauntlet, I 'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown-bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram. Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say "ay" and "no" to everything I said!—"Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding: there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was everything; 't is a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well reremember:

Is 't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy
cause?—

Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son

Was kinder to his father, than my daughters Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To 't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.— Behold youd simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,

Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit.

Beneath is all the fiend's: there's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world

Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge: mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all thy letters suns, I could not

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is.

And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What! with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse! Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar!

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! 190
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine
own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;

Arm it with rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, . • now, now,

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder;—so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!

Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:

Thou must be patient. We came crying hither:

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air.

We wawl, and cry. I will preach to thee: mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, the cry that we are come

To this great stage of fools.—This a good block!---

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put't in proof;

And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law, Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill !

Enter a Gentleman with Attendants.

Gent. O! here he is: lay hand upon him.— Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue ? What! a prisoner? I am even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well; You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;

I am cut to the brains,

Gent. You shall have anything.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt,

To use his eyes for garden water-pots,

Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,--

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What!

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king, My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa,

[Exit; Attendants follow.

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,

Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

*Edg.* Hail, gentle sir!

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edy. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour, How near's the other army? 212
Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main desery

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special
cause is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [Exit Gentleman. Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me:

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again

To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glo. Now, good sir, what are you! 220
Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows, Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,

I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks: The bounty and the benison of heaven To boot, and boot!

#### Enter Oswaed.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd

To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,

Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough to it.

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor?
Hence; 252
Lest that the infection of his fortune take

Lest that the intection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 't would not ha' been zo long as 't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man: keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder. Ch'ill be plain with you.

Osic. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir. Come; no matter vor your foins.

[They fight, and EDGAR knocks him down. Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take my purse.

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about
me.

To Edmund Earl of Gloster: seek him out Upon the English party;—O, untimely death! [Dies.

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,

As badness would desire.

Glo. What! is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.— Let's see these pockets: the letters, that he speaks of,

May be my friends.---He's dead : I am only sorry

He had no other death's man.- -Let us see:— Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:

To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;

Pheir papers is more lawful.

[Reads.] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say)
Affectionate servant,
GONERIL.\*\*

woman's will! 27

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will! 271
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—-Here, in the sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified Of murderous lechers; and, in the mature time.

With this ungracious paper strike the sight Of the death-practis'd duke. For him't is well,

That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my
griefs;

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose The knowledge of themselves.

[Drum afar off.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father; I'll bestow you with a friend.

[Execunt.

Scene VII.—A Tent in the French Camp.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, Doctor, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent! how shall I live and work,

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,

And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.

All my reports go with the modest truth;

No more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:

I pr'ythec, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam; Yet to be known shortens my made intent: My boon I make it, that you know me not, in Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord.— [To the Doctor.] How does the king?

\* Doct. Madam, sleeps still

Cor. O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature! The untun'd and jarring senses. O, wind up Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your majesty, That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

• Enter Lear in a chair carried by Servants.

Doct. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,

We put fresh garments on him.

Kent. Be by, good madain, when we do awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well. [Music. Doct. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters

Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these
white flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted
thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning t to watch (poor
perdu!

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog, Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father.

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn, In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 60 "T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once

Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord! How fares your majesty!

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave.—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know. When did you die!

Cor. Still, still, far wide.

Doct. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile,

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?
- Fair daylight!--

I am mightily abus'd.— I should even die with pity,

To see another thus. I know not what to

I will not swear, these are my hands: let's see;

I feel this pin prick, 'Would I were assur'd Of my condition.

Cor. O! look upon me, sir,

And hold your hands in benediction o'er
me,---

No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man, \*\*
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more, nor less;

And, to deal plainly,

I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man:

Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant What place; this; and all the skill I have Remembers not these garments; nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

pray, weep not;

If you have poison for me, I will drink it. I know, you do not love me; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong: You have some cause, they have not.

No cause, no cause.

Lear. A. I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,

You see, is kill'd in him; and yet it is dan-

To make him even o'er the time he has lost.

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more, Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk? Lear. You must bear with me.

Lear. Be your tears wet ! Yes, 'faith. I Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

Execut Lear, Cordelia, Doctor, and Attendants.

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 't is said, the bastard son of

Gent. They say, Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir.

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle 's fought. Exit.

#### ACT V.

Scene I.—The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter with drums and colours, EDMUND, Regan, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;

Or whether, since, he is advis'd by aught To change the course. He's full of alteration, And self-reproving: -bring his constant

pleasure. [To an Officer, who goes out. Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'T is to be doubted, madam.

Now, sweet lord, You know the goodness I intend upon you: Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth.

Do you not love my sister?

Edm.In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way

To the forfended place!

That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers. Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,

Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not .--She, and the duke her husband!

Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. [Aside.] I had rather lose the battle. than that sister

Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.— Sir, this I heard,—the king is come to his daughter,

With others, whom the rigour of our state Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,

I never yet was valiant: for this business, It toucheth us, as France invades our land, Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,

Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy; For these domestic and particular broils Are not the question here.

 $\Lambda lb.$ Let us then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceeding. Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Reg. 'T is most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. [Aside.] O, ho! I know the riddle.— I will go.

Enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,

Hear me one word.

I'll overtake you.—Speak. Alb. [Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants. Edy. Before you fight the battle, ope this

letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound For him that brought it: wretched though I

I can produce a champion, that will prove What is avouched there. If you mis-

Your business of the world hath so an

And machination ceases. Fortune love you'.!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

I was forbid it. When time shall serve, let but the herald

And I'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook Exit EDGAR. thy paper.

#### Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

• By diligent discovery; but your haste Is now urg'd on you.

We will greet the time. [Exit. Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?

Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,

If both remain alive: to take the widow, Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril; And hardly shall I carry out my side, Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll

His countenance for the battle; which being done,

Let her who would be rid of him devise His speedy taking-off. As for the mercy Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,-The battle done, and they within our power, Shall never see his pardon; for my state Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit. | At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues

Scene II .- A Field between the two Camps. Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces: and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this

For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.

If ever I return to you again,

I'll bring you comfort.

Grace go with you, sir! Exit EDGAR.

Alarum; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man! give me thy hand: away!

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en. Give me thy hand; come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even

Edg. What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:

Ripeness is all. Come on.

And that's true too. | Execunt. Glo.

Scene III. -- The British Camp near Dover.

Enter in conquest, with dram and colours, EDMUND; LEAR, and CORDELIA, as Prisoners; Captain, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,

Until their greater pleasures first be known, That are to censure them,

Cor. We are not the first,

Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down; Myself could else out-frown false fortune's

Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison;

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage: When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel

And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live, And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,

Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;

And take upon's the mystery of things,

As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,

In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,

That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Leas: Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, more gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine

The goujeers shall devour them, flesh and fell, Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve first.

Come. [Exeunt Lear and Cordella, guarded. Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note [giving a paper]; go, follow them to prison.

One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men Are as the time is: to be tender-minded so Does not become a sword. Thy great employment

Will not bear question: either say, thou 'It do't,

Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when
thou hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so, As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats:

If it be man's work, I will.do it. [Exit.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have show'd to-day your valiant strain,

And fortune led you well. You have the captives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife: We do require them of you, so to use them, As we shall find their merits and our safety May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit To send the old and miserable king To some retention, and appointed guard; Whose age has charms in it, whose title more, To pluck the common bosom on his side,

And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes,  $\infty$  Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready To-morrow, or at further space, to appear Where you shall hold your session. At this time

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd By those that feel their sharpness.— The question of Cordelia and her father

Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience, I hold you but a subject of this war, Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him:
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,

Bore the commission of my place and person; The which immediacy may well tand up, And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:

In his own grace he doth exalt himself, More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights, By me invested, he compeers the best.

All. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Con. Holla, holla!

That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Rog. Lady, I am not well; else I should
answer

From a full-flowing stomach.—General, Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony: Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine. Witness the world, that I create thee here My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes. Reg. [To EDMUND.] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent [pointing to Goneric.]—
For your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
"T is she is sub-contracted to this lord.
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon.

An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster let the trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person

Thy heinous, manifest, and many reasons.

There is my pledge [throwing down a glove];

I'll make it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg.

Sick! O, sick!

Gon. [Aside.] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edm. There's my exchange [throwing down, a glove]: what in the world he is

That news me traiter willsin-like he lies

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you,—who not?—I will maintain

The truth and honour family.

My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho! a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent. [Evit Regan, led.

#### Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound, And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet!

[A trumpet sounds.

#### Herald reads,

"If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence."

Edm. Sound! [1 trumpet. Her. Again! [2 trumpet. Her. Again! [3 trumpet. [Trumpets answers within.

Enter Edgar, armed, preceded by a trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you? Your name? your quality? and why you answer

This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost; By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit: Yet am I noble, as the adversary I come to cope.

\*Alb. Which is that adversary ?

\*Edg. What 's he, that speaks for Edmund

\*Earl of Gloster ?

Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune.

Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy
father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince; And, from the extremest upward of thy head, To the descent and dust below thy foot, A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, 100 Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;

But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn. Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;

With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heaft; Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[Alaxums. They fight. EDMUND fulls.

[Alaxums. They fight. Edmund jull: Alb. Save him! save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloster:
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to
answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,

But cozen'd and beguil'd.

All. Shut your mouth, dame; Or with this paper shall I stop it !—Hold, sir;

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—

No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[Gires the letter to EDMUND.

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:

Who can arraign me for 't?

Alb. Most monstrous! know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [Exit.

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern
her. [Exit an Officer.

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I done,

And more, much more; the time will bring it out:

'T is past, and so am I. But what art thou, That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,

I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity. I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund; If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me. My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. 170 The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to plague us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he got.

The dark and vicious place where thee he got, Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right,

't is true.

The wheel is come full circle: I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy

A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee: Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edy. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;

And when 't is told, O, that my heart would burst!-

The bloody proclamation to escape,

That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweet-

That we the pain of death would hourly die, Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit Met I my father with his bleeding rings, 1941 Their precious stones new lost; became his guide.

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;

Never (O fault!) reveal'd muself unto him, Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd; Not sure, though hoping, of this good success, I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—

Alack! too weak the conflict to support!— "Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief, Burst smilingly. Edm. This speech of yours a mov'd me.

And shall, perchance, do good; but speak yo on:

You look as you had something more to tay, 'Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;

For I am almost ready to dissolve, Hearing of this.

Edy. This would have seem'd a period. To such as love not sorrow; but another, To amplify too-much, would make much.

more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man.

Who, having seen me in my worst estate, 210 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding

Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out:
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my
father;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd p which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of
life

Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,

And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service. Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help! O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man. Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. "T is hot, it smokes; It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister

By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three

Now marry in an instant.

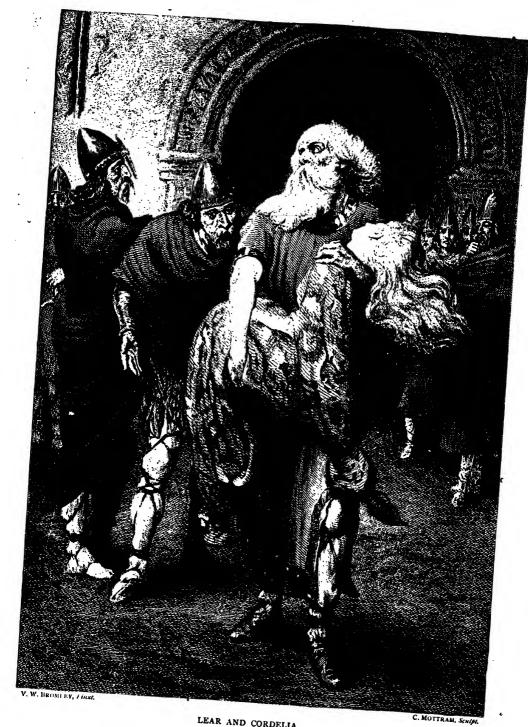
Edy. Here comes Kent. 200

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead:—

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble.

Touches us not with pity. [Exit Gentleman.





LEAR AND CORDELIA.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!

I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever! "King Lear," Act V., Stene IIL.

#### Enter Kent.

O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment,

Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!--

Speak, Edmund, where 's the king? and where 's Cordelia?—

Seest thou this object, Kent?

[The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.

Kent. Alack! why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,

Despite of nine own nature. Quickly send—Be brief in it—to the castle; for my writ Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run! O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword, Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.

Exit EDGAR.

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and To lay the blame upon her own despair,

That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her!—Bear him hence awhile.

[EDMUND is borne off.]

Re-enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms; Edgar, Officer, and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O! you are men of stones:

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them

That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone for ever.—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;

She's dead as earth.—Lend me a lookingglass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone, Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end? Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease ?

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so, It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [Kneeling. Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. T is noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all! 270

I might have sav'd her; now, she 's gone for ever!—

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is 't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.—

I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Off. 'T is true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow? I have seen the day, with my good biting

falchion

1 would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are
you?

Mine eyes are not o' the best :—1'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight.—Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same; Your servant Kent. Where is your servant

Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you

He'll strike, and quickly too.—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay

Have follow'd your sad steps--

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else.—All's cheerless,
dark, and deadly:

Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says, and vain is it,

That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our in-

What comfort to this great decay may come, Shall be applied: for us, we will resign, During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power. To EDGAR and KENT.] You, to your rights,

With boot, and such addition, as your honours

Have more than merited,—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.--O! see, see! Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, And thou no breath at all? Thou It come no more,

Never, never, never, never !--Pray you, undo this button: thank you, | Speak what we feel, not what we ought to

Do you see this? Look on her, -look, -her | The oldest hath borne most: we, that are lips,

Look there, look there !--Dies. He faints!-My lord, my lord!--Edg.

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break! Look up, my lord. Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass!

he hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed. Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:

He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business

Is general woe.—| To Kent and Edgar.] Friends of my soul, you twain Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go: My master calls me; I must not say, no.

Edg. The weight of this sad time we must obey;

say.

young,

Shall never see so much, nor live so long. . [Execut, with a dead march.

## MACBETH.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONE.

Duncan, King of Scotland. MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, His Sons. Масвети, ( Generals of the King's Army. Banquo, MACDUFF, LENOX, Rosse, Noblemen of Scotland. MENTETH, Angus, CATHNESS, FLEANCE, Son to Bunquo. the English Forces. Young SIWARD, his Son. SCENE-In the end of the Fourth Act. in England; through the rest of the Play, in SCOTLAND. Scene I. -- An Open Place. Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches, . 1 Witch. When shall we three meet again, In thunder, lightning, or in rain? 2 Witch. When the hurly burly's done, When the battle's lost and won. 3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun. 1 Witch. Where the place ! Upon the heath. 2 Witch. 3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth. 1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin! All. Paddock calls.—Anon!— Fair is foul, and foul is fair: Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exernt. Scene II,-A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Mal-COLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt The newest state.

Boy, Son to Macdaff. An English Doctor, A Scotch Doctor. A Soldier. A Porter. An Old Man. LADY MACBETH. LADY MACDUFF. Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth. HECATE, and three Witches. Siward, Earl of Northumberland, General of Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SETTON, an Officer attending on Macheth.

#### ACT 1.

This is the sergeant, Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought 'Gainst my captivity. -Hail, brave friend! Say to the king the knowledge of the broil, As thou didst leave it. Doubtful it stood: As two spent swimmers, that do cling together And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald (Worthy to be a rebel, for to that The multiplying villainies of nature Do swarm upon him) from the western isles Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied; And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling, Show'd like a rebel's whore; but all's too weak: For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name), Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to Till he unscam'd him from the nave to the chaps,

Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Which smok'd with bloody execution,

Till he fac'd the slave;

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders
break,

So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland,

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd, Compelled these kipping Kernes to trust their heels.

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage, With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men.

Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this Our Captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Cap. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking
wounds.

Or memorise another Golgotha, I cannot tell—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:

They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons. | Exit Captain, attended.

#### Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!

So should he look that seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane? Rosse. From Fife, great king, 50

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst
arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us:--

The victory fell on us;——
Dun, Great happiness!

Rosse. That now Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition:

Nor would we deign him burial of his men

Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom interest. — Go pronounce his present death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse, 1'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath wor. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE III.—A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch. Killing swine.

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And mounch'd, and mounch'd; and mounch'd:
"Give me," quoth I:---

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo' gone, master o' the Tiger;

But in a sieve I'll thither sail, And like a rat without a tail; I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 Witch. 1'll give thee a wind.

1 Witch. Th'art kind.

3 Witch, And I another.

1 Witch. I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day Hang upon his penthouse lid;

He shall live a man forbid Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine: Though his bark cannot be lost, Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look what I have.

2 Witch. Show me, show me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb, Wrack'd, as homeward he did come.

3 Witch. A drum! a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine. Peace!—the charm's wound up.

#### Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen Ban. How far is 't call'd to Fores !-- What are these,

So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you
aught

That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying Upon her skinny lips:—you should be women, And yet your beards forbid me to interpret That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can:—what are you?

1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Glamis!

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair !--I' the name of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace, and great prediction

Of noble having, and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,

•And say which grain will grow, and which will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear, Your favours nor your hate.

- 1 Witch. Hail!
- 2 Witch. Hail!
- 3 Witch. Hail!
- 1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
- 2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.
- 3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo:

•1 Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell
me more.

By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from
whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I
charge you.
[Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them.—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted

As breath into the wind,—'Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about,

Or have we eaten on the insane root,

That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it
not so t

Ban. To the selfsame tune, and words. Who's here?

#### Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,

The news of thy success; and when he reads Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight, of His wonders and his praises do contend, Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,

In viewing o'er the rest of the selfsame day, He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make, Strange images of death. As thick as hail, Came post with post; and every one did bear Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence, And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent, 170 give thee from our royal master thanks; Only to herald thee into his sight, Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,

He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane, For it is thine.

Ban. What! can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do
you dress me

In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet; But under heavy judgment bears that life 110 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel With hidden help and vantage, or that with both He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not;

But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd, Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your
pains.—

Do you not hope your children shall be kings, When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to

Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home, Might yet enkindle you unto the crown, Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm, The instruments of darkness tell us truths; Win us with honest trifles, to betray's In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Mach. [Aside.] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—

[Aside.] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of
Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair, And make my scated heart knock at my ribs, Against the use of nature? Present fears Are less than horrible imaginings.

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single state of man, that function 110

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is, But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [Aside.] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him, Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,

But with the aid of use.

Macb. [Aside.] Come what come may, Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains 150

Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Fores. A Room in the Palace. Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donal-Bain, Lenox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not

Those in commission yet return'd?

.Val.

My liege,

They are not yet come back; but I have spoke

With one that saw him die: who did report, That very frankly he confess'd his treasons, Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth A deep repentance. Nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it: he died As one that had been studied in his death, To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd, as't were a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face;
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust—

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthiest consin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee: 'would thou hadst less
deserv'd,

That the proportion both of thanks and payment

Might have been mine! only I have left to say,

More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Mucb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and
servants;

Which do but what they should, by doing everything

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble
Banquo,

No less to have done so, let me infold thee, a by being ignorant of what greatness is And hold thee to my heart There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

My plenteous joys, Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes, And you whose places are the nearest, know, We will establish our estate upon

Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter

The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must

Not, unaccompanied, invest him only, But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness, And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful The hearing of my wife with your approach; So, humbly take my leave.

·Dun. My worthy Cawdor! Mach. [Aside.] The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, For in my way it lies. Stars, bide your fires! Let not light see my black and deep desires; The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be, se Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

Exit. Dun. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,

And in his commendations I am fed; It is a banquet to me. Let us after him, Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome: It is a peerless kinsman. | Flonfish. Execut.

#### Scene V.—Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that

That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known | thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy nature:

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness, To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;

Art not without ambition, but without The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have, great Glamis,

That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;"

And that which rather thou dost fear to do, Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither.

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear, And chastise with the valour of my tongue All that impedes thee from the golden round, Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crown'd withal,—

#### Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings 1 30 Mess. The king comes here to-night. Thou'rt mad to say it. Lady M. Is not thy master with him? who, were it

Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming;

One of my fellows had the speed of him, Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely

Than would make up his message.

 $Lady M_{\star}$ Give him tending: He brings great news. [Exit Messenger.] The raven himself is hoarse,

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan Under my battlements. Come, you spirits 40 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood, Stop up th' access and passage to remorse; That no compunctious visitings of nature Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,

To cry, "Hold, hold!"-

#### Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! Thy letters have transported me beyond This ignorant present, and I feel now The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes he hence? Macb. To-morrow, as he proposes.

Lady M. O! never ••

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men

May read strange matters. To beguile the 'time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye.

Your hand, your tongue: look like the inno-

cent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that's
coming

Must be provided for; and you shall put This night's great business into my despatch; Which shall to all our nights and days to

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. To Mach. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear; To alter favour ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The Same. Before the Castle.

Hantboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the

Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's
breath

Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,

Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird.

Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,

The air is delicate.

### Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess.—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,

Which still we thank as love. Herein Iteach you,

How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,

And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service, In every point twice done, and then done double,

Were poor and single business, to contend Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith

Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,

And the late dignities heap'd up to them, We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor? We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose 21

To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath
holp him

To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,

We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,

To make their audit at your highness' plea-

sure,

Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand; Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly, And shall continue our graces towards him. 20 By your leave, hostess. [Excunt.

Scene VII.—The Same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MAC-BETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 't is done, then't were well
't were done quickly: if the assassination



MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.
"MACBETH," Act I., Scene V.

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch With his surcease success; that but this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these

We still have judgment here; that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught,

To plague th' inventor: this even-handed justice

Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host.

Who should against his murderer shut the

door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this
Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

The deep damnation of his taking off; 20 And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd

Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no

To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself, And falls on the other—

#### Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has? so Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk, Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time, Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour, a
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have
that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem, Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace. I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was 't then, That made you break this enterprise to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And, to be more than what you were, you would

Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They have made themselves, and that their fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know

How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as

Have done to this.

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 20
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only! For thy undaunted mettle should compose Nothing but males. Will it not be received, When we have mark'd with blood those

sleepy two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers, •

That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar

Upon his death?

Mach. I am settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. \*\*

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[E.ceunt.

#### ACT II.

Scene I.—The Same. Court within the Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that
nature

Gives way to in repose!- "Give me my sword.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Mach. A friend.

Ban. What, sir! not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and Sent forth great largess to your offices. This diamond he greets your wife withal, By the name of most kind hostess, and shut

In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have show'd some truth.

Mach.

I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Mach. If you shall cleave to my consent,
when 't is,

It shall make honour for you

Ban. So I lose none In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear, I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while !
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you. 50

[Execut Banquo and Fleance.]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—
[Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me, The bandle toward my hand? Come, let mo clutch thee:-

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the Le t-oppress'd brain? I see thee yet, in form as palpable As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of
blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eves.—Now o'er the one halfworld

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse The curtain'd sleep: witcheraft celebrates = a Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd nurder, Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat,
he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

Erit.

### Scene II. - The Same.

#### Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd them bath given me fire,—Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatat bellman, Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugg'd their possets.

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [Within.] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

Confounds us.—Hark! I laid their daggers ready;

He could not miss them.---Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't. My husband!

#### Enter MACBETH.

Mach. I have done the deed,---Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak !

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now

Marb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Mach. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Mach. This is a sorry sight.

Lady W. A feeligh thought to say a sorry

Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Mach. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and.

Amen," the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, "Amen," When they did say, "God bless us."

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Mach. But wherefore could not 1 pronounce

Stuck in my throat.

\*\*Lady M.\*\* These deeds must not be

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After those ways: so, it will make us mad.

Mach. Methought, I heard a voice cry,

Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep;

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care.

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, Balar of hurr minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast; -

Lady M. What do you mean?

Mach. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to
all the house:

Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried \( \psi \) Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there: go, carry them, and

The sleepy grooms with blood,

Mach. I'll go no more: 1 am afraid to think what I have done; 50 Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the

Are but as pictures; 't is the eye of child-

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For it must seem their guilt.

Mach.

• Whence is that knocking !:

How is 't with me, when every noise appals

me ?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clea: from my hand? No, this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine, Making the green one red.

## Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame

To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a knocking

At the south entry:-retire we to our chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy Hath left you unattended.—[Knock.] Hark! more knocking.

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us, And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost 70 So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not Knock. know myself. Wake Duncan with thy knocking: I would thou couldst! [Exeunt.

## Scene III .-- The Same.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub?---Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for 't. [Knocking.] Knock, Who's there, i' the other devil's knock. name?--'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O! come in, equivocator. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? -'Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [Knocking.] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you -But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon: I pray you, remember the porter.

## Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed.

That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock;

And drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink

especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie

last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: but I requited that for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

## Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes. Len. Good morrow, noble sir! Macb.  $\cdot \cdot$ Good morrow, both !

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane? Not yet. Macd. He did command me to call timely

on him

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him. . Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, For 't is my limited service. Exit. Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does :-he did appoint so. Len. The night has been unruly: where we

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,

Opens the gate. | And prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,

New hatch'd to the woful time.

The obscure bird clamour'd the livelong

Some say, the earth was feverous, and did shake.

Mach. "I was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

## Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,

Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb., Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence The life o' the building.

Mach. What is 't you say? the life? 70 Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon. - Do not bid me speak : See, and then speak yourselves.--

[Excent Macbeth and Lenox.

Awakê! awake!—

Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder, and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—up, up, and see The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo! As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites.

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell. [Bell rings.

## Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O gentle lady,
"T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

#### Enter Banquo.

O Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What! in our house?

Han. Too cruel, anywhere.
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself, and say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,

I have liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,

There 's nothing serious in mortality;

All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead; The wine of life is drawn, and the mere less Is left this vault to brag of.

### Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood

Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal.

O! by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd,

had done 't:

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;

So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found Upon their pillows:

They star'd, and were distracted; no man's

Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O! yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them.

• Macd. Wherefore did you so !

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man S' The expedition of my violent love

Outrun the pauser reason...-Here lay Duncan, His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood; And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in

nature

Kor win's wastaful antenno there there

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage, to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues, That most may claim this argument for ours!
Don. What should be spoken

Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole, May rush, and seize us? Let's away: our tears

Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[Lady MACBETH is carried out.

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet, 120

And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples
shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence, Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

AU. So all. Macd. Let's briefly put on manly readi-

And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[Execute all but Malcolm and Donalbain.

Mal. What will you do ! Let's not consort with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office Which the false man does easy. I'll to Eng-

Don. To Ireland, I: our separated fortune Shall keep us both the safer; where we are, There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that
theft

Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Execut.

Scene IV .- Without the Castle.

Enter Rosse and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well;

Within the volume of which time I have seen

Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore night

Hath tritled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah! good father, Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 't is day,

And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.

Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame, That darkness does the face of earth entomb, When living light should kiss it? Old M. It is unnatural, Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owi hawk'd at, and
kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and certain),

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make

War with mankind,

Old M. "T is said, they eat each other. Rosse. They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes,

That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.—

## Enter MACDUEL.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Mard. Why, see you not? 22 Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed? 4.

Mucd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day?

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd.
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two

Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon

Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still: Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up Thine own life's means!—Then 't is most

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to
Scone

To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body? Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors, And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin: I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there :—adieu!—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

Scene I.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,

Thou play'dst most foully for 't; yet it was

It should not stand in thy posterity;

But that myself should be the root and father Of many kings. If there come truth from them,

(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,) Why, by the verities on thee made good, May they not be my oracles as well,

And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as King; Lady Macbeth, as Queen; Lenox, Rosse, Lords and Attende as.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten, It had been as a gap in our great feast, And all-thing unbecoming.

Much. To-night we hold a solemn supper,

And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness Command upon me, to the which my duties are with a most indissoluble tie

For ever knit

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your
good advice

(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)

In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.

Is't far you ride?

Bun. As far, my lord, as will fill up the

Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the night, For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Much. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd

In England, and in Ireland; not confessing.

Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers

With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,

When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state.

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu, Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.— [Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time 40

Till seven at night, to make society

The sweeter welcome: we will keep ourself
Till supper time alone: while then, God be
with you.

[Execut Lady Machern, Lords, &c. Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men Our pleasure?

Aften. They are, my lord, without the palace

Mach. Bring them before us.

[ Exit Attendant.—
To be thus is nothing,

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much

Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much'
he dares;
And to that downthous townson of his point.

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind, He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour To act in safety. There is none but he Whose being I do fear: and under him My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Casar. He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me.

And bade them speak to him; then, prophetlike,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings.

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,

No son of mine succeeding. If t be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fill'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I mun

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace, Only for them; and mine eternal jewel Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!---Who's
there?---

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call. | Exit Attendant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know, That it was he, in the times past, which held

So under fortune, which, you thought, had been Our innocent self. This I made good to you In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,

How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,

To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd, Say, "Thus did Banquo."

1 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find Your patience so predominant in your nature, That you can let this go! Are you so gospell'd,

To pray for this good man, and for his issue, Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,

And beggar'd yours for ever!

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels,
spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are elept

All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, The housekeeper, the hunter, every one According to the gift which bounteous nature Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive Particular addition, from the bill That writes them all alike; and so of men. Now, if you have a station in the file, Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it; And I will put that business in your bosoms, Whose execution takes your enemy off, Grapples you to the heart and love of us, Who wear our health but sickly in his life, Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege, Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another, no So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune, That I would set my life on any chance, To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Mach. Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 Mur. True, my lord.

Much. So he is mine; and in such bloody
distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts

Against my near'st of life: and though I

could

With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, For certain friends that are both his and mine,

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall Who I myself struck down: and thence it is That 1 to your assistance do make love,

Masking the business from the common eye, For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord, Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. 4 Though our lives—Macb. Your spirits shine through you.
Within this hour, at most,

1 will advise you where to plant yourselves, Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time, The moment on 't; for 't must be done tonight,

And something from the palace; always thought,

That I require a clearness: and with him, (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,) Fleance his son, that keeps him company, Whose absence is no less material to me Than is his father's, must embrace the fate Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart; I'll come to you anon.

2 Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord. Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.— [Exeunt Murderers. It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight, 160 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.

Scene II.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend

his leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit. Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent, Where our desire is got without content:

T is safer to be that which we destroy,

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

#### Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone, Of sorriest fancies your companions making, Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died

With them they think on? Things without all remedy

Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:

She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth. But let the frame of things disjoint, both the world, suffer,

Ere we will cut our meal in fear, and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams, That shake us nightly Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to

Than on the torture of the mind to lie In restless cestacy. Duncan is in his grave; After life's fitful fever he sleeps well; Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor

poison,

Malice domestic foreign levy nothing

Mulice domestic, foreign levy, nothing Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on:
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

Mach. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo: 50
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we

Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,

And make our faces vizards to our hearts, Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Magb. O! full of scorpions is my mind,
dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lody M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable:

Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums, Hath rung night's yawning peal,

There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day, And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,

Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond so Which keeps me pale !--Light thickens; and the crow

Makes wing to the rocky wood;

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,

Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Execut.

Scene III.—The Same. A Park with a Road leading to the Palace.

#### Enter three Murderers.

1 Mar. But who did bid thee join with us? 3 Mar. Macbeth.

2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do, To the direction just.

day:

1 Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,

To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho! 2 Mar. Then it is he: the rest That are within the note of expectation, 10 Already are 'i the court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually,

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch.

2 Mur. A light, a light!

ACT III. 3 Mur. "T is he. 1 Mur. Stand to 't. Bun. It will be rain to-night. 1 Mur. Let it come down. Assaults Banquo. Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly! Thou may'st revenge—O slave! Dies. FLEANCE escapes. 3 Mur. Who did strike out the light? Was't not the way? 3 Mur. There's but one down: the son is fled. 2 Mur. We have lost Best half of our affair. 1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done. Exeunt. Scene IV.—A Room of State in the Palace. A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Atten-Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first and last, The hearty welcome. Lords. Thanks to your majesty. Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time, We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Mach. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst, Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure

The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.

Mach. Tis better thee without, than he within.

Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he's good,

That did the like for Fleunce: if thou didst it,

Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock, As broad and general as the casing air : .

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he

With twenty trenched gashes on his head; The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.-

There the grown serpent lies: the worm, that's fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed, No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow

We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer. Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold, That is not often vouch'd, while 't is amaking,

"T is given with welcome. To feed were best at home;

at home; content is ceremony; Meeting were bare without it.

Sweet remembrancer!-Macb. Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

May it please your highness sit? Len.

The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH'S place.

Mach. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd.

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness, Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness

To grace us with your royal company? Macb. The table 's full.

Len.Here is a place reserv'd, sir. Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness !

Macb. Which of you have done this?

What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat:

The fit is momentary; upon a thought He will again be well. If much you note him, You shall offend him, and extend his passion; Feed, and regard him not .-- Are you a man? Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that

Which might appal the devil.

() proper stuff! Lady M. This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said, Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws, and

(Impostors to true fear,) would well become A woman's story at a winter's fire,

Authoris'd by her grandam. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? When all's done, You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you !-

Why, what care 1! If thou caust nod, speak ton.--

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send Those that we bury, back, our monuments

Shall be the maws continues. [Chost disappears. Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly? Mach. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M.Fie! for shame! Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th'

olden time, Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal; Ay, and since too, murders have been per-

Too terrible for the ear: the time has been, That, when the brains were out, the man

would die, And there an end; but now, they rise again, With twenty mortal murders on their crowns, And push us from our stools. This is more

strange Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

I do forget.— Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends; I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me. Come, love and

health to all; Then, I'll sit down.—Give me some wine: fill full :-

I drink to the general joy of the whole table, And to our dear friend Banque, whom we

Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst.

And all to all,

Loras. Our duties, and the pledge.

## Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; Thou hast no speculation in those eyes, Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom: 't is no other; Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble : or, be alive again, And dare me to the desert with thy sword; If trembling I inhabit then, protest me The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence! [Ghost disappears.] -Why, so ; --being gone,

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still. Lady M. You have displaced the mirth,

broke the good meeting,

With most admir'd disorder.

Can such things be, no And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder? You make me strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, When mine is blanch'd with fear.

What sights, my lora ! Lady M. I pray you, speak not: he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good night :--

Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once.

Good night, and better health w Len. Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all! Execut Lords and Attendants.

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;

Augurs, and understood relations, have

By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night ?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir? Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will

There's not a one of them, but in his house I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow (And b times I will) to the weird sisters: More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,

All causes shall give way: I am in blood Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er. Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,

Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd. Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Mach. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: We are yet but young in deed. Exeunt.

## Scene V.--The Heath.

Enter the three Witches, meeting Thunder. HECATE.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth, In riddles, and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or show the glory of our art? And, which is worse, all you have done Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now: get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron Meet me i' the morning: thither he Will come to know his destiny. Your vessels, and your spells, provide, Your charms, and everything beside. I am for the air; this night I'll spend Unto a dismal and a fatal end: Great business must be wrought ere noon. Upon the corner of the moon There hangs a vaporous drop profound: I'll catch it ere it come to ground: And that, distill'd by magic sleights, Shall raise such artificial sprites, As, by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his confusion. He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 🐱 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear; And you all know, security Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

> [Song, within: "Come away, come away," &c.

Hark! I am call'd: my little spirit, see, Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

Exit. 1 Witch. Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be back again. Exeunt.

Scene VI.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,

Which can interpret further: only, I say, Things have been strangely borne. gracious Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead :--

And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too

Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too

Who cannot want the thought, how mon-

It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain, To kill their gracious father I damned fact! 10 How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,

In pious rage, the two delinquents tear, That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;

For 't would have anger'd any heart alive To hear the men deny it. So that, I say, He has borne all things well: and I do think. That, had he Duncan's sons under his key, (As, an't please Heaven, he shall not), they should find

What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.

But, peace !--for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell Where he bestows himself?

The son of Duncan, Lord.From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,

20

Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff

Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid so To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;

That, by the help of these, (with Him above To ratify the work,) we may again Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights, Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,

Do faithful homage, and receive free honours, All which we pine for now. And this report

Hath so exasperate the king, that he Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute "Sir,
not I,"

The cloudy messenger turns me his back, And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time

That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might Aavise him to a caution, to hold what distance

His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel Fly to the court of England, and unfold His message ere he come, that a swift blessing

May soon return to this our suffering country Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him. [Excunt.

## ACT IV.

Scene I.—A Dark Cave. In the middle, a boiling Cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

- 1 Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
- Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
- 3 Witch. Harpier cries:—'T is time, 't is
- 1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go; In the poison'd entrails throw.—
  Toad, that under cold stone
  Days and nights has thirty-one
  Swelter'd venom, sleeping got,
  Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble: 10 Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble: 20 Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

\*\*3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf: Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf, Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark; Root of heml-ck, digg'd i' the dark; Liver of blasphenning Jew; Gall of goat, and slips of yew, Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab;
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood Then the charm is firm and good.

## Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains,

And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a Song, "Black spirits," &c. 2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs, Something wicked this way comes.

Knocking.

Open, locks, Whoever knocks.

#### Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!

What is 't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Mucb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,

Howe'er you come to know it, answer me: Though you untie the winds, and let them fight Against the churches; though the yesty waves Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees
blown down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads; Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure

Of nature's germen tumble all together, Even till destruction stricken, answer me To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

from our mouths,

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer. 1 Witch, Say, if thou'dst rather hear it

Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em. 1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten Her nine farrow; grease, that 's sweaten From the murderer's gibbet, throw Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low; Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. First Apparition, an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
1 Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70
1 App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.— Enough. [Descrids.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks:

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.—But one word more :--

1 Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's another,

More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition, a bloody Child.

2 App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

2 App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born so Shall harm Macbeth.

[Descends.]

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure, And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live; That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies, And sleep in spite of thunder.——

Thunder. Third Apparition, a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

What is this,

That rises like the issue of a king;

And wears upon his baby brow the round And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to to 3 App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill Shall come against him. [Descends.]

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree

Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!

Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood Of Birnam rise; and our high-plac'd Macbeth Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart Throbs to know one thing: tell me (if your art

Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Mucb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,

And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me

why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is

this? [Hautboys.

1 Witch. Show!

2 Witch. Show!

3 Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; BANQUO following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—and thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:---

A third is like the former:—filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—
Start, eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,

Which shows me many more; and some I see,

That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry. Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 't is true; For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me, And points at them for his.—What! is this

so?

1 Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so:—but why Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites, And show the best of our delights.

I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antick round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Musican The Witches dance and ramich

[Music. The Witches dance, and vanish. Macb. Where are they ! Gone !—Let this pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—Come in, without there!

## Enter Lenox.

Len. What 's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they

And dami'd all those that trust them !—I did hear

The galloping of horse': who was 't came by ?

Len. "T' is two or three, my lord, that bring
you word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Mach. Fled to England? Len. Ay, my good lord.

Mach. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this
moment,

The very firstlings of my heart shall be The firstlings of my hand. And even now, To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:

The castle of Macduff 1 will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like
a fool;

This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?

Come, bring me where they are. [Execut.

Scene II.—Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :

His flight was madness: when our actions do not.

Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place

From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not:

He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

All is the fear, and nothing is the love; As little is the wisdom, where the flight So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz.
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors, And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,

But float upon a wild and violent sea,

Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:

Shall not be long but I'll be here again.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin, Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:

I take my leave at once. [Exit.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead: 50
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'dst never fear the net, nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead : how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband? L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again. L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother? L. Mard. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies. Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Mucd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

## Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven

preserve you I dare abide no longer. Exit.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly? I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world, where, to do

Is often laudable; to do good, sometime, Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas! Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say, I have done no harm ! What are these faces ?

#### Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband? L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,

Where such as thou may'st find him. He's a traitor. Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain !

What, you egg! [Stabbing him. Mur.Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother; run away, I pray you. Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying "Murder/"

and pursued by the Murderers.

## Scene III.—England. A Room in the King's Palace.

## Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men

Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. new morn,

New widows howl, new orphans cry; new

Strike heaven on the free, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail; What know, believe; and what I can redress, As I shall find the time to friend, I will. What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb, To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil, In an imperial charge. But I shall crave

your pardon: That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;

Angels are bright still, though the brightest

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

I have lost my hopes, Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child, (Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)

Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly
just,

so

Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou

thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's

grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal.

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;

It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withau,

There would be hands uplifted in my right;

And here, from gravious England, have I

offer

Of goodly thousands: but, for all this, When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head, Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country Shall have more vices than it had before, More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever, By him that shall succeed.

y 111111 011110 811111

Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I
know ...

All the particulars of vice so grafted, That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth

Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state

Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom,
none,

In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up

The cistern of my lust; and my desire All centinent impediments would o'erbear, That did oppose my will: better Macbeth, Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance

In nature is a tyranny; it hath been The untimely emptying of the happy throne, And fall of many kings. But fear not yet To take upon you what is yours: you may to Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.

We have willing dames enough; there cannot be

That vulture in you, to devour so many As will to greatness dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclin'd.

Mul. With this, there grows In my most ill-compos'd affection such A stanchless avariee, that, were I king, I should cut off the nobles for their lands; Desire his jewels, and this other's house: And my more-having would be as a sauce To make me hunger more; that I should forge

Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal, Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root

Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been The sword of our slain kings; yet do not fear; Scotland have foisons to fill up your will, Of your mere own. All these are portable, With other graces weigh'd.

.Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no reiish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, Uproar the universal peace, confound All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland! In Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak: I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days
again,

Since that the truest issue of thy throne By his own interdiction stands accurs'd, And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father

Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,

Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet, Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast.

Thy hope ends here!

Macduff, this noble passion, Mal. Child of integrity, hath from my soul Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts

To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth

By many of these trains hath sought to win

Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks

From over-credulous haste: but God above Deal between thee and me! for even now in I put myself to thy direction, and Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure The taints and blames I laid upon myself, For strangers to my nature. I am yet Unknown to woman; never was forsworn; Scarcely have coveted what was mine own; At no time broke my faith: would not betray

The devil to his fellow; and delight No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking

Was this upon myself. What I am truly, Is thine, and my poor country's, to command: Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach, Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men, Already at a point, was setting forth.

Now, we'll together, and the chance of good-

Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,

T is hard to reconcile.

#### Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls.

That stay his cure: their malady convinces The great assay of art; but at his touch, Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand, They presently amend.

Mal.I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor. Macd. What's the disease he means? "T is call'd the evil: A most miraculous work in this good king,

Which often, since my here-remain in England,

I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven, Himself best knows; but strangely-visited

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,

The mere despair of surgery, he cures; Hanging a golden stamp about their necks, Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken, To the succeeding royalty he leaves The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy; And sundry blessings hang about his throne, That speak him full of grace.

#### Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here? Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not. Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome

hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove

The means that makes us strangers! Rosse. Sir, Amen. Macd. Stands Scotland where it did? Alas, poor country! Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile; Where sighs, and groans, and shricks that rent the air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstacy: the dead man's knell 170 Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps, Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O relation, Too nice, and yet too true!

What is the newest grief? Mul. Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well. Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out; Which was to my belief witness'd the rather, For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.

Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight, To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious England
hath

Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men; An older, and a better soldier, none

That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have
words,

That would be howl'd out in the desert air, Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,

Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest But in it shares some wee, though the main part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your gars despise my tongue for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife,
and babes.

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner, Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer, To add the death of you.

• Mal. Merciful Heaven!—

What, man! no'er pull your hat upon your brows:

Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Mucd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all

Macd. And I must be from thence! My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be com

Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge, To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?

Did you say, all ?--O hell-kite!--All ?

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam, At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!

They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine, Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest

them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword:
let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,

And braggart with my tongue.—But, gentle heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front, Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself; Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,

Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what
cheer you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.

## ACT V.

Scrue I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the lenefit of sleep, and do

the effects of watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say !

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report

Doct. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense' are shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—
One; two: why, then 't is time to do 't.—
Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier,
and afcard?—What need we fear who knows
it, when none can call our power to account?
—Yet who would have thought the old man
to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now !—What, will these hands ne'er be clean !—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir,

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked

in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

More needs she the divine than the physician.-

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night:

My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[Execunt.

Scene II.—The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man.

Any. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file

Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths, that even now of Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant? Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.

Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule. Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faithbreach:

Those he commands move only in command, Nothing in love: now does he feel his title we Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well; march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the

weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Execut, marching.

Scene III.—Dunsimme. A Room in the Castle. . .

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:

fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy

Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits
that know

All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:

"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with
fear.

#### \* Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!

Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear.

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.]

—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour,

breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and
dare not.

Sevton !--

#### Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Mach. What news more?

Sey. All is contirm'd, my lord, which was

reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my
flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. "T is not needed yet.

Mach. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skir the country round; Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.—

How does your patient, doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord, As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, That keep her from her rest.

Mach. Cure her of that: Caust thou not minister to a mind diseas'd, • Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the brain, And with some sweet oblivious antidote Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff, Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.—

Seyton, send out—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—

Come, sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would appland thee to the very echo,
That should appland again — Pull 't off.

That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,

Would scour these English hence — Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

Mach. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. [Aside.] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.

Exerunt.

## Scene IV.—Country near Dunsinane. A Wood in view.

Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, Old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Rosse, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand.

That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Med. Let every soldier hew him down a

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,

And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Site. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure Our setting down before 't.

Mal. "T is his main hope; For where there is advantage to be given, "Both more and less hath given him the revolt, And none serve with him but constrained things,

Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures Attend the true event, and put we on Industrious soldiership.

Size. The time approaches, That will with due decision make us know What we shall say we have, and what we

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate; Towards which advance the war.

Execut, marching.

Scene V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH,
SEYTON, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;

The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie, Till famine and the ague eat them up.

Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,

And beat them backward home. What is that noise? [A cry within, of Women. Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Mach. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.

To hear a night-shrick; and my fell of hair Would at a dismal tree tise rouse, and stir,

As life were in 't. \_n have supp'd full with horrors:

Direness, familiar tomy slaughterous thoughts, Cannot once start me.

#### Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry? Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Mach. She should have died hereafter:

There would have been a time for such a word.—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, 20 To the last syllable of recorded time;

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player, That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.

## Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord, I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought, The wood began to move. Macb. Liar, and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be

Within this three mile may you see it coming;

I sav, a moving grove.

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend, That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam

Do come to Dunsinane; "—and now a wood Comes toward Dunsinane. —Arm, arm, and

If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I'gin to be aweary of the sun,

And wish the estate o' the world were now undone. — 50

Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!

At least we'll die with, Karness on our back, [Excunt.

Scene V.I.—The Same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, Old Siward, Macduff, &c., and their Army. with boughs.

Mal. Now, near enough: your leavy screens throw down,

And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,

Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son, Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we, Shall take upon's what else remains to do, According to our order.

Sim. Fare you well. — Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night, Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give And more I beg not. them all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[Exeunt. Alarums continued.

SCENE VII.—The Same. Another Part of the Plain.

#### Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,

But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—
What's he,

That was not born of woman? Such a one

Am I to fear, or none.

## Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name!

Mach. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Niw. No; though thou call'st thyse!f a
hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Sim. The devil himself could not pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear

Mach. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Sim. Thou liest, abhorr'd tyrant: with
my sword 10

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st,

[They fight, and Young SIWARD is slain, Mach. Thou wast born of woman:

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to seorn,

Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. | Exit,

#### Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. -- Tyrant, show thy face:

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt mo still.

I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms

Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,

I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!

And more I beg not. [Evit. Alarum.

### Enter Malcolm and Old Siward.

Siv. This way, my lord; --- the castle's gently render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; The noble thanes do bravely in the war.

The day almost itself professes yours,

And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes That strike beside us.

Sive. Enter, sir, the castle. [Execut. Alarum.

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## Re-enter MACBETH.

Mach. Why should I play the Roman fool.

On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes

Do better upon them.

## Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided
thee:

But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd

With blood of thine already.

Mard. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier
villain

Than terms can give thee out! [They fight. Mach. Thou losest labour:

As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air With thy keen sword impress, as make me

bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; which must not yield

To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast
serv'd,

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb

Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,

For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

That palter with us in a double sense;

That keep the word of promise to our ear, 50 And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,

And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:

We'll have thee, as our rater monsters are, Painted upon a pole, and underwrit, "Here may you see the tyrant."

Mach. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born, so
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: 'day on, Macduff';
And dama'd be him that first cries, "Hold,

Execunt, fighting.

enough!"

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old. SIWARD, ROSSE, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mul. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;

The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,

In the unshrinking station where he fought, But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead? Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field.

Your cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then It hath no end.

Siv. Had he his hurts before? Rossa Ay, on the front.

Siv. Why then, God's soldier be he! Had I as many cons as I have hairs,

would not wish them to a fairer death:

And so, bis knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,

And that I'll spend for him.

Siv. He's worth no more; so They say, he parted well, and paid his score:

And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free, I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,

That speak my salutation in their minds; Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,

Before we reckon with your several loves, so And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls; the first that ever Scotland

In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do.

Which would be planted newly with the time,—



A. FREDRRICKS, Del.

MACBETH AND MACDUFF.

I. QUARTLEY, Sculp.

Macd. Turn, hell hound, turn ! Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
"MACBETH," Act V., Scene VII.

As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and this fiend-like
queen,
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent
kands

Took off her life;—this, and what needful else

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Execut.

# TIMON OF ATHENS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONE.

Timon, a noble Athenian.  Lucius, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, Ventidius, one of Timon's false Friends. Apemantus, a charlish Philosopher. Alcibiades, an Athenian Captain. Flavius, Steward to Timon. Flaminius, Lucilius, Servants to Timon. Servilius, Caphis, Philotus, Titus, Lucius, Hortensius, Servants to Timon's Creditors.	Servants of Varro, and Isidore, two of Timon Creditors. Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers. Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant. An Old Athenian. A Page. A Fool. Phrynia,  Timandra,  Mistresses to Alcibiades. Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.
SCENE—Athens; a	nd the Woods adjoining
	-v
A C	CT I.
Scene I.—Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.	Poet. When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.	It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good.  Mer.  'T is a good form.
Poet. Good day, sir. Pain. I am glad you are well. Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?	Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye. Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication To the great lord.
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows. Poet. Ay, that's well known; But what particular rarity? what strange,	Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. Our poesy is as a gum, which cozes From whence 't is nourish'd: the fire i' the
Which manifold record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power	flint Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the mer chant.	Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies Each bound it chafes. What have you there?
Pain. 1 know them both: th' other's a jeweller.	Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?
Mer. O! 't is a worthy lord!  Jew. Nay, that 's most fix'd.	Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,	Let's see your piece.  Pain. T is a good piece.
To an untirable and continuate goodness: He passes,	Poet. So't is: this comes off well and excellent.
Jew. I have a jewel here-	Pain. Indifferent.
Mer. O, pray, let's see t: for the Lord Timon, sir?	Poet. Admirable! How this grace Speaks his own standing! what a mental
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—	- power This eye shoots forth! how big imagination

Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the | This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, megesture

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life. Here is a touch; is 't good?

I'll say of it,

It tutors nature: artificial strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, who pass over the stage.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy men

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,

Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug

With amplest entertainment: my free drift Halts not particularly, but moves itself In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice Infects one comma in the course I hold; But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on, Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you? Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds, (As well of glib and slippery creatures, as Of grave and austere quality,) tender down Their services to Lord Timon: his large for-

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging, Subdues and properties to his love and tend-

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better Than to abhor himself: even he drops down The knee before him, and returns in peace Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together. Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd; the base o' the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of natures, That labour on the bosom of this sphere To propagate their states: amongst them all, Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd, 71 One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame, Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants

Translates his rivals.

'T is conceiv'd to scope. Pain.

thinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below, Bowing his head against the steepy mount To climb his happiness, would be well express'd

In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on. All those which were his fellows but of late (Some better than his value), on the moment Follow his strides, his lobbies filled with ten-

Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,

Make sacred even his stirrup, and through

Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these? Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his depen-

Which labour'd after him to the mountain's

Even on their knees and hands, let him slip.

Not one accompanying his declining foot. Pain. 'T is common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show,

That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,

To show Lord Timon, that mean eyes have. seen

The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, attended; the Servant of Ventidius talking with him.

Imprison'd is he, say you? Ven. Serr. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt,

His means most short, his creditors most strait:

Your honourable letter he desires To those have shut him up; which failing Periods his comfort.

Noble Ventidius! Well: I am not of that feather, to shake off My friend when he must need me. I doknow him

A gentleman that well deserves a help, Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him. Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom ;

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.-

T is not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour!

[Exit.

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd
Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?
Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thec.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? - Lucilius!

## Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.
Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon,
this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man 120 That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift, And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest. Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:

His honesty rewards him in itself,

It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:

Our own precedent passions do instruct us What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts
of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in

future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd
me long:

To build his fortune, I will strain a little, For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter; What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise, And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his. 120
Tim. My hand to thee: mine honour on
my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship.

Never may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping, Which is not ow'd to you!

[Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live
your lordshij

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon

Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech

Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome. The painting is almost the natural man; we For since dishonour traffics with man's nature, He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are Even such as they give but. I like your work; And you shall find J like it: wait attendance Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me
your hand:

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel

Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?
Tim. A mere satisty of commendations.

If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd, is It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 't is rated As those which sell would give: but you well know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners, Are prized by their masters. Believe't, dear lord,

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be

## Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

SCENE I.

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Anem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apen. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going ?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou 'It die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it? Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's out a filthy piece of work.

Pain, You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with mc. Apenantus?

Apem. No; I cat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O! they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Pim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it, take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apen. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 't is worth ! Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one !

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apemo Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd; he is so.

Apen. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour : he that loves to be flattered is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus? Apen. Even as Apenantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself !

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore ?

Apem. That I had no angry wit, to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not !

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Truffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse.

All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.-

Exernt some Attendants. You must needs dine with me.—Go not you

Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's

done, Show me this piece.- I am joyful of your sights. -

Enter Alcibiades, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!

So, so; there!-Apem.

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!-

That there should be small love mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out

Into baboon and monkey.

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Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and 1 feed

Most hungerly on your sight.

Right welcome, sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

Execut all but APEMANTUS.

## Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is 't, Apemantus ? Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apen. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

wine heat fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well. Apen. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog! or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the Erit.

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he out-

The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays Seven fold above itself; no gift to him, But breeds the giver a return exceeding All use of quittance.

The noblest mind he curries, 1 Lord. That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may be live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Execut.

## SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in Timon's House.

Hantboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; Flavius and others attending: then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ventions, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, Aremantus, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,

It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,

And call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich: Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound To your free heart, I do return those talents, Doubled, with thanks and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty,

O! by no means, Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love; I gave it freely ever; and there's none Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:

Apen. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

> To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair. Ven. A noble spirit!

Nay, my lords,

Ceremony was but devis'd at first,

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown; But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes,

Than my fortunes to me. They sit. 1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!---you are welcome. Apem. No, you shall not make me wel-

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors, Tim. Fie! thou art a churl: ye've got a humour there.

Does not become a man, 't is much to blame.-They say, my lords, Ira furor brevis est, But youd man is Ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:

I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't. Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian: therefore, welcome. I myself would have no power; pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent,

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee, -O you gods! what a number

Of men cat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat In one man's blood; and all the madness is, He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with

Methinks, they should invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives. There's much example for 't; the fellow, that Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught, Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved.

If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,

Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord. Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! -he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner

Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the

This and my food are equals, there's no odds. Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf; I pray for no man, but myself. Grant I may never prove so fond, To trust man on his oath or bond; Or a harlot for her weeping; Or a dog that seems a-sleeping; Or a keeper with my freedom; Or my friends, if I should need, em. Amen. So fall ()'t: Rich men sin, and I est root.

Eats and drinks. Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus! Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast,

Apen. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O! no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em ! they were the most needless creatures living, should we no'er have use for | Like madness is the glory of this life,

'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come We are born to do benefits; nearer to you. and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, c'en made away erc't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our

And, at that instant, like a babe, sprung up. Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [Tucket sounded. Tim. What means that trump!

#### Enter a Servant.

How now?

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

#### Enter Curib.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to

That of his bounties taste!—The five best

Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom.

Th' car, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes. Tim. They're welcome all: let'em have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome! Exit Cupid. 1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you 're belov'd.

Resenter Curib, with a masque of Music, Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men, Upon whose age we void it up again

With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives, that's not deprayed, or deprayes?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their
graves

Of their friends' gift?

I should fear, those that dance before me now Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind:
You have added worth unto't, and lively
lustre,

And entertain'd me with mine own device; I am to thank you for it.

 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Execut Curin and Ladies.

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither. Flar. Yes, my lord. [.1side.] More jewels

There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him well, i' faith, I should,
When all 's spent, he 'd be cross'd then, an he
could.

"T is pity bounty had not eyes behind,

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [Exit.

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness. 2 Lord. Our horses!

Re-cuter Flavius, with the casket.

Tim. () my friends, I have one word to say to you.

Look you, my good lord, I must entreat you, honour me so much, As to advance this jewel; accept it, and wear it, Kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts.
All. So are we all.

#### Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you. Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour, Vouchsafe me a word: it does concern you

Tim. Near? why, then another time I'll hear thee.

I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. [Aside.] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Be worthily entertain'd.

## Enter a third Servant.

How now, what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of grey-hounds,

Tim. 1'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,

Not without fair reward.

Flar. [Aside.] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,

And all out of an empty coffer:

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good. His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes For every word: he is so kind, that he now Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their

books.

Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,

Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed

Than such as do even enough a seed.

Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves

Much wrong: you bate too much of your
own merits,

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

will receive it.

3 Lord. O! he's the very soul of bounty. Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you

Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

3 Lord. O! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine

I'll tell you true, I'll call to you.

All Lords. O! none so welcome. Tim. I take all and your several visitations So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give: 221 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends.

And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich:

It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast

Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay defil'd land, my lord. 1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound— Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd-

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights! 1 Lord.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon !

Tim. Ready for his friends.

Exeunt Alcibiades, Lorde, &c. Apem. What a coil's here! Serving of becks, and jutting-out of bums! I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth oncourt'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not. sullen,

I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music.

Exit. Apem. So thou wilt not hear me now, 200 Thou shalt not then; I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

The best of happiness, | To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! Exit.

#### ACT II.

Scene I.—The Same. A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former

Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in

Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog, And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold; If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon, Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight, And able horses. No porter at his gate; But rather one that smiles, and still invites All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho! Caphis, I say!

## Enter Carmis.

Caph. Here, sir: what is your pleasure? Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd With slight denial; nor then silene'd, when-"Commend me to your master" and the

Plays in the right hand, thus; --- but tell him, My uses cry to me; I must serve my turn 20 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,

And my reliances on his fracted dates

Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;

But must not break my back to heal his finger: Immediate are my needs; and my relief Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words, But find supply immediate. Get you gone: Put on a most importunate aspect,

A visage of demand; for, I do fear,

When every feather sticks in his own wing, so Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,

Which flashes now a phonix. Get you gone. Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir? Take the bonds along with you.

And have the dates in compt.

Caph. J will, sir.

Exeunt.

SCENE II. -- The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,

That he will neither know how to maintain

Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account How things go from him, nor resumes no care Of what is to continue. Never mind Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.

What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel

I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What,

You come for money?

Var. Ser. Is 't not your business too?

Caph. It is; and yours too, Isidore? It is so.

List. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,

My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month: Do My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own; and humbly prays you, That with your other noble parts you'll suit, In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend, I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,-

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord, -

Isid. Serv. From Isidore; He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. "T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks, so

And past, ---

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.—

I do beseech you, good my lords, teep on;

I'll wait upon you instantly.---

[Execut Alcibiades and Lords.
[To Flavius.] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous definends of broken bonds, And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour t

Flav. Please you, gentlemen, The time is unagreeable to this business: 40 Your importunacy cease till after dinner, That I may make his lordship understand Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.—
See them well entertained. [Exit.
Flav. Pray, draw near.

## Enter APEMANTUS and Fool,

Exit.

Caph. Stay, stay; here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serr. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool!

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow? so Var. Serr. I speak not to thee."

Apem. No; 't is to thyself.—[To the Fool.] Come away.

Isid. Serv. [To VAR. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single; thou 'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where 's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Ser. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses. All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves .- Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen ?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

### Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company !--How dost thou, Apenantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my month, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apen. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. E.cit.

Apem. Even so thou outrum'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool, Will you leave me there !

Apem. If Timon stay at home. - You three serve three usurers !

All Serv. Ay: 'would they served us! Apem. So would 1,-as good a trick as ever

hangman served thief. Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee as whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool 1 mm Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something "T is a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; some- | How goes our reckoning?

time like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside: here comes Lord Timon.

## Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philoso-Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.

Flar. Pray you, walk near: 11 speak with you anon. Exeunt Servants.

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore, ere this time.

Had you not fully laid my state before me That I might so have rated my expense,

As I had leave of means?

Flar. You would not hear me, At many leisures I propos'd.

Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister, Thus to excuse yourself.

() my good lord! At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you: you would throw them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty. When for some trifling present you have bid me Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close: I did endure Not seldom, nor so slight checks, when I have Prompted you, in the cbb of your estate And your great flow of debts. My loved lord, Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time.

The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold. Flav. 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited and

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues: the future comes apace; is What shall defend the interim? and at length Tim. To Lacedemon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord! the world is but a word;

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,

How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You till me true. Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falschood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,

And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,

When all our offices have been oppress'd

With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept

With drunken spilth of wine, when every room

Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,

And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of
this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,

This night englutted! Who is not Timon's ?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but
is Lord Timon's ?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!

Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,

These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further: No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart; Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,

To think I shall lack friends I Secure thy heart;

If I would broach the vessels of my love, and And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,

As I can bid thee speak.

Flar. Assurance bless your thoughts! Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these Shall I try friends. You shall perceive, how you

Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends,—

Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to Lord Lucius;—to Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—you, to Sempronius. Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [Aside.] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? humph!

Tim. [To another Servant.] Go you, sir, to the senators,

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have

Deserv'd this hearing), bid 'em send o' the instant 200

A thousand talents to me.

Flar. I have been bold, (For that I knew it the most general way,) To them to use your signet, and your name: But they do shake their heads, and I am here No richer in return.

Tim. Is t true? can't be?
Flac. They answer, in a joint and corporate
voice.

That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot

Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—

But yet they could have wish'd --they know not---

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature May catch a wrench—would all were well— 'tis pity;—

And so, intending other serious matters,

After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,

With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods, They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
Prythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary: Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it soldom flows; 'T is lack of kindly warmth, they are not

And nature, as it grows again toward earth, Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy. Go to Ventidius,—'Pr'ythee, be not sad; \*\*\*
Thou art true, and honest: ingeniously I speak;

No blame belongs to thee.—Ventidius lately Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd Into a great estate; when he was poor, Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends, I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;

Bid him suppose, some good necessity Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd

With those five talents: that had, give it | Being free itself, it thinks all others so. these fellows

To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or think.

That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe;

Excunt.

## ACT III.

Scene I.—The Same. A Room in Lucullus's House.

Enter a Servant to him, FLAMINIUS waiting. Servant. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you. Flam. I thank you, sir.

#### Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside.] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; T dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very [Exit Servant.]—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master !

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

" Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la, -nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I have told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from it. 31

## Re-enter Servant with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure. Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due, -and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. -- [ To the Servant.] Get you gone, sirrah. [Exit Serront.] — Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee : good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ,

And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee!

Throwing the money away. Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. Exit.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,

Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turns in less than two nights? O you gods! I feel my master's passion. This slave unto his honour

Has my lord's meat in him:

Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment, When he is turn'd to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon't!

And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature,

Which my lord paid for, be of any power To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

Esit.

Scene II.—The Same. A Public Place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who? the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Strang. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc, Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot

want for money.

2 Strang. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How !

Strang. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour shown in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

### Enter Servilius

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—[To Lucius.] My honoured lord,—

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honour
able-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent -

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion, now, my lord: requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me:

He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the meantime he wants less,
my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast, I say.—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.— [Exit Servilius.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's sport. Who can call him his friend,

That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,

Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet (O, see the monstronsness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 Stran. Religion groans at it.
1 Stran. For mine own part, so
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to
him.

So much I love his heart. But, I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense; so For policy sits above conscience. [Excunt.

Scene III.—The Same. A Room in Sempronius's House.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Scm. Must be needs trouble me in 't? Humph! 'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus; | Scene IV .- The Same. A Hall in Timon's And now Ventidius is wealthy too,

Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these Owe their estates unto him.

My lord, Sern.

They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;

For they have all denied him.

How! have they denied him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him? And does he send to me? Three? humph!

It shows but little love or judgment in him:

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,

Thrice give him over! must I take the cure upon me?

He has much disgrac'd me in 't: I am angry at him,

That might have known my place. I see no sense for 't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first; For, in my conscience, I was the first man That e'er received gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me now, That I'll requite it last? No:

So it may prove an argument of laughter - 20 To the rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.

I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum, He had sent to me first, but for my mind's

I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,

And with their faint reply this answer join: Who bates mine honour, shall not know my Erit.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he cross'd himself by 't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are

Save only the gods. Now his friends are a dead,

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd Now to guard sure their master:

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. Exit. House.

Enter Two Servants of VARRO, and the Serrant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants to Timon's Creditors, waiting his coming out.

1 Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius,

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serc. Ay, and I think, One business does command us all; for mine Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

### Enter Philodus.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too! Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour !

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet 1 Luc. Serr. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't: he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable, I fear,

T is deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse; That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet Find little.

Thi. I am of your fear for that.

I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does. Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,

For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart,

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows, Timon in this should pay more than he owes: And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,

And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns; what's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine. . 1 Var. Serv. "T is much deep: and it should seem by the sum, Your master's confidence was above mine; Else, surely, his had equall'd.

### Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men. Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows Exit. you are too diligent.

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serr. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so 7

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 Var. Serr. By your leave, sir,-

Flar. What do you ask of me, my friend? Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

If money were as certain as your waiting,

"I were sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters ate of my lord's ment ?

Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,

And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up; Let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end; I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 't will not serve, 't is not so base as vou;

For you serve knaves. Exit. 1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter ?

2 Var. Serr. No matter what : he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in I such may rail against great buildings.

### Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O! here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it; for, take it on my soul, my lord His comleans wondrously to discontent. fortable temper has forsook him: he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Nerv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:

And if it be so far beyond his health,

Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a clear way to the gods.

Good gods! Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

# Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius following.

Tim. What! are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house Be my retentive enemy, my gaol? The place which I have feasted, does it now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart? Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here it my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills,

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serr. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serr. Five thousand crowns, my lord. Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours ?- and yours ?

1 Var. Serv. My lord,-

2 Var. Serv. My lord, ---

Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you!

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. Exeunt.

# Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves :

Creditors !-- devils!

Flar. My dear lord,-

Tim What if it should be so? Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward!

Flar. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly! Go, bid all my friends again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

O my lord! You only speak from your distracted soul: There is not so much left to furnish out A moderate table.

Be't not in thy care: go, Tim. I charge thee; invite them all: let in the

Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll pro-Exeunt. vide.

### Scene V.—The Same. The Senate-House. The Senate sitting.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to 't: the fault's bloody;

T is necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise

### Enter Alcibiades, attended.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues:

For pity is the virtue of the law, And none but tyrants use it cruelly. It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy Upon a friend of mine; who, in hot blood, Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth To those that without heed do plunge into 't. "He is a man, setting his fate aside, Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice (An honour in him, which buys out his fault); But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit, Seeing his reputation touch'd to death, He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent, As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox, Striving to make an ugly deed look fair: Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which, indeed, Is valour misbegot, and came into the world When sects and factions were newly born. 39 He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer The worst that man can breathe; And make his wrongs his outsides,

To wear them like his raiment, carelessly; And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart, To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill, What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!. A/cib. My lord,-

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:

To revenge is no valour, but to bear. Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon

If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle, And not endure all threats ? sleep upon 't, And let the focs quietly cut their throats, Without repugnancy? If there be Such valour in the bearing, what make we Abroad? why then, women are more valiant, That stay at home, if bearing carry it; And the ass more captain than the lion; the

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords! As you are great, be pitifully good: Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood? To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust; But in defence, by mercy! 't is most just. To be in anger, is impiety; But who is man that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain. In vain? his service dono At Lacedemon, and Byzantium, Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?
Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h' as done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemics. How full of valour did he bear himself In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with

He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin, that often Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner: 70 If there were no focs, that were enough To overcome him: in that beastly fury He has been known to commit outrages And cherish factions. "I is inferr'd to us, His days are foul, and his drink dangerous. 1 Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war. My lords, if not for any parts in him,---Though his right arm might purchase his own

time, And be in debt to none,—yet, more tomove you Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both: so And, for I know, your reverend ages love

What

Security, I'll pawn my victories, all My honour to you, upon his good returns. If by this crime he owes the law his life, Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore; For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,

On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,

He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

\*Alcib.\* Must it be so t it must not be. My lords.

\*\*My lords.\*\*

I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen. What! Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has

forgot me;

It could not else be I should prove so base, To sue, and be denied such common grace. My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?

"T is in few words, but spacious in effect: We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,

Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,

He shall be executed presently.

[Execut Senators.]
 Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough;
 that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!

I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,

While they have told their money, and let out Their coin upon large interest; I myself, 102 Rich only in large hurts: -all those, for this? Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment? It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd: It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury, That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up My discontented troops, and lay for hearts. 'T is honour, with most lands to be at odds; Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

# Scene VI.—A Bauquet-hall in Timon's House.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other

1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered. I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion

of his new feasting.

1 Lord. I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I

understand how all things go.
2 Lord. Every man here's so.

would be have borrowed of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

3 Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

# Enter Timos and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:
—and how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—[To them.] Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

1 Lord. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir! let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah! my good friend, what cheer?

[The banquet brought in.

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord, All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season, can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

- 3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you
- 1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!
- . 3 Lord. 'T is so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? how?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near? 3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Lord. It does; but time will-and so --

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upoh the first place : sit, sit. The

gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despisal. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be-as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods !-- the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these, my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome. Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes are uncovered, and seem to ! be full of warm water. Some speak. What does his lordship mean!

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold, 1

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water,

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;

Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.

Your recking villainy. Live lonth'd, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,

Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's

Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minutejacks!

Of man, and beast, the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er !-What, dost thou go I w Soft, take thy physic first,--thou too,-and thou :---Throws the dishes at them.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.-. What, all in motion? Henceforth be no

feast, Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest,

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated

Of Timon man and all humanity! Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords, and Senators.

1 Lord. How now, my lords?

2 Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

3 Lord. Push! did you see my cap!

4 Lord. I have lost my gown.

3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

4 Lord. Did you see my cap !

2 Lord. Here 't is.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

Exernit.

### ACT IV.

Scene I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

### Enter Timon.

That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the And minister in their steads! To general earth,

And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!

Obedience fail in children! Slaves, and fools, Tint. Let me look back upon thee, O thou! Pluck the grave wrinkled senute from the bench,

filths

Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parchts' eyes! Bankrupts, hold
fast:

Rather than render back, out with your knives,

And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal! Bound servants

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are, And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed; Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,

Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire.

With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear, Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood, Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades, Degrees, observances, customs, and laws, Decline to your confounding contraries, 20 And yet confusion live! Plagues, incident to men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica, Cripple our senators, that their limbs may

As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty, Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth, That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive.

And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains, Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath, & That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee.

But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may
grow

To the whole race of mankind, high and low! Amen. [Exit.

Scene 11.—Athens. A Room in Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Sercants.

1 Serv. Hear you, master steward! re's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack! my fellows, what should I

suy to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, I am as poor as you.

1 Serv. Such a house broke! So noble a master fallen! All gone, and not One friend to take his fortune by the arm, And go along with him!

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10
Slink all away; leave their false vows with
him.

Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self, A dedicated beggar to the air,

With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty, Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

### Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,

That see I by our faces; we are fellows still, Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark; And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,

Hearing the surges threat: we must all part Into the sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,

The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you. Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,

Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,

As't were a knell unto our master's fortunes, "We have seen better days." Let each take some; [Giving them money.

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[They embrace, and part several ways.

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us! 50

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt? Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or so live But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord! brought low by his own
heart.

Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood, When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!

Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still marmen.

My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd, Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes

Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat Of monstrous friends;

Nor has he with him to supply his life,

Or that which can command it.

I'll follow, and inquire him out:

1'll ever serve his mind with my best will; & Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

Exit.

# Scene III.—The Woods.

### Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed-breeding sun! draw from the earth

Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,

Whose procreation, residence, and birth, Scarce is dividant, to seh them with several fortunes;

The greater scorns the leaser: not nature (To whom all sores lay siege) can bear great fortune.

But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord; The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, 10 The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares,
who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say "This man's a flatterer!" if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!

His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me
roots:

[Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison!—What is
here?

Gold yellow, glittering, precious gold ! No, gods,

I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!

Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

Ha! you gods, why this What this, you gods? Why, this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves, And give them title, knee, and approbation, With senators on the bench: this is it,

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again; She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices

To the April day again. Come, danned earth, Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee Do thy right nature.—[March afar off.] Ha! a drum?—Thou'rt quiek,

But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:— Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[Reserving some gold.

Enter Alcibiades, with dram and fife in warlike manner; and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there I speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker
gnaw thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,

That art thyself a man ?

Tim. 1 am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog.

That I might love thee semething.

Alcib. 1 know thee well; But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. 1 know thee too; and more, than that 1 know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum:
With man's blood paint the ground, gules,
gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

Then what should war be! This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword, For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns

To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change t

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:

But then, renew I could not, like the moon; There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon, what friendship may
I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world

Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra? Striman. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not that use thee:

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves. For tubs and baths; bring down rose-checked youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities. I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, The want whereof doth daily make revolt of In my penurious band: I have heard and griev'd,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth, Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them.—

Tim. I prythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well: Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;

And thee after, when thou hast conquered!

Alcib. Why me, Timon!

Tim. That, by killing of villains, Thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vie'd city hang his poison In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one. Pity not honour'd age for his white beard: no He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the bales.

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their merey:

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut, 120

And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes, Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes.

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent, Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,-

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues, The immortal gods that hear you,-spare your oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still; And he whose pious breath seeks to convert

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up; Let your close fire predominate his smoke, in And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six months,

Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin

With burdens of the dead: -some that were hang'd,

No matter :-- wear them, betray with them: whore still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face: A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold.—What then ?-

Believe 't, that we 'll do any thing for gold. Tim. Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man! strike their sharp

And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,

That he may never more false title plead, Nor sound his quillets shrilly hoar the flamen.

That scolds against the quality of flesh, And not believes himself: down with the

Down with it flat; take the bridge quite

Of him, that, his particular to foresee,

Smells from the general weal: make curl'dpate ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war 160 Derive some pain from you. Plague all, That your activity may defeat and quell

The source of all crection. —There's more gold:

Do you damn others, and let this damn you, And ditches grave you all!

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it.

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee. | By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Alcib. We but offend him. -- Strike! Drum beats. Execut Alcibiades. PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

Should yet be hungry!--Common mother, thou, Digging.

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite

Teems, and feeds all; whose selfsame mettle, Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd.

Engenders the black toad, and adder blue, The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm, With all the abhorred births below crisp

heaven Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;

 ${f Y}$ ield him, who all thy human sons doth hate, From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor

Ensear thy fertile and conceptions womb, Let it no more bring out ingrateful man! Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face

Hath to the marbled mansion all above Never presented! --- O! a root, --- dear thanks!---

Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish, draughts,

And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind, That from it all consideration slips!

### Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report, Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. "I is then, because thou dost not keep

Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected ;

A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung

From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care? Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie

Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot That ever Timon was, Shame not these woods.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee, <sup>211</sup>

And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,

Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,

And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus; Thou gav'st thine ear, like tapsters that bid welcome,

To knaves, and all approachers: 't is most just,

That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,

Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness,

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast east away thyself, being like thyself; 220

A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st

That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain, Will put thy shirt on warm t Will these moss'd trees,

That have outliv'd the engle, page thy heels, And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste, To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures, -

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused
trunks.

To the conflicting elements expos'd, 250
Answer mere nature, bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find--

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why I

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a
caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To yex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's. Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 't were well: but thou Dost it inforcedly: thou'dst courtier be again, Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before; The one is filling still, never complete;

The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being, Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miser-

able.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog. 21
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, pro-

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drudges of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd
thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary; 500
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts
of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment;

That numberless upon the stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst
thou hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given? 270

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag, Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff-To some she beggar, and compounded thee Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men, Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee. Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now: Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee, I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee

That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root.

Apem. Here: I will mend thy feast.

[Offering him something.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'T is not well mended so, it is but botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens? Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou

Tell them there I have gold: look, so I have. Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest; For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon? Under that's above me. Tim.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apen. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I cat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved !

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

•Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apenantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the | That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim, 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands. Apem. I would my tongue could rot them

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

[Throws a stone at him.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad! Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going. I am sick of this false world, and will love

nought

But even the mere necessities upon 't. Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave: Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

[Looking on the gold.] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright de-

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars! Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god, That solder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts May have the world in empire!

'Would't were so; But not till I am dead !-- I'll say, thou'st

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Throng'd to? Tim. Anem.  $\mathbf{A}\mathbf{y}$ .

Tim. Thy back, I prythee.

Live, and love thy misery! Tim. Long live so, and so die! -- I am [Exit APEMANTUS.

More things like men?--Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

# Enter Thieves.

1 Thief. Where should be have this gold? It is some fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 Thief. It is noised he hath a mass of

treasure.

3 Thief. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 Thief. True: for he bears it not about him, 't is hid.

1 Thief. Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 Thief. "T is his description.
3 Thief. He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each

Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

1 Thief. We cannot live on grass, berries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you

That you are thieves profess'd, that you work

In holier shape; for there is boundless theft In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold. (40, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob, Take wealth and lives together;

Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't, Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun: The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture stoler. From general excrement; each thing's . thief;

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away!

Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;

All that you meet are thieves.

Break open shops; nothing can you steal, But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for this I give you;

And gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen.

Retires to his cave. 3 Thief. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it

1 Thief. 'T is in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens;

there is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. 
• Execut Thieves.

### Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!

Is yound despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What vilder thing upon the earth, than

friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's

guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo 470
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!

He has caught me in his eye: I will present My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord, Still serve him with my life.—My dearest

TIMON comes folyard from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me; ay, all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to
villains.

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Flav. The gods are witness,

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What! dost thou weep?—Come nearer: then, I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's
sleeping:

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,

To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable? It almost turns my dangerous nature wild. Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man Was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,

You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one: No more, I pray,—and he's austeward.— and How fain would I have hated all mankind, And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,

I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise;

For, by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou mightst have sooner got another service: For many so arrive at second masters,

Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true, (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,) Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas! are plac'd too late. You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love.

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind, Care of your food and living: and, believe it, My most honour'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me,

Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth

To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 't is so.—Thou singly honest man,

Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and
happy:

But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from

Hate all, curse all; show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the
bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods! And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O! let me stay,

And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou art bless'd and free:

Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee. [Execut severally.

#### v. ACT

SCENE I.—The Same. Before Timon's Cave. . Enter Poet and Painter.

· Pain. As I took note of the place, it can-· net be far where he abides.

Poet: What's to be thought of him? Does • the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. "T is said he gave unto his stoward a mighty sum.

Post Then this breaking of his has been

but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 't is not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of

an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

### Enter Timon, from his cave.

Tim. [Aside.] Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [Aside.] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I

have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him: Then do we sin against our own estate, When we may profit meet, and come too late. Pain. True:

When the day serves, before black-corner'd

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.

Come.

Tim. [Aside.] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple, Than where swine feed!

'T is thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam:

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship; and thy saints for aye Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

Fit I meet them, Advancing. Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Our late noble master. Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted, Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits! Not all the whips of heaven are large enough— What! to you.

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:

You, that are honest, by being what you are, Make them best seen, and known.

He, and myself, Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,

And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men. Pain. We are hither come to offer you our

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water ! no. Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men. You have heard that I have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth; you are honest men.



TIMON OF ATHENS.

Hail, worthy Timon!

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Our late noble master.

Timps. Have I once fived to see two knows usen?

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore Came not my friend, nor I. Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best; Thou counterfeit'st most lively. So, so, my lord. Tim. Even so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth. That thou art even natural in thine art,--- wo But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends, I must needs say, you have a little fault: Marry, 't is not monstrous in you; neither wish I, You take much pains to mend. Beseech your honour, To make it known to us. You'll take it ill. Both. Most thankfully, my lord. Will you, indeed ? Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord. Tim. There's never of one of you but trusts a knave, That mightily deceives y 1, Both. Do we, my lord? Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble, Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him, Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd, That he's a made-up villain. Pain. I know none such, my lord. Nor I. • Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold, Rid me these villains from your companies: Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught, Confound them by some course, and come to I'll give you gold enough. Both. Name them, my lord; let's know them. Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company :-Each man apart, all single and alone, Yet an arch-villain keeps him company. [To the Painter.] If, where thou art, two villains shall not be, Come not near him. [To the Poet.] If thou wouldst not reside But where one villain is, then him abandon. --Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for

gold, ye slaves:

hence!

You have work for me, there's payment:

You are an alchymist, make gold of that, Out, rascul Exit, beating and driving them out. Scene II .- The Same. Enter Flavius and two Senators. Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon; For he is set so only to himself, That nothing but himself, which looks like man, Is friendly with him. Bring us to his cave: It is our part, and promise to the Athenians, To speak with Timon. At all times alike Men are not still the same. T was time, and griefs, That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer band, Offering the fortunes of his former days, The former man may make him. Bring us to him. And chance it as it may. Here is his cave. Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon! Look out, and speak to friends. Tho Athenians, By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee: Speak to them, noble Timon. Enter Timon. Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!-Speak, and be hang'd: For each true word, a blister; and each false Be as a cauterising to the root o' the tongue, Consuming it with speaking! Worthy Timon, Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of

Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee,

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O! forget What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love, Entreat thee back to Athens; who have

thought On special dignities, which vacant lie For thy best use and wearing.

They confess 2 Sen.

Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross; Which now the public body, which doth seldom

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon; And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful Than their offence can weigh down by the

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs.

And write in thee the figures of their love, Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it; \*\* Surprise me to the very brink of tears: Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes, And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us.

And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good

Live with authority: --so soon we shall drive

Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;

His country's peace.

And shakes his threat'ning sword 2 Sen. Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon, -Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir, thus:

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,

Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,

That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens.

And take our goodly aged men by the beards, Giving our holy virgins to the stain

Of continuctions, beastly, mad-brain'd war, Then, let him know, and tell him, Timon

speaks it,--In pity of our aged, and our youth,

I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not, And let him take 't at worst : for their knives care not,

While you have throats to answer; for my-

There's not a whittle in the unruly camp, But I do prize it at my love, before The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you

To the protection of the prosperous gods, As thieves to keepers.

Flar. Stay not: all's in vain. Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph; It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness Of health, and living, now begins to mend, 72 And nothing brings me all things. Go; live

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,

And last so long enough!

We speak in vain. Tim. But yet I love my country, and am

One that rejoices in the common wrack, As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke. Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,- -

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2 Scn. And enter in our ears like great triumphers

In their applauding gates.

ness do them:

Commend me to them; And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,

Their fears of hystile strokes, their aches, losses,

Their pangs of love, with other incident throes That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kind-

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up w I 'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades'

2 Sen. I like this well; he will return again. Tim. I have a tree which grows here in my close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down, And shortly must I fell it; tell my friends, Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree, From high to low throughout, that whose

please To stop affliction, let him take his haste, Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe, And hang himself.-I pray you, do my greet-

Flar. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion 100 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood; Whom once a day with his embossed froth The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come, And let my grave-stone be your oracle.— Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:

What is amiss, plague and infection mend!

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his E.vit. reign.

1 Sen. His discontents are unremovably Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead. Let us

And strain what other means is left unto us In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.

# Scene III. The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files

As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least; Besides, his expedition promises Present approach,

2 Son. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,

Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,

Yet our old love made a particular force, And made us speak like friends: - this man was riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, With letters of entreaty, which imported His fellowship i' the cause against your city, In part for his sake movid.

# Enter the Senators from Timon.

Here come our brothers. 3 Sen. No talk of Timon; nothing of him expect. -

The enemy's drum is heard, and fearful scour-

Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare :

Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare. Exeunt.

Scene IV .- The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, secking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.

Who's here? speak, ho!-No answer?-What

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:

Graves only be men's works, and death their | Some beast made this; there does not live a man.

> Dead, sure; and this his grave.—What's and this tomb

> I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:

Our captain hath in every figure skill; An ag'd interpreter, though young in days. Before proud Athens he's set down by this, Whose fall the mark of his ambition is,

Scene V.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and laseivious

Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the

With all licentions measure, making your

The scope of justice: till now, myself, and such

As slept within the shadow of your power, Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd

Our sufferance vainly, Now the time is

When erouching marrow, in the bearer strong,

Cries of itself, "No more: " now breathless

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease: And pursy insolence shall break his wind With fear, and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble, and young, When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit, Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear, We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm, To wipe out our ingratitude with loves Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo Transformed Timon to our city's love, By humble message, and by promis'd means: We were not all unkind, nor all deserve The common stroke of war.

These walls of ours Were not erected by their hands, from whom You have receiv'd your grief; nor are they

That these great towers, trophies, and schools, should fall For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living, Who were the motives that you first went out; Shame, that they wanted conning in excess, Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord, Into our city with thy banners spread: By decimation, and a tithed death, (If thy revenges hunger for that food Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd tenth;

And, by the hazard of the spotted die, Let die De spotted.

All have not offended; For those that were, it is not square to take, On those that are, revenge: crimes, like lands, Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman, Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage .

Spare thy Athenian eradle, and those kin, 40 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall With those that have offended. Like a shep-

Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth, But kill not all together.

What thou wilt, Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile, Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope, So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before, To say, thou It enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove, Or any token of thine honour clse, That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress, And not as our confusion, all thy powers Shall make their harbour in our town, till we Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then, there's my glove: Descend, and open your uncharged ports. Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own, When you yourselves shall set out for reproof,

Fall, and no more; and, -to atone your fears With my more noble meaning, -not a man Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream . Of regular justice in your city's bounds, But shall be render'd to your public laws At heaviest answer.

'T is most nobly spoken. Both. Alcib. Descend, and keep your words. [The Senators descend, and open the gates.

### Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead; Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea: And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which With wax I brought away, whose soft impression

Interprets for my poor ignorance.

\*\*Alcib. [Reads.] " Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft: Seek not my name: a plague consume you

wicked caitiffs left! Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:

Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait."

These well express in thee thy latter spirits: Though thou abhorr'ds, in us our human griefs,

griefs, G., Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplet which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Is noble Timon; of whose memory Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city, And I will use the olive with my sword: Make war breed peace; make peace stint war ; make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.— Let our drums strike. Excunt.

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DIA MATT	$O = L^* L L L L U_{-1} + L L$		
M. Antony,	Menas, Menecrates, Varrius,  Varrius,		
OCTAVIUS CESAR, Triumvirs.	MENECRATES, \ Friends of Pompey.		
M. ÆMIL LEPIDUS, )	VARRIUS,		
Sextus Pompeius.	Taurus, Licutenant-General to Casar.		
Domitius Enobarbus, 1	Caxidius, Lientenant General to Antony.		
Ventidius,	Silius, an Officer under Ventidius.		
Eros,	Eurironius, an Ambassador from Antony to		
Scarus, Friends of Antony.	Casar,		
Dercetas,	ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCES, and DIOMEDES,		
Demetrius,	Attendants on Cleopatra,		
Рипо,	A Soothsayer, A Clown.		
MECENAS,	1.01		
AGRIPPA,	CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.		
Dolabella, 71 . 1 . C.	OCTAVIA, Sister to Casar, and Wife to Antony.		
PROCULEIUS. Frien 's of Casar.	CHARMIAN and Tras, Attendants on Cleopatra.		
Thyreus.	Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other		
GALLUS, )	Attendants.		
VCEVE To consum Do	ata of the Possess Bushin		

SCENE—In several Parts of the Roman Empire.

# ACT I.

Scene I.—Alexandria, A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes. That o'er the files and musters of the war Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,

The office and devotion of their view Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart, Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst

The buckles on his breast, reneagues all temper,

And is become the bellows, and the fan,

To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they

come.

Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their Trains; Ennucles fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him The triple pillar of the world transform'd Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that early be reckon'd.

Cleo. I 'll set a bourn how far to be beloy'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
heaven, new earth.

### Enter on Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Ron.e.
Ant.

artes me: the sma.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows If the scarce-bearded Cesar have not sent—a His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or

this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love!
Cleo, Perchance, nay, and most like,---

You must not stay here longer; your dismission

Is come from Casar; therefore hear it, Antony.—

Where's Fulvia's process? Casar's, I would say t both to-

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,

Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine

Is Casar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame.

When shriff-tongu'd Fulvia scolds, "The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space. Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life 1s, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [Embracing.

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind, On pain of punishment, the world to weet, We stand up peerless.

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.— Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours, Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch

Without some pleasure now, What sport to-night !

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives a
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd.
No messenger; but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets,
and note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen; Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us. [Execut Antony and Cleopatra, with their Train.

Dem. Is Cassar with Antonius priz'd so slight!

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony.

He comes too short of that great property. Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry, That he approves the common liar, who will thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy.

[Execut.]

Scene H. The Same. Another Room. Under Charmian, Iras. Alexas, and a Southsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most

anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O! that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will !

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things!

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

### Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,

Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

South. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Abx. Vex not his prescience; be attentive. Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alar. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a foremoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress,

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune,

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names: prythee, how many boys and wenches must I have!

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool: I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come: tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine car.

—Prythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Tras. But how! but how! give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am 1 not an incl. of fortune better

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O! let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseach thee; and let her die toe, and give him a worse; and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckout! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight, good Isis, I beseach thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people; for, as it is a heart breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

### Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord!

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here!

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but, on the sudden,

A Homan thought bath struck him.---Enobarbus, --

Eno. Madam !

Clep. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [Exernt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras, Charmian. Soothsayer, and Attendants.

Acss. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius t
Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Casar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,

Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst is Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Aut. When it concerns the fool, or coward. —On:

Things, that are past, are done with me. - T is thus:

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus (This is stiff news) bath with his Parthian

force

Extended Asia; from Euphrates His conquering banner shook, from Syria, To Lydia, and to Ionia; whilst

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—
Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome; Rail thou in Felvia's phrase; and taunt my faults

With such full license, as both truth and malice 69

Have power to utter, O! then we bring forth weeds,

When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,

Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile,

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit. Ant. From Sieyon, he, the news! Speak there!

1 Att. The man from Sieyon. -Is there such an one?

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear. These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are yea?

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Where died she! Ant. 2 Mess. In Sievon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Giving a letter. Forbear me.

Ecit Messenger. Thus did I desire There's a great spirit gone.

What our contempts do often hurl from us, We wish it ours rgain; the present pleasure, By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone; The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd

I must from this enchanting queen break off; Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I

My idleness doth hatch.-How now! Enobarbus!

### Re-enter Enonardus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir!

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer our departure, death 's the word. Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celevity in dying.

Ant. She is cumning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir! not her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanaes can report: this cannot be enuning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir! you had then left miseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Aut. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia !

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful | I did not send you. - If you find him sad.

sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state

Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, is And get her love to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Clesar, and cons

The empire of the sea : our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver, Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the Great, and all his dignities, Upon his son: who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up. For the main soldier; whose quality, going

The sides of the world may danger. Much is breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but

And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

I shall do it. Euo.| Exeunt,

Scene III. -- The Same. Another Room.

Enter Cleopatra, Charman, Iras, and A .ex.s.

Cho. Where is he!

I did not see him since. Char, Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does: -

Say, I am dancing, it in mirth, report That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. Exit Alexas.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him.

What should I do, I do not? Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear :

In time we hate that which we often fear.

### Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

I am sick and sullen. Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my

Cho. H lp me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature Will not sustain it.

Now, my dearest queen,— Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

What's the matter? Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news,

What says the married woman !—You may

'Would she had never given you leave to

Let her not say, 't is I that keep you here: I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know, -

O! never was there queen So mightily betray'd; yet at the first I saw the treasons planted.

Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,---Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words; no going then:-Eternity was in our lips and eyes;

Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,

But was a race of heaven: they are so still, Or thon, the greatest soldier of the world, Art turn'd the greatest liar.

How now, lady! Ant. Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know,

There were a heart in Egypt.

Hear me, queen. The strong necessity of time commands Our services awhile; but my full heart Remains in use with you. Our Italy Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pom-

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome: Equality of two domestic powers

Breed scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge

By any desperate change. My more particu-

And that which most with you should safe my going,

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness.—Can Fulvia die ? Ant. She's dead, my queen.

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best, at See, when and where she died.

O most false love, Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill With sorrowful water t Now I see, I see, In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepard to know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease, As you shall give the advice. By the fire on That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence, Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war, As thou affect'st.

Cut my lace, Charmian, come; --But let it be .- I am quickly ill, and well: So Antony loves.

My precious queen, forbear; Ant. And give true evidence to his love, which stands

An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me. I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her; Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene Of excellent dissembling, and let it look Like perfect honour.

You'll heat my blood: no more. A nt. Cleo. You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword, -

And target. Still be mends; But this is not the best. Look, prythee, Ch.~mian,

How this Herculean Roman does become The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Courteous lord, one word. Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it: Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it; That you know well: something it is I would,

O! my oblivion is a very Antony, And I am all forgotten.

But that your royalty Holds idleness your subject, I should take

For idleness itself.

T is sweating labour To bear such idleness so near the heart, As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me; Since my becomings kill me, when they do not

Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence; Therefore, be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword

Sit laurel victory, and smooth success Be strew'd before your feet!

Let us go. Come; Our separation so abides, and flies, That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me, And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee. E.c. unt. Away!

Scene IV.—Rome. An Apartment in C FSAR'S House,

Enter Octavius Casar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cas. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,

It is not Casar's natural wise to hate Our great competitor. From Alexandria This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and

The lamps of night in revel; is not more man-

Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you. shall find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults That all men follow.

I must not think, there are Evils enow to darken all his goodness: His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven, More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary, Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,

Than what he chooses.

Cas. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy; To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit And keep the turn of tippling with a slave; To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet

With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed, Whom these things cannot blemith,) yet must Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd His vacancy with his voluptuousness, Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,

Call on him for't; but, to confound such time,

That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud

As his own state, and ours,—'t is to be

As we rate boys, who, being mature in know-

Pawn their experience to their present. pleasure,

And so rebel to judgment.

## Enter a Messenger.

Lep.Here's more news. Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,

Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea; And it appears, he is belov'd of those That only have fear'd Casar: to the ports The discontents repair, and men's reports Give him much wrong'd.

I should have known no less. It hath been taught us from the primal

That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were: And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,

Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,

Of

Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide, To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Casar, I bring thee word, Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,

Make the sea serve them; which they car and wound

With keels of every kind: many hot inroads They make in Italy; the borders maritime Lack blood to think on 't, and thish youth revolt:

No vessel can peep forth, but't is as soon Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes

Than could his war resisted.

Antony, Cas.

When thou Leave thy lascivious wassails,

Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel

Did famine follow: whom thou fought'st against,

Though daintily brought up, with patience

Than savages could saffer: thou didst drink The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle, Which beasts would cough at: they palate then id deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge; Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture

The barks of trees thou browsedst; on the

It is reported, thou didst cat strange flesh, Which some did die to look on; and all this

(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)

Was borne so like a soldier, that thy check to So much as lank'd not.

Lep. "T is pity of him.

Cas. Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome. Tis time we twain Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that

Assemble we immediate council: Pompey Thrives in our idleness.

To-morrow, Casar, I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly Both what by sea and land I can be able, To front this present time,

Ous. Till which encounter, » It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir, To let me be partaker.

Cars. Doubt not, sir: Execunt.

I knew it for my bond,

Scene V.-Alexandria, A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and MARDIAN,

Cleo. Charmian, --

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha! --

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam? Clco. That I might sleep out this great gap of time.

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much, Cleo. O, 't is treason!

Chur. Madam, I trust, not so. Cleo. Thou, ennuch Mardian!

What's your highness' pleasure! Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has. Tis well for thee, That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts a May not tly forth of Egypt, Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed !

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing,

But what indeed is honest to be done;

Yet have I fierce affections, and think,

What Venus did with Mars. O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now! Stands he, or sits he !

Or does be walk ! or is he on his horse! O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony! Do bravely, horse, for wott'st thou whom thou mov st ?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now. Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old

Nile!"

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself With most delicious poison. Think on me, That am with Phœbus' amorous pinche: black, And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Casar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was: A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow:

There would be anchor his aspect, and die With looking on his life.

### Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail! Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

hath

With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony! Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,

He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses -This orient pearl. - His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine car must pluck it thence. "Good friend," quoth he, "Say, the firm Re van to great Egypt sends This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot, To mend the petty present, I will piece

Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the

Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,

And soberly did mount an arrogant steed, Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

What! was he sad, or merry? Alex. Like to the time of the year between the extremes

Of hot and cold: he was nor sad, nor merry. Cleo, O well-divided disposition!—Note him, Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but note him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those That make their looks by his; he was not merry.

-Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine In Egypt with his joy; but between both: O heavenly mingle!-Be'st thou sad, or merry,

. The violence of either thee becomes; So does it no man else .-- Mett'st thou my posts 7

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.

Why do you send so thick !

Who's born that day Cleo. When I forget to send to Antony,

Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.---

Welcome, my good Alexas,....Did I, Charmian, Ever love Casar so t

Char. O, that brave Casar! Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!

Say, the brave Antony.

The valiant Casar! Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, If thou with Casar paragon again My man of men.

Char. . By your most gracious pardon, I sing but after you,

Chro. My salad days,

When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood.

To say as I said then !—But come, away; Get me ink and paper:

He shall have every day a several greeting, Or I'll unpeople Egypt, Exeunt.

### ACT II.

Scene I. -- Messina. A Room in Pompey's House,

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist

The deeds of justest men.

Know, worthy Pompey, That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays

The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves, Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit, By losing of our prayers,

Pom. I shall do well: The people love me, and the sea is mine;

My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope

Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make No wars without doors: Casar gets money

He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both, Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,

Nor either cares for him. Men. Casar and Lepidus Are in the field; a mighty strength they

Pom. Where have you this? 't is false.

From Silvius, sir. Pom. He dreams: I know, they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip! Let witcheraft join with beauty, lust with both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts, Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks

20

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite, That sleep and feeding may prorogue his Serves for the matter that is then born in 't. honour.

Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

### Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius! Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome Expected; since he went from Egypt, 't is :0 A space for further travel.

I could have given less matter Menas, I did not think, A better ear. This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his

For such a petty war: his soldiership Is twice the other twain. But let us rear The higher our opinion, that our stirring Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

I cannot hope, Casar and Antony shall well greet together: His wife that's deaddid trespasses to Caesar; His brother warr'd upon him, although, I think,

Not mov'd by Antony.

I know not, Menas, How lesser enmities may give way to greater. Were't not that we stand up against them all, T were pregnant they should square between | themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough To draw their swords: but how the fear of us May cement their divisions, and bind up The petty difference, we yet not know. Be't as our gods will have 't! It only stands Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands, as Exeunt. Come, Menas.

Scene II.—Rome. A Room in the House of LEPIDUS.

# Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus:

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed, And shall become you well, to entreat your captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him To answer like himself: if Casar move him, Let Antony look over Casar's head, And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter, Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard, I would not shave 't to-day.

T is not a time For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Your speech is passion: But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes The noble Antony.

#### Enter Antony and Ventions.

Eno. And yonder, Casar,

Enter Clesar, Meclenas, and Agrippa.

Aut. If we compose well here, to Parthia: Hark ye, Ventidins.

Cas.I do not know,

Mecamas ; ask Agrippa.

Noble friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss, May it be gently heard; when we debate - zo Our trivial difference loud, we do commit Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble

partners, (The rather, for I carnestly beseech,)

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,

Nor curstness grow to the matter,

'T is spoken well, Were we before our armies, and to fight, I should do thus.

Cas. Welcome to Rome.

Aut. Thank you.

Cas. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cas. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;

Or, being, concern you not.

I must be laugh'd at, If, or for nothing, or a little, I

Should say myself offended; and with you Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I

Once name you derogately, when to sound vour name

It not concern'd me.

My being in Egypt, Cæsar, 11 nt. What was 't to you!

Cas. No more than my residing here at Rome

Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt Might be my question.

How intend you, practis'd? Cas. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent

By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother.

Made wars upon me, and their contestation Was theme for you, you were the word of war. Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never

Did arge me in his act: I did inquire it: 50 And have my learning from some true re-

That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours,

And make the wars alike against my stomach, Having alike your cause! Of this my letters Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a

As matter whole you have not to make it with,

It must not be with this.

You praise yourself By laying defects of judgment to me; but You patch'd up your excuses.

Not so, not so; 60 I know you could not lack, I am certain

Very necessity of this thought, that I,

Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he

Could not with graceful eyes attend those

Which fronted mine own peace. As for my

I would you had her spirit in such another: The third o' the world is yours, which with a

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men

Might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much meurbable, her garboils, Caesar,

Made out of her impatience (which not wanted Shrewdness of policy too), I grieving grant. Did you too much disquiet: for that, you

But say, I could not help it.

I wrote to you.

When rioting in Alexandria; you

Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts Did gibe my missive out of audience.

He fell upon me, ere admitted: then Three kings I had newly feasted, and did

Of what I was i' the morning: Jair, next day, I told him of myself, which was as much

As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow

Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, Out of our question wipe him.

Cas. You have broken The article of your oath, which you shall

Have tongue to charge me with,

Soft, Cæsar.

Aut. No, Lepidus, let him speak:

The honour's sacred which he talks on now, Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Casar; The article of my oath,--

Cas. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them,

The which you both denied.

Neglected, rather; And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as 1

I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty

Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power

Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia, To have me out of Egypt, made wars here; For which myself, the ignorant motive, do re-So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour To stoop in such a case,

T is noble spoken. Lep.Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further

The griefs between ve : to forget them quite Were to remember that the present need Speaks to atone you.

Worthily spoken, Mecanas. • Lep.Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's lovefor the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

And You wrong this presence; therefore, speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Car. I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be, We shall remain in friendship, our conditions So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Give me leave, Cæsar,-Agr.Cas. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,

Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony Is now a widower.

Sav not so, Agrippa: Cas. If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof

Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Aut. I am not married, Casar: let me hear

Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity. To make you brothers, and to knit your

With an amslipping knot, take Antony Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims No worse a husband than the best of men, Whose virtue and whose general gra-That which none else can utter. By this marrag

All little jealousies, which now seem great, And all great fears, which now import their

dangers. Would then be nothing: truths would be tales.

Where now half tales be truths: ker love to

Would, each to other, and all loves to both, no Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke, For 't is a studied, not a present thought, By duty runimated.

Aut. Will Casar speak t Cas. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd

With what is spoke already.

What power is in Agrippa, If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so," To make this good !

The power of Casar, and Cas.

His power unto Octavia.

May Luever

To this good purpose, that so fairly shows, Dream of impediment! Let me have thy

Further this act of grace, and from this hour The heart of brothers govern in our loves, And sway our great designs!

There is my hand, b A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother Did ever love so dearly: let her live

never

Fly off our loves again!

Happily, Amen! Aut. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey ;

For he bath laid strange courtesies, and great, Of late upon me: I must thank him only, to Lest my remembrance suffer ill report : At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's: Of us must Pompey presently be sought, Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he !

Cas. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land t Cas. Great and increasing; but by sea

He is an absolute maso r.

So is the fame. Ant.

'Would we had spoke together! Haste we

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch

The business we have talk'd of.

With most gladness; And do invite you to my sister's view,

Whither straight I'll lead you.

Let us, Lepidus,

Not lack your company.

Lep.Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.

Flourish. Execut Casar, Antony, and Lepidus.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Casar, worthy Mecamas!

My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus:

Mee. We have cause to be glad, that are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true !

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much more monstrons matter of feast, which worthily deserved nothing.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Autony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and ! The barge she sat in like a burnish'd throne, Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that

The winds were love sick with them; the oars were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and

The water, which they beat, to follow faster, As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,

It beggar'd all description; she did lie In her pavilion (cloth of gold of tissue), O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see The fancy ontwork nature; on each side her Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,

With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem

To glow the delicate checks which they did cool, And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony! 220 Euo. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides, So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes, And made their bends adornings: at the

A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the barge A strange invisible perfume hits the sense Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast Her people out upon her; and Antony, Enthron'd i' the market place, did sit alone, Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too, And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing Antony sent to
her.

Invited her to supper: she replied, It should be better he became her guest,

Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony, Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;

And for his ordinary pays his heart For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal weach! She made great Casar lay his sword to bed; He blough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once Hop forty paces through the public street; And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,

That she did make defect perfection, And, breathless, power breatherforth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly. Eno. Never: he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale 200 Her infinite variety. Other women cloy The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,

Where most she satisfies; for vilest things Become themselves in her, that the holy priests

Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle

The heart of Antony, Octavia is

A blessed lottery to him.

Ayr. Let us go.— Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest, Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. 200 [Exeunt.

Scene III.--The Same. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter Cesar, Antony, Octavia between them; Attendants.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa.

All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my
prayers

To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia, Read not my blemishos in the world's report: I have not kept my square; but that to come Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Good night, sir.

Cas. Good night,

[Exernit Casar and Octavia,

Enter a Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah: you do wish yourself in Egypt !

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Casar's or mine?

Sooth, Casar's.

Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side:
Thy demon (that's thy spirit which keeps
thee) is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, Where Casar's is not; but near him thy angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore,

Make space enough between you,

Ant. Speak this no more. Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee,

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural
luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,

When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit Is all afraid to govern thee near him, But, he away, 't is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.—

[Exit Soothsayer.]
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;

And in our sports my better cunning faints Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds: His cocks do win the battle still of mine, When it is all to nought; and his quails ever

Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my
peace,

I' the east my pleasure lies.

# Enter VENTIDIUS.

O! come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's
ready;
Follow me, and receive't. ... [Execut.

Scene IV .- The Same. A Street.

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's
dress,

Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:

You'll win two days upon me.

Mec., Agr. Sir, good success! 5
Lep. Farewell. [Execut.

Scene V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cho. Give me some music; music, moody food

Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

### Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let 's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,

As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir ?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.

Give me mine angle, .. we'll to the river:

My music playing far off, I will betray Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up, I'll think them every one an Antony, And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. "T was merry, when You wager'd on your angling; when your diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time O times! -I laugh'd him out of patience; and that
night

I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn, Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed; Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst I wore his sword Philippan.

# Enter a Messenger.

O! from Italy ?—

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine cars, That long time have been barren.

Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free, If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there 's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that, The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face, if Antony
Be free, and healthful:—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! if not well,

Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me? Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well.
Or friends with Casar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Casar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man, Mcss. Casar and he are greater friends than

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,-

Cleo. I do not like "but yet," it does allay The good precedence; fie upon "but yet!" is "But yet" is a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pry'thee, friend, Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together. He's friends with Casar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam? no; I made no such report:

He's bound unto Octavia,

Cleo. For what good turn !

Mess, For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian,
Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia. 
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon
thee! [Strikes him down.

Mess, Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?

Strikes him again,
Hence, horrible villain or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head.

[She hales him up end down, Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madain, I, that do bring the news, made not the match,

Cleo. Say, 't is not so, a province I will give

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thon backs.

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage; And I will boot thee with what gift beside a Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam, Cleo. Rogue! thou hast liv'd too long.

Draws a knije.

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.—
What mean you, madam t I have made no fault. [Exit.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again: Though I am mad, I will not bite him.—Call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. 1 will not hurt him.—

[Exit CHARMIAN.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike A meaner than myself; since I myself Have given myself the cause.

# Re-enter Charmian and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good. To bring bad news; give to a gracious message. An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell. Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my cluty.

Cleo. Is he married? I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 16 thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He's married, madam. Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still t

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo.

O! I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes. Go, get thee

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is

married?

Mess, I crave your highness' pardon.

Cho. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not

offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do, we seems much unequal. He is married to

Octavia.
C'a. O! that his fault should make a

knave of thee.
That art not what thou 'rt sure of!—Get thee

The merchandise which thou hast brogght from Rome,

Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,

And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger. Char. Good your highness, patience. Clco. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Casar. Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. 1 am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint. O Iras! Charmian! "T is no matter.—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; hid him Report the feature of Octavia, her years, Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly. [Exit Alexas.

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian, Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon, The other way's a Mars.—[To MARDIAN.] Bid you Alexas

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber. [Execut.

### Scene VI.—Near Misenum,

Flourish. Enter Pomp'y and Menas, at one side, with dram and trampet: at another, Cæsar, Læpidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages 1 have, so have you mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cas. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore
have we

Our written purposes before us sent; Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know If't will tie up thy discontented sword, And carry back to Sicily much tall youth, That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know be
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Casar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was
it,

That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what

Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus, With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,

To drench the Capitol, but that they would Have one man but a man? And that is it Hath native me rig my mayy; at whose burden The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome

Cast on my noble father.

Cas. Take your time.

Ant. Thou caust not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed, Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house: But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself, Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us, (For this is from the present,) how you take

The offers we have sent you.

Cas. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh

What it is worth embrac'd.

Cas. And what may follow, To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must

Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon To part with unback'd edges, and bare back Our targes undinted.

Cas., Ant., Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then, I came before you here, a man prepar'd at To take this offer: but Mark Antony Put me to some impatience. -Though I lose The praise of it by telling, you must know, When Caesar and your brother were at blows, Your mother came to Sicily, and did find Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey; And am well studied for a liberal thanks Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand. I did not think, sir, to have met you here. Ant. The beds i the cust are soft; and thanks to you,

That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither,

For I have gain'd by 't,

Cos. Since I saw you last, There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face

But in my bosom shall she never come, To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed.

I crave, our composition may be written, And scal'd between us.

Cas. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey. Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:

But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Judius Casar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Aut. And fair words to them. Pom. Then, so much have I heard:

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that : - he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Em. A certain queen to Casar in a mattress,

Lem. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier!

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive, Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand: I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight, When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir

I neverlov'd you much; but I have prais'd you, When you have well deserv'd ten times as much

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.——
Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords !

Cas., Ant., Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come. | Execut Pompey, C.Esar, Antony,

LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Men. [Aside.] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes; something you can deny for your own safety; you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Euo. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Emo. If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Gleopatra!

Eno. Casar's sister is call'd Octavia. 100
Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius

Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius,

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'T is true.

Men. Then is Clesar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this

unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too: but you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard t I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [Excunt.

Scene VII.—On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.

Music. Enter two or three Servents with a banquet.

l Nerv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 Serv. They have made him drink almsdrink.

2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "No more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 Serr. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 Serr. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan 1 could not heave.

1 Serr. To be called into a large sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

sennet sounded. Enter C.ESAR, ANTONY, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Miclenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir. They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the ryramid; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if

Or foison follow. The higher Nihus swells, 20 The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seeds-

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your snn: so is your crocodile.

Aut. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine !—A health to

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept: I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [Aside.] Pompey, a word.

Pom. Aside. Say in mine car: what is 't?

Men. [Aside.] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [Aside.] Forbear me till anon.— This wine, for Lepidus.

Lep. What manuer o' thing is your croco

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unas broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high

as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it: and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates,

Lep. What colour is it of!

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. T is a strange serpent.

Ant. "I is so: and the tears of it are wet.

Cas. Will this description satisfy him t

1nt. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [To MENAS, aside.] Go hang, sir, ha ig! Tell me of that t away!

Do as 4 bid you. --- Where's this cup I call'd for !

Men. [Aside.] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy ste

Pom. [Aside,] I think, thou 'rt mad. matter! Walks aside.

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say? -Be jolly, lords.

1 nt. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world? What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice,

Pom. How should that be?

But entertain it, And, though thou think me poor, I am the

Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well? Men. No, Pompey, 1 have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way. Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All there is thine.

Pom. Ah! this thou shouldst have done, And not have spoke on 't. In me, 't is villainy;

In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know,

"T is not my profit that does lead mine honour;

Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue

known,

Desist, and But must condemn it now. drink.

Men. [Anide.] For this,

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more. Who seeks, and will not take, when once 't is offer'd.

Shall rever find it more.

Pone This health to Lepidus. Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepides.

Men. Why !

Em. 'A bears the third part of the world, man : see'st not :

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast. Aut. It ripens towards it. -Strike the vessels, ho!

Here is to Casar.

Cars. I could well forbear it. It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain, And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child of the time.

Cas. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one. Eno. [  $To \Lambda x To x y$ .] Ha, my brave emperor! Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals, And celebrate our drink!

Let's ha't, good soldier. Ant. Come, let us all take hands,

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

All take hands.— no Make battery to our cars with the loud music;

I should have found it afterwards well done, The while I'll place you: then, the boy shall sing;

The holding every man shall bear, as loud As his strong sides can volley.

Music plays. Enobarbus places them. hand in hand.

Come, thou monarch of the vine, Plumpy Bacchus, with pink cyne In thy vats our cares be drown'd; With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd; Cup us, till the world go round; Cup us, till the world go round!

Cas. What would you more! good night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business Frowns at this levity. Gentlelords, let's part; You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarb

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own

Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath

Antick'd us all. What needs more words! Good night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

I'll try you on the shore. Aut. And shall, sir. Give's your hand. O Antom !

You have my father's house,—But what I we are friends.

Come down into the boat.

Take heed you fall not .--Eno. Exerut Pompey, Cesar, Antony, and Attendants.

Menas, I'll not on shore.

No, to my cabin.—-These drums! - these trumpets, flutes! what! -

Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd? sound out!

A flourish of trumpets, with drums. Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap. Men. Ho! -- Noble captain ! come. [Excust.

#### ACT TII.

Scene I. -A Plain in Syria.

Enter Ventibus, as it were in triumph, with Shays, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borns before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassu, death Make me revenger, --Bear the king's son's body

Before our army.--Thy Pacorus, Ozades, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Noble Ventidius, Sil. Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm.

Act III.

Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and w Put garlands on thy head.

O Silius, Silius! I have done enough: a lower place, note well, May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,

Better to leave undone, than by our deed Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.

Caser and Antony have ever won More in their officer than person: Sossius, One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, For quick accumulation of renown, Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his

Who does i' the wars more than his captain

Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition, The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of

Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good, But 't would offend him; and in his offence Should my performance perish.

Thou hast, Ventidius, that Without the which a soldier, and his sword, Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony!

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name, That magical word of war, we have effected; Kow, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia

We have juded out o' the field.

Where is he now? Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste

The weight we must convey with's will permit,

We shall appear before him.--On, there: Execut. pass along.

Scene II.—Rome. An Ante-chamber in C.ESAR'S House.

Enter Agrippa and Enobarbus, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted! Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey:

The other three are scaling. Octavia weeps To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,

The fugitive Parthians follow: spur through Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled

With the green sickness.

"I is a noble Lepidus. Agr.Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Casar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Casart Why, he 's the Jupiter of men. Agr. What's Antony ! the god of Jupiter. Eno. Spake you of Caser! How! the

nonpareil! Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Casar, say,--Casar ;--go no further,

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Casar best; -yet he loves Antony.

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, pocts, cannot

Think, speak, east, write, sing, number,—ho! His love to Antony. But as for Casar, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Both he loves. Euo. They are his shards, and he their beetle. [Trumpets.] So,

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter Cesar, Antony, Lepidus, and OCTAVIA.

Aut. No further, sir.

Cas. You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band

Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony. Let not the piece of virtue, which is set Betwixt us as the cement of our love,

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter The fortress of it; for better might we Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherish'd.

Make me not offended In your distrust.

Cars. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find, Though you be therein curious, the least cause For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!

We will here part.

Cas. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:

The elements be kind to thee, and make Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well. Octa. My noble brother! --Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's And these the showers to bring it on. -- Becheerful. Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's ! house; and-Cur. What, Octavia! Octa. I'll tell you in your ear. Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down feather, That stands upon the swell at the full of tide, And neither way inclines. Eno. [Aside to Agrippa.] Will Casar Agr. He has a cloud in 's face. *Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he So is he, being a man. Ayr, Why, Enobarbus, When Antony found Julius Casar dead, He cried almost to roaring; and he wept, When at Philippi he found Brutus slain. Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum; What willingly he did confound, he wail'd, Believe 't, till I wept too. No, sweet Octavia, You shall hear from me still: the time shall Ont-go my thinking on you. Aut. Come, sir, come; I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love: Look, here I have you; thus I let you go, And give you to the gods. Cars. Adieu; be happy! Lev. Let all the number of the stars give light To thy fair way! Cas. Farewell, farewell. [Kisses Octavia. Ant. Farewell. Trumpets sound. Execut.

Scene III.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas,

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeared to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter the Messenger, Good majesty, Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you, But when you are well pleas'd. That Herod's head Oleo. I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone, Through whom I might command it ?--Come thou near. Mess. Most gracious majesty,---Didst thou behold Cleo. Octavia? Mess. Ay, dread queen. Cleo. Where? Mess. Madam, in Rome I look'd her in the face; and saw her led 10 Between her brother and Mark Antony. Cleo. Is she as tall as me! She is not, madam. Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrilltongu'd, or low? Mess, Madam, I heard her speak : she is low-voic'd. Cleo. That's not . a good. He cannot like her long. Char. Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible. Cleo. I think so, Charmian : dull of tongue, and dwarfish !- --What majesty is in her gait? Remember, If e'er thou look'dst on majesty. She creeps; Mess. Her motion and her station are as one: She shows a body rather than a life; A statue, than a breather. Is this certain? Cleo. Mess. Or I have no observance. Char. Three in Egypt Cannot make better note. He's very knowing, I do perceive 't.—There's nothing in her The fellow has good judgment. Excellent. Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythec. Mess. Madam. She was a widow-Widow !-- Charmian, hark. Cleo. Mess. And I do think, she 's thirty. Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long, or round ! Mess. Round, even to faultiness. Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so. —

Her hair, what colour?

As low as she would wish it.

Brown, madam; and her forchead

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.

There's gold for thee:

Me88.

I will employ thee back again: I find thee | | Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour, Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready; ; I lose myself; better I were not yours, Our letters are prepar'd. A proper man.

That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by

This creature's no such thing.

Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man has seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,

And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. Beennt.

Scene IV.—Athens. A Room in Antony's

#### Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,-That were excusable, that, and thousands

Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it

To public ear :

Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could

But pay me terms of horour, cold and sickly He vented them; most narrow measure lent

When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,

Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord! ... Believe not all; or, if you must believe. Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady, If this division chance, ne'er stood between, Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock me presently,

When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud, "O, bless my brother!" husband win, win brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway Twixt these extremes at all.

Gentle Octavia, 🖘 Let your best love draw to that point, which ! The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, seeks

[Exit Messenger. Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much, ! Yourself shall go between us: the meantime, lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war

Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste:

So your desires are yours.

Thanks to my lord. The Jove of power make me most weak,

most weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be,

As if the world should cleave, and that slain

Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,

Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults Can never be so equal, that your love

Can equally move with them. Provide your

Choose your own company, and command what cost

Your heart has mind to.

Exeunt

Scene V.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros ?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Euo. What, man ?

Eros. Casar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Casar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,

They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's welking in the garden—thus: and spurns

Lepidus:"

And threats the throat of that his officer, That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd, ro Eros. For Italy, and Casar. More, Domitius;

My lord desires you presently; my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. "T will be maught;
But let it be. Being me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. Execut.

# Scene VI. Rome. A Room in C.Esar's House.

Enter Cesar, Agrippa, and Mecenas.

Cas. Contemuing Rome, he has done all this; and more;

In Alexandria—here's the manner of 't—I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat Casarion, whom they call my father's son, And all the unlawful issue, that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto her

He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made

Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?
Cas. I' the common show-place, where
they exercise.

It is sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia, He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia. She In the habiliments of the goddess Isis That day appear'd; and oft before gave audien

As 't is reported, so.

Mer. Let Rome be thus Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,

Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cas. The people know it; and have now received

His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse? Cas. Casar; and that, having in Sicily Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him.

His part o' the isle; then does he say, he leut me

Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,

That Lepidus of the triumvirate

Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain so

All his revenue,

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd. Cas. "T is done already, and the messenger gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel; That he his high authority abus'd,

And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia, And other of his conquered kingdoms, I Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that, Cas. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

#### Enter Octavia, with her Train.

Octa. Hail, Casar, and my lord! hail, most dear Casar! 40

Cas, That ever I should call thee castaway!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cas. Why have you stol'n upon us thus?
You come not

Like Casar's sister: the wife of Antony Should have an army for an usher, and The neighs of horse to tell of her approach, Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way

Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,

Longing for what it had not; may, the dust Should have ascended to the roof of heaven, Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come

A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented The estentation of our love, which, left unshown.

Is often left unloy'd: we should have met you By sea and land, supplying every stage With an automatal greating

With an augmented greeting,
Octa. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it

On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony, Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd @ His pardon for return.

Cas. Which soon he granted, Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.---

Cas. I have eyes upon him, And his affairs come to me on the wind. Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cas. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra

Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire

Up to a whore; who now are levying The kings o' the earth for war. He hath

assembled Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,

Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas; King Malehus of Arabia; King of Pont;

Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,

The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ah me, most wretched, That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,

That do afflict each other!

Cas. Welcome hither.
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong
led.

And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.

Be you not troubled with the time, which drives

O'er your content these strong necessities; But let determin'd things to destiny

Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;

Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,

To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;

And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady. Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you: Only the adulterous Antony, most large In his abominations, turns you off,

And gives his potent regiment to a trull, That noises it against us.

Octa. 1s it so, sir?

Cus. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you.

Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister! [Execut.

Scene VII.—Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not. Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,

And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. If not, denounc'd against us, why should not we

Be there in person!

Eno. [Aside.] Well, I could reply:If we should serve with horse and mares
together,

The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear

A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo, What is 't you say !
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle
Antony;

Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already

Traduced for levity; and 't is said in Rome, That Photinus, an cunuch, and your maids, Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and hen tongues rot,

That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will Appear there for a man. Speak not against it:

I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done. Here comes the emperor.

#### Enter Antony and Campius.

Ant. Is 't not strange, Canidius, That from Tarentum, and Brundusium, a He could so quickly cut the Ionian sen, And take in Toryne?—You have heard on 't, sweet!

Cho. Celerity is never more admir'd, Than by the negligent.

Aut. A good rebuke, Which might have well becom'd the best of men.

To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we

Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else? Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't. Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single

fight. 20
Can. Ay, and to wage this buttle at Pharsalia,

Where Casar fought with Pompey; but these offers

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off; And so should you.

Your ships are not well mann'd; Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people Ingross'd by swift impress: in Casar's fleet Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:

Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw

The absolute soldiership you have by land; Distract your army, which doth most consist

Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego The way which promises assurance, and Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,

From firm security,

I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Casar none better. Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we

And with the rest, full-mann'd, from the head of Actium

Beat the approaching Casar. But if we fail, We then can do t at land.

# Enter a Messenger.

Thy business !

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;

Casar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can be be there in person? 't is impossible;

Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius, Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by

And our twelve thousand horse:—we'll to our ship.

Away, my Thetis!

#### Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier ! ∞ ! Sold. O noble emperor: do not fight by

Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt

This sword, and these my wounds! Let the Egyptians

And the Phonicians go a ducking; we

Have used to conquer standing on the earth, And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, -Away! Execute Antony, Cleopatra, and EnoSold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows

Not in the power on 't: so our leader's

And we are women's men.

You keep by land 70 The legions and the horse whole, do you not? Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius; Publicola, and Calius, are for sea;

But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.

While he was yet in Rome, His power went out in such distractions, as Beguil'd all spies.

Who's his lieutenant, hear you? Sold. They say, one Tanrus.

Can. Well I know the man.

# Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius. Can. With news the time's with labour; and throes f; rth Each minute some. [Exeunt.

# Scene VIII, - A Plain near Actium.

Enter C.ESAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Cas. Taurus!

Taur. My lord?

Cas. Strike not by land;

keep whole:

Provoke not battle, till we have done at

Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll: Our fortune lies upon this jump. Excunt.

#### Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on youd side o' the hill,

In eye of Casar's battle; from which place We may the number of the ships behold, And so proceed accordingly, a Exeunt.

Enter Canidius, marching with his land Army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the Lightenant of CESAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a seatight.

# Alarum. Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer. The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,

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BARBUS.

With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder: To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

#### Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses, All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost.

With very ignorance: we have kiss'd away Kingdoms and provinces.

Euo. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence.

Where death is sure. You ribandred nag of Egypt,

Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight, -

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd, so Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,— The breese upon her, like a cow in June, Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could

Endure a further view.

Did violate so itself.

Scar. She once being loof'd, The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,

Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,

Leaving the fight in height, flies after her. I never saw an action of such shame: Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before ::-

Eno. Alack, alack!

#### P Enter Canidius,

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,

And sinks most lamentably. Had our general

Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:

O! he has given example for our flight,

Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts (Why then, good night, indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled. Scar. T is easy to 't; and there I will attend

What further comes.

Can• To Casar will I render  $\psi$  My legions, and my horse: six kings already Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. 1'll yet follow The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason

Sits in the wind against me. [Execut.

Scene IX. Alexandria, A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony and Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;

It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither:

I am so lated in the world, that I

Have lost my way for ever.—I have a ship Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly, And make your peace with Casar.

Att. Fly! not we. Aut. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards

To run, and show their shoulders, --- Friends, be gone;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,

Which has no need of you; be gone;
My treasure is in the harbour, take it,—O!
I follow'd that I blush to look upon;

My very hairs do unitiny; for the white Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them

For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that

Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,

Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint Which my despair proclaims; let that be left Which leaves itself; to the sea side straightway;

I will possess you of that ship and treasure. Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:— Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,

Therefore, I pray you. I'll see you by and by. [Sits down.

Enter Eros, and Cleopatra, led by Charman and Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him: comfort him.

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Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else!

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ad. No. no. no. no.

Eros. See you here, sir!

Aut. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam, --

Iras. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir, --

Aut. Yes, my lord, yes.—He, at Philippi, kept

lis sword c'en like a dancer; while I struck

The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I That the mad Brutus ended: he alone Dealt on licutemantry, and no practice had In the brave squares of war: yet now--No matter.

Cleo. Ah! stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:

He is unqualitied with very shame,

Cleo, Well then, -- sustain me: O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:

Her head's deckard, and death will seize her, |

Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;

A most unnoble swerving.

Sir, the queen. 🧀 Eros.

Ant. O! whither hast thou led me, Egypt !

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes By looking back on what I have left behind 'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord! Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought You would have follow'd.

Egypt, thou knew'st too well. My heart was to thy rudder tied by the . A private man in Athens. This for him. strings,

And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must To the young man send humble treaties, dodge

And palter in the shifts of lowness, who With half the bulk of the world play'd as I pleas'd,

Making and marring fortunes. You did |

How much you were my conqueror; and

My sword, made weak by my affection, would Obey it on all cause.

Pardon, pardon! Cleo.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them

All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss; to a master:

Is he come back! -Love, I am full of lead, - | Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune Lnows,

We scorn her most when most she offers Exerut. Scene X .-- C esan's Camp in Egypt.

Enter C.ESAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cas. Let him appear that's come from Antony.

Know you him?

Dol. Casar, 't is his schoolmaster: An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither He sends so poor a pinion of his wing, Which had superfluous kings for messengers, Not many moons gone by.

#### Enter Euphronius.

Cas. Approach, and speak. Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony: I was of late as petty to his ends, As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf

To his grand sea.

Be't so. Declare thine office. 10 Cas. Eaph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and

Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted, He lessens his requests, and to thee sues To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,

Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness, Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs, Now hazarded to thy grace,

Cas. For Antony, The queen 💈 I have no ears to his request. Of audience, nor desire, shall fail, so she From Egypt drive her all-disgreed friend, Or take his life there; this if a e perform, She shall not sue unheard. So to them both. Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cas. Bring him through the bands. | Exit EUPHRONIUS.

[To THYREUS.] To try thy cloquence, now 't is time; despatch.

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

And in our name, what she requires; add

From thine invention, offers. Women are not In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure

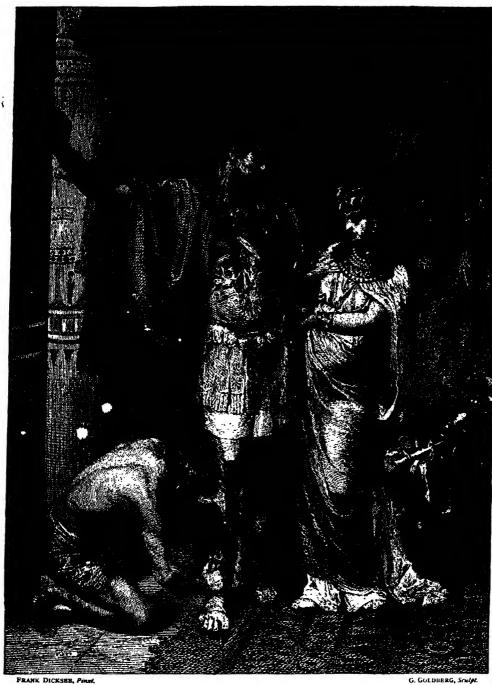
The ne er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus:

Even this repays me. We sent our school- ! Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we Will answer as a law.

Thur. Casar, I go.

Cles. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw, And what them think's! his very action speaks In every power that moves.

Thur. Casar, I shall. [Execut.



FRANK DICKSEB, Pinnet.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss; Antony. Even this repays me. .

SCENE XI.—Alexandria, A Room in the

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus!

Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this!
Eno. Antonyonly, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several
ranges

Frighted each other, why should be follow? The itch of his affection should not then Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point, When half to half the world opposid be being The mered question. "T was a shame to less Than was his loss, to course your flying flags, And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Privile e, peace,

Enter Antony, with Eurmeonics.

Ant. Is that his answer? Euph. Ay, my lord. \*

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy,

Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

And. Let her know't, To the boy Casar send this grizzled head, And he will fill thy wishes to the brim With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord t.

Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears
the rose

Of youth upon him, from which the world should note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions, May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail

Under the service of a child, as soon

As i' the command of Cesar: I dare him therefore

To lay his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declin'd, sword against sword, Ourselves alone, 1'll write it: follow me.

[Evenut Antony and Eveniconies, Eno. [Aside.] Yes, like enough, high battled Casar will

Unstate his happiness, and be stagid to the show,

Against a sworder!—I see, men's judgments

A parcel c&tl.rir foctunes, and things outward Do draw the inward quality after them. To suffer all alike. That he should dream, Knowing all measures, the full Casar will Answer his emptiness!— Caesar, thou hast subdu'd

His judgment too.

#### Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Casar, Cleo. What, no more ceremony ! See, my women !- -

Against the blown rose may they stop their

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir. Eno. [Aside.] Mine honesty and 4 begin to square.

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make Our faith mere folly: yet he, that can endure To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,

Does conquer him that did his master conquer, And carns a place i' the story.

#### Enter THYREUS.

Cleo, Casar's will!

Thyr. Hear it spart.

Cho. None but friends: say boldly, Thye. So, haply, are they friends to

Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Casar has, a Or needs not us. If Casar please, our master Will leap to be his friend; for us, you know Whose he is, we are, and that 's Casar's.

Thyr. So.-Thus then, thou most renown'd: Casar en

treats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,

Further than he is Casar,

Cleo. Go on: right royal

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not

Antony As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O:
Thyr. The sears upon your honour there

Does pity, as constrained blemishes,

Not as deserv'd.

fore he

Cho. He is a god, and knows — 6. What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,

But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [Asid.] To be sure of that, I will ask Antony... Sir, sir, thou it so leaky. That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for Thy decress quit thee. [Evit.

They. Shell I say to Casar What you require of him. I for he partly began To be desired to give. It much would please him,

That of his fortunes you should make a staff To lean upon; 10st it would warm his spirits, To hear from me you had left Antony, And put yourself under his shroud, The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger, Say to great Caesar this: in deputation

I kiss his conqu'ring hand : tell him, I am prompt

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel: Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. This your noblest course. Wisdom and focume combating together, If that the former dare but what it can, so No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cesar's father oft, When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in, Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place

As it rain'd kisses,

#### Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders! - What art thou, fellow t

Thyr. One, that but performs The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest To have command obey'd.

Eno. [Aside.] You will be whipp'd, Ant. Approach, there. Ay, you kite!— Now, gods and devils!

Authority melts from me; of late, when I eried, "Ho!"

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,

And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears?

#### Enter Attendants.

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [Aside.] "T is better playing with a lion's whelp,

Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars! Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries

That do acknowledge Casar, should I find them

So saucy with the hand of she here (what's her name,

Since she was Cleopatra!) Whip him, fellows, Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, to And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence, Thyr. Mark Antony,

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd, Bring him again. This Jack of Casar's shall Bear us an errand to him.

| Execute Attendants with Thyreus, You were half blasted ere I knew you; ha! Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome, b'orborne the getting of a lawful race. And by a gem of women, to be abus'd By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel our
eyes;

In our own filth drop our clear judgments;

Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut To our confusion.

Cleo, O! is 't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon Dead Casar's trencher: may, you were a fragment

Of Cheins Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,

Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure, 129 Though you can guess what temperance should be,

You know not what it is,

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly scal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan to outroar,

The horned herd! for I have savage cause; And to proclaim it civilly, were like

A halter'd neck, which does the hangingn thank

For being vare about him.—

#### Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus. "

Is he whipp'd?

1 Att. Soundly, my lord.

Aut. Cried het and begg'd he pardon?1 Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry

To follow Casar in his triumph, since

Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee;

Shake thou to look on it. Get thee back to Casar, 150

Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say, He makes me angry with him; for he seems Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am, Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;

And at this time most easy 't is to do 't, When my good stars, that were my for

When my good stars, that were my former guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their : I and my sword will earn our chronicie : fires

Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou: Hence, with thy stripes! be gone!

Ecit Thyreus.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Alack! our terrene moon! Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone

The fall of Antony.

I must stay his time. Cleo. Ant. To flatter Casar, would you mingle

With one that ties his points?

Not know me yet ! Cleo.

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me !

Ah, dear! if I be so, From my cold heart let heaven engender hail, And poison it in the source; and the first

Drop in my neck: as it determines, so Dissolve my life! The next Casarion smite, Till by degrees the memory of my womb, Together with my brave Egyptians all, By the discandying of this pelleted storm, Lie graveless, till the flies and grats of Nile Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied. Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where I will oppose his fate. Our force by land Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most

Where hast thou been, my heart 4—Dost thou hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood; There's hope in't yet,

Cho. That's my brave lord! Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted. breath'd.

And fight maliciously: for when mine hours Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth, And send to darkness all that stop me, --Come,

Let's have one other gaudy night.--Call to me All my sad captains; fill our bowls; more

Let's mock the midnight bell.

It is my birthday: I had thought to have held it poor; but,

since my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord. Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and tonight I'll force

The wine peep through their scars,—Come on, my queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,

I'll make death love me, for I will contend Even with his pestilent seythe.

> [ Execut Antony, Cleopatra, and Attendants.]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,

Is to be frighted out of fear; and, in that

The dove will peck the estridge: and I see still, A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart. When valour preys on

It cats the sword it fights with. I will seek Some way to leave him. · Erit.

# ACT IV.

Scene I.—C.ESAR'S Camp at Alexandria.

Enter C.ESAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECENAS, and others.

Cas. He calls me boy, and chides, as he had power

To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know.

I have many other ways to die; meantime, Laugh at his challenge.

Cæsar must think, When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now Make boot of his distraction. Never anger Made good guard for itself.

Let our best heads 10 Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles We mean to fight. Within our files there are, Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late, Enough to fetch him in. See it done;

And feast the army: we have store to do 't, And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! Exeunt.

Scene II. -Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and others.

Aut. He will not fight with me, Domitius, Euo. No.

Ant. Why should be not!

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier, By sea and bool I II fight: or I will live, Or bothe my dying honour in the blood Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well!

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, "Take all."
Ant. Well said; come on.Call forth my household servants: let's tonight

Be bounteons at our meal.

#### Enter Servants.

Give me thy hand, we Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;

Thou, and thou, and thou; you have serv'd me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [Aside to Eno.] What means this? Eno. [Aside to Cleo.] "T is one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too. I wish I could be made so many men, And all of you clapp'd up together in An Antony, that I might do you service, So good as you have done.

Seri. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to night:

Scant not my cups, and make as much of me, As when mine empire was your fellow too, And suffer'd my command.

Cho. [Aside to Eno.] What does he meant Eno. [Aside to Cleo.] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest
friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master  $\Rightarrow$  Married to your good service, stay till death,

Tend me to-night two homs, I ask no more, And the gods yield you for 't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they
weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-cy'd: for shame, Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho :
Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My
hearty friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense,

For 1 spake to you for your comfort; did desire you

To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts.

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,

And drown consideration. [Execut.

Scene III.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter two Soldi vs, to their guard.

 Sold. Brothes, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets t

1 Sold. Nothing. What news?

2 Sold. Belike, 't is but a rumour. Goodnight to you.

1 Sold. Well, sir, good night.

#### Enter two other Soldiers.

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 Sold. And you. Good night, good night. [The first two place themselves at their posts.

4 Sold. Here we: [the y take their posts] and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope— Our landmen will stand up.

3 Sold. "T is a brave army, w And full of purpose.

[Music of huntboys under the stage.

1 Sold. Peace! what noise?

1 Sold. List, list!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Music i' the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

4 Sold. It signs well, does it not?

3 Sold. No. 1 Sold. Peace, I say!

What should this mean !

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2 Sold. 'T is the god Hercules, whom I Antony lov'd, Now leaves him, Walk; lct's see if other watch-1 Sold. Do hear what we do. [They advance to another post. 2 Sold. How now, masters! Soldiers. [Speaking together.] How now? How now? do you hear this! Ay; is 't not strange! 1 Sold. 3 Sold. Do you hear, masters! do you 1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter; Let's see how 't will give off. T is strange. Soldiers. Content. Exenut. Scene IV.—The Same. A Room in the Palace. Enter Antony and Cleopatra; Charman, and others, stending. Aut. Eros! mine armour, Eros! Cleo. Sleep a little. Ant. No, my chuck.--- Eros, come; mine armour, Eros! Enter Eros, with armour. Come, good fellow, put mine iron on :- . If fortune be not ours to day, it is Because we brave her, --- Come. Cleo. Nay, I'll help too. What's this for? Ah, let be. let be! thou art The armourer of my heart:—false, false; Cleo. Sooth, la! I'll help. Thus it must be. Ant. Well, well : We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good | Scene V. Antony's Camp near Alexandria. fellow # Go, put on thy defences. Eros. Briefly, sir. Cleo. Is not his buckled well! Aut. Rarely, rarely : \( \) He that unbuckles this, till we do please To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.-Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a, To make me fight at land! More tight at this than thou, Despatch.-O love! That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and i knew'st The royal occupation! thou shouldst see A workman in 't.

SCENE V. Enter an armed Soldier. Good morrow to thee; welcome. Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge: To business that we love we rise betime. And go to 't with delight. Sold. A thousand, sir. Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim, And at the port expect you. Shout. Trumpets flourish. Enter Captains and Soldiers, Capt. The morn is fair.—Good morrow. general. .47. Good morrow, general. T is well blown, lads. Aut. This morning, like the spirit of a youth That means to be of note, begins betimes,—— So, so; come, give me that: this way; well Fare thee well, dame: whate'er becomes of This is a soldier's kiss. [Kisses her.] Rebukable, And worthy shameful check it were, to stand On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave

thee Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will

fight, Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't.- Adieu. [Execut Antony, Eros, Officers, and Soldiers. Char. Please you, retire to your chamber. Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Casar might Determine this great war in single fight!

Then Antony--but now--Well, on. | Execut.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros: a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

Ant. 'Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd

Hadst thou done so, The kings that have revolted, and the soldier That has this morning left thee, would have still

Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who 's gone this morning! Sold. Who !

Exit.

One ever near thee; call for Enobarbus, He shall not hear thee; or from Casar's

Say, "I am none of thine."

What say'st thou? Ant. Sold. Sir,

He is with Casar.

Sir, his chests and treasure 19 Eros. He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do

Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him (I will subscribe) gentle adiens and greetings: Say, that I wish he never find more cause To change a master. O! my fortunes have Corrupted honest men. Despatch,---Enobar-E.ceunt. bus!

Scene V1,---C esar's Camp before Alexan-

Flourish, Enter CESAR, with AGRIPPA, Enobarbus, and others.

Cas. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the tight.

Our will is, Antony be took alive;

Make it so known.

Agr. Casar, I shall. { Exit.

Cas. The time of universal peace is near: Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world

Shall bear the olive freely.

#### Enter a Messenger.

Antony

Mess.

Is come into the field.

Cas. Go, charge Agrippa Plant those that have revolted in the van, That Antony may seem to spend his fury Upon himself. Execut C Esar and his Train.

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry, On affairs of Antony; there did persuade Great Herod to incline himself to Casar, And leave his master Antony: for this pains, Casar bath hang'd him. Canidius, and the

That fell away, have entertainment, but No honourable trust. I have done ill, Of which I do accuse myself so sorely, That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Clesar's.

Sold. Enobarous, Antony Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with His bounty overplus: the messenger

Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: best you saf'd the bringer Out of the host; I must attend mine office. Or would have done't myself. Your

emperor

Continues still a Jove.

Exit. Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth, so And feel I am so most. O Antony!

Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid

My better service, when my turpitude

Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do 't, I feel.

I fight against thee !-- No: I will go seek Some ditch, wherein to die: the foul'st best

My latter part of life,

Scene VII. Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too

Casar himself has work, and our oppression Exceeds what we expected. Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had driven them home

With clouts about their heads.

Thou bleed'st apace. Sear. I had a wound here that was like a T, But now 't is made an H.

They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I have vet

Room for six scotches more.

# Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves

For a fair victory.

Let us score their backs, And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind: T is sport to maul a runner.

I will reward thee Ant. Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold For thy good valour. Come thee on.

I'll halt after. [E.count. Scar.

Scene VIII .- Under the Walls of Alex-

Alarum. Enter Antony, marching : Scarus and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,

And let the queen know of our guests.-Tomorrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the

That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all; For doughty-handed are you, and have fought Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been Each man's like mine: you have shown all Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, Tell them your feats; v hilst they with joyful

Wash the congealment from your wounds,

The honour'd gashes whole.- Give me thy hand:

### Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts, Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world!

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and

Through proof of harness to my heart, and there

Ride on the pants triumphing.

Lord of lords! O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from The world's great snare uncaught?

My nightingale, We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man; Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand :-Kiss it my warrior :--he hath fought to-day, As if a god, in hate of mankind, had Destroy'd in such a shape.

I'll give thee, friend, An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand: Through Alexandria make a jolly march; 🔊 Bear our back'd targets like the men that owe them.

Had our great palace the capacity To camp this host, we all would sup together, And drink carouses to the next day's fate, Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters, With brazen din blast you the city's ear: Make mingle with our rattling tabourines, That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,

Applauding our approach.

Exeunt.

# Scene IX.—Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their Post.

1 Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour.

We must return to the court of guard, night

Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle By the second hour i' the morn,

This last day was

A shrewd one to us.

moon,

# Enter Enobarbus.

O! bear me witness, night,-3 Sold. What man is this ! 2 Sold. Stand close, and list him. Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed

When men revolted shall upon record Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did Before thy face repent!--

1 Sold. Enobarbus!

3 Sold. Peace! 10

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melan-

The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me, That life, a very rebel to my will,

May hang no longer on me; throw my heart Against the flint and hardness of my fault.

Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony, Nobler than my revolt is infamous, Forgive me in thine own particular;

But let the world rank me in register

A master-leaver, and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony! Dies. 2 Sold. Let's speak to him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him; for the things he speaks

May concern Casar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleep 1 Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.

2 Sold. Go we to him.

3 Sold. Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.

2 Sold. Hear you, sir?

1 Sold. The hand of death hath raught him.

[Drums afar of] Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him

To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour

Is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on then;

He may recover yet. [Execut with the body.

# Scene X. Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony and Scarus, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea: We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they 'd fight i' the fire, or i'
the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot Upon the hills adjoining to the city

Shall stay with us; order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven: Where their appointment we may best dis-

And look on their endeavour. | Execut.

Enter CESAR and his Forces, marching.

Cas. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,

Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales, And hold our best advantage! [Exernit.

# Re-enter Antony and Scarus,

Ant. Yet they are not join'd. Where youd pine does stand,

1 shall discover all: I'll bring thee word Straight, how 't is like to go. [Exit. Sear. Swallows have built In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the auguries

Say, they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony

Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts, — a His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear, Of what he has, and has not.

[Alarum afar off, as at a sca-fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost!

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore!
't is thou

Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Make only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all.—Bid them all fly; be gone.

[Evit Scarus.

O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The
hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets On blossoming Casar; and this pine is bark'd, That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am. O this false soul of Egypt! this grave

charm.

Whose are built'd forth my were and call'd

Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—

Like a right gipsy, bath, at fast and loose, Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss. -What, Eros! Eros!

#### Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,

And blemish Casar's triumph. Let him take thee.

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians: Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let so Patient Octavia plough thy visage up

With her prepared nails. [Ecit CLEOPATRA. T is well thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;

And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:

To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall

Under this plot; she dies for 't.—Eros, ho! | E.cit.

Scene XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O! he is more mad

Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly

Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument!

There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting, Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument!Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,
Mardian, and bring me how he takes my
death.

To the monument!

Exeunt.

Scene XII. The Same. Another Room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me t Eros. Ay, noble lord. Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's

dragonish,
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,

A forked mountain, or blue promontory

With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world, And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct, in As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy
captain is

Even such a body: here I am Antony; Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave. I made these wars for Egypt: and the queen,— Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine.

Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has Pack'd cards with Casar, and false-play'd my glory

Unto an enemy's triumph.—

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us Ourselves to end ourselves.

#### Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony; My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled

With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch: peace! She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,

And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do,

Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and hps. She render'd life,

Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then t
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm, Eros: the long day's task is

And we must sleep,—That thou depart'st hence safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; go. [Exit MARDIAN.]—Off, pluck off:-

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my
sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent. « Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace. — No more a soldier:—bruised pieces, go;

You have been nobly borne, [Exit Eros.]—
From me awhile,

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and

Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now All length is torture: since the torch is out, Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles Itself with strength; seal then, and all is done.—

Eros! -I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me: \$\infty\$ Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand

in hand,
And with our spritcly port make the ghosts

gaze:

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros!

Re-cuter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Since Cleopatra died, Ant. I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack The courage of a woman; less noble mind ... Than she, which by her death our Casar tells,

"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,

That when the exigent should come, (which

Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind

The inevitable prosecution of

Disgrace and horror, that on my command Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time

Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.

Put colour in thy cheek.

The gods withhold me! Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, Though enemy, lost aim, and could not? Ant. Eros,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome,

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down

His corrigible neck, his face subdued

To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat Of fortunate Casar, drawn before him, branded

His baseness that ensued

I would not see 't. Aut. Come then; for with a wound! must

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast

Most useful for thy country.

O, sir! pardon me. 🕶 Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once, Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come. Eros. Turn from me then that noble coun-

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies. [Turning from him. Ant. Lo thee! Eros. My sword is drawn.

Then let it do at once The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master, My captain, and my emperor, let me say, Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now !

Now, Eros. Ant. Eros. Why, there then: -[falls on his sword.]—thus I do escape the sorrow Dies.

Of Antony's death. Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon

A nobleness in record: but I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't 100 As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros, Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[Falling on his sword.

I learn'd of thee.—How! not dead! not dead 1-

The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me!

#### Enter Dercetas and Grard.

What's the noise? Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O! make an end

Of what I have begun,

The star is fallen. 2 Guard,

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

Alas, and woe! Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard. Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Casar, with this tidings,

Shall enter me with him.

#### Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

There, Diomed, there. Der.

Lives he? Dio.

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit Dercetas. Ant. Art thou there, Diomed ! Draw thy sword, and give me

Sufficient strokes for death.

Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Now, my lord.

Where is she? Ant. Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a

prophesying fear Of what hath come to pass; for when she

(Which never shall be found) you did suspect

She had dispos'd with Casar, and that your rage

Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come, I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, 1 prythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard!
The guard, what, ho!

Come; your lord calls.

# Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides:

"T is the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all.

[Execut, bearing Antony.

SCENE XIII.—The Same. A Monument.

Enter, above, Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian! I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No. I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome, But comforts we despise: our size of sorrow, Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great As that which makes it.

# Enter, below, Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?

\*\*Pio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument;

His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard. Cleo. O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in ! darkling stand The varying shore o' the world. O Antony, Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help:

Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!

Not Casar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony. But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cieo. So it should be, that none but Antony

Should conquer Antony; but woe't is so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importante death awhile, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last

I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Casar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,

And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,---

Help me, my women, we must draw thee up.

Assist, good friends.

Ant. O! quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy
weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness, That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's

power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee
up,

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—

Wishers were ever fools.- O! come, come, come; [They draw Antony up.

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:

Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,

Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!
And. I am dying, Egypt, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,

Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen. Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.

Cleo. They do not go together.

Gentle, hear me: Ant. None about Casar trust, but Proculeius. Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust : None about Cæsar. Ant. The miserable change now at my end Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts, In feeding them with those my former fortunes Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the The noblest; and do now not basely die. Not cowardly put off my helmet to My countryman, a Roman by a Roman Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going; can no more. Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die? Hast thou no care of me ! shall I abide In this dull world, which in thy absence is No better than a sty 1 -O! see, my women, Antony dies. The crown o' the earth doth melt. ... My lord!-O! wither'd is the garland of the war, The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and Are level now with men; the odds is gone, And there is nothing left remarkable Beneath the visiting moon.

O, quietness, lady! *Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign. Char. Lady !-

Iras. Madam !— Char. O madam, madam, madam! Royal Egypt!

50 Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more, but c'en a woman; and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks, And does the meanest chares.—It were for me To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods; To tell them, that this world did equal theirs, Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but maught;

Patience is sottish, and impatience does Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin, To rush into the secret house of death,

Ere death dare come to us!—How do you, women ?

What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?

My noble girls !—Ah, women, women! look, Our lamp is spent, it's out. -- Good sirs, take heart:

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion, And make death broud to take us. Come, away :

This case of that huge spirit now is cold. Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend

But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exerent; those above bearing off Antony's body.

# ACT V.

Scene I. -Cesar's Camp before Alexandria. Enter Cesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others. Cas. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield; Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks The pauses that he makes. Casar, I shall, [Ecit.]

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony. Cas. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy

Best to be serv'd: whilst be stood up, and spoke.

He was my master; and I wore my life,

To spend upon his laters. If thou please To take me to thee, as I was to him I'll be to Casar; if thou pleasest not,

I yield thee up my life.

Cars. What is 't thou say'st? Der. I say, O Casar, Antony is dead. The breaking of so great a thing

should make

A greater crack: the round world Should have shook lions into civil streets, And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony

Is not a single doom: in the name lay A moiety of the world.

He is dead, Cæsar,

Not by a public minister of justice, Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand, Which writ his honour in the acts it did,

Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,

Splitted the heart. This is his sword; I robbed his wound of it: behold it stain'd With his most noble blood.

Look you sad, friends ! Cars. The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings To wash the eyes of kings.

And strange it is, That nature must compel us to lament Our most persisted deeds.

His taints and honours so Wag'd equal with him.

A rarer spirit never Ayr.Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give

Some faults to make us men. Casar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him.

He needs must see himself.

O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this: but we do

Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce Have shown to thee such a declining day, Or look on thine: we could not stall together In the whole world. But yet let me la-

With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts.

That thou, my brother, my competitor In top of all design, my mate in empire, Friend and companion in the front of war, The arm of mine own body, and the heart Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our

Unreconciliable, should divide Our equalness to this. -- Hear me, good friends,-

# Enter a Messenger.

But I will tell you at some meeter season: The business of this man looks out of him; 50 We'll hear him what he says, -- Whence are

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument, Of thy intents desires instruction, That she preparedly may frame herself To the way she's fore'd to.

Cars. Bid her have good heart: She soon shall know of us, by some of ours, How honourable and how kindly we Determine for her; for Casar cannot live To be ungentle.

Mess.

Cas. Come hither, Proculeius. say,

We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts

The quality of her passion shall require, Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke She do defeat us; for her life in Rome Would be eternal in our triumph. Go. And with your speedlest bring us what she

And how you find of her,

Casar, I shall. | Exit. Cas. Gallus, go you along. [Exit Gallus.] ~--Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius !

Agr., Mec. Dolabella! Cas. Let him alone, for I remember now How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.

Go with me to my tent; where you shall

How hardly I was drawn into this war; How calm and gentle I proceeded still In all my writings. Go with me, and see What I can show in this,

Scene 11. Alexandria. The Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make A better life. "I is paltry to be Casar: Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave, A minister of her will; and it is great To do that thing that ends all other deeds, Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,

The beggar's nurse and Casar's.

Enter Proculeius, G.Alus, and Soldiers.

Pro. Casar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;

And bids thee study on what fair demands to Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name? Pro. My name is Proculcius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,

That have no use for trusting. If your master

Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him.

That majesty, to keep decorum, must So the gods preserve thee! [Exit. | No less beg than a kingdom: if he please To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son, He gives me so much of mine own, as 1 Will kneel to him with thanks.

Be of good cheer; You are fall'n into a princely hand, fear not ing.

Make your full reference freely to my lord, Who is so full of grace, that it flows over On all that need. Let me report to him Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Pray you, tell him I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him The greatness he has got. I hourly learn - 20 A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady. Have comfort; for I know your plight is piticd

Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.

[Proculeius, and two of the Guard, ascend the monument by a ladder, and come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.

[To Proculeius and the Guard.] Guard her till Casar come. [Exit.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!--

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Drawing a dayger. Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold! Seizes and disarms her.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in

Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

What, of death too, That rids our dogs of languish?

Cleopatra, Do not abuse my master's bounty, by The undoing of yourself: let the world see His nobleness well acted, which your death

Will never let come forth.

Where art thou, death? Come hither, come! come, come, and take a

Worth many babes and beggars!

O, temperance, lady! Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,

Know, sir, that I Do Casar what he can. Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court, Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up, And show me to the shouting varietry Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt

Begentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies Blow me into abhorring! rather make My country's high pyramides my gibbet, And hang me up in chains!

You do extend These thoughts of horror further than you shall

Find cause in Casar.

#### Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeins, What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,

And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,

I'll take her to my guard.

So, Dolabella, It shall content me best: be gentle to her, [To Cleopatra.] To Casar I will speak what you shall please,

If you'll employ me to him.

Say, I would die. 70 Cleo. [Exernt Proculeius and Soldiers.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Assuredly, you know me. Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;

Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam. Cleo. I dreamt, there was an emperor Antony:

O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man!

If it might please ye,— Cleo. His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted

The little O, the carth.

Most sovereign creature, - -Clco. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd

Crested the world; his voice was propertied As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends; But when he meant to quail and shake the

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was, That grew the more by reaping: his delights Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above

The element they liv'd in: in his livery Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Cleopatra,-Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man

As this I dreamt of !

Gentle madam, no. Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the

But, if there be, or ever were, one such, It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants

To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine

An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy, Condemning shadows quite.

Hear me, good madam. Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear

As answering to the weight: 'would I might never

O'ertake pursu'd success, but I de feel,

By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites My very heart at root.

I thank you, sir.

Know you what Casar means to do with

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew:

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir, -

Though he be honourable,

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph? Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.

[Within.] Make way there! - Casar!

Enter CESAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECENAS, Seleccis, and Attendants.

Cas. Which is the Queen of Egypt? Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

CLEOPATRA kneels.

Cas. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Sir, the gods Will have it thus: my master and my lord I must obey.

Take to you no hard thoughts: Cas.The record of what injuries you did us, Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Sole sir o' the world, | O rarely base!

I cannot project mine own cause so well To make it clear; but do confess, I have Been laden with like frailties, which before Have often sham'd our sex.

Cleopatra, know, We will extenuate rather than enforce: If you apply yourself to our intents

(Which towards you are most gentle), you shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek To lay on me a cruelty, by taking Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself Of my good purposes, and put your children as To that destruction which I'll guard them from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world: 't is yours; and we,

Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, `

Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cas. You shall advise me in all for Cleoputra.

Cleo, This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;

Not petty things admitted.—Where's Sc

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd

To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Selencus.

Sel. Madam.

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril, Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back? Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cas. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve Your wisdom in the deed.

See, Casar! O, behold, How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be

yours; And, should we shift estates, yours would be

The ingratitude of this Sciences does

Even make me wild .- O slave, of no more trust

Than love that's hir'd! -What! goest thou back? thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,

Though they had wings. Slave, soulles villain, dog!

Cars. Good queen, let us entreat you. Cleo. O Caesar! what a wounding shame | is this.

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, Doing the honour of thy lordliness To one so meek, that mine own servant should

Parcel the sum of my disgraces by 'Addition of his envy! Say, good Casar, That I some lady trifles have reserv'd, Immoment toys, things of such dignity As we greet modern friends withal; and

Some nobler token I have kept apart For Livia, and Octavia, to induce Their mediation; must I be unfolded With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me

Beneath the fall I have. [To Seleucus.] Pr'ythee, go hence

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits Through the ashes of my chance.—Wert thou

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cars. Forbear, Seleuens.

| Exit Seleucus.

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought

For things that others lo; and, when we fall, We answer others' merits in our name, Are therefore to be pitied.

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it

Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe, Casar's no merchant, to make prize with you Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen ;

For we intend so to dispose you, as

Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :

Our care and pity is so much upon you, That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Not so. [Flourish. Execut CESAR and his Train. Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not

Be noble to myself: but bark thee, Charmian. Whispers Charmian.

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is

And we are for the dark,

Cleo. Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided; Go, put it to the haste.

Madam, I will Chur.

#### Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen!

Behold, sir. Exit: Char. Dolabella! Clco.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,

Which my love makes religion to obey, I tell you this Casar through Syria Intends his journey, and within three days 200 You with your children will be send before. Make your best use of this; I have perform'd Your pleasure, and my promise.

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

I your servant.

Adien, good queen; I must attend on Casar. Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.

Esit Dolabella. Now, Iras, what think'st thou!

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown In Rome, as well as 1: mechanic slaves With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths, Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded, 20 And forc'd to drink their vapour.

The gods forbid! Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras. Saucy

Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians Extemporally will stage us, and present Our Alexandrian revels. Antony Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness

I the posture of a whore, Iras. O, the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain. Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my

Are strong x than mine eyes.

Why, that 's the way To fool their preparation, and to conquer Their most absurd intents.

#### Re-enter Charmian.

Now, Charmian !--Show me, my women, like a queen :-- go fetch My best attires :-- l am again for Cydnus, To meet Mark Antony.—Sirrah, Iras. go.— Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed; And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave

To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all. [Exit IRAS. A noise within. Wherefore's this noise!

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow.

That will not be denied your highness' presence:

He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [Exit Guard.] What poor an instrument

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a

Guard. This is the main. 266
Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not!

Clown. Truly I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: those that do die of it do seldors or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence: farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Sets down the basket.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care: it shall be heeded.
Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, 1
pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me!

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods

great harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone: farewell.

Clown. Yes, for sooth; I wish you joy of the worm. |Exit.

Re-enter 1RAS, with a robe, crown. &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown;
1 have

Inn.ortal longings in mc. Now, no more :\*
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this
lin.---

Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear

Antony call: I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Casar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I
come:

Now to that name my courage prove my title!

I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life. So,—have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my

Farewell, kind Charmian :-- Iras, long farewell

[Kisses them.—IRAS falls and dies.]
Have I the aspic in my lips t—Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd.—Dost thou
still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say,

The gods themselves do weep,

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that
kiss,

Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch.

[To the asp, which she applies to her breast. With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool. Be angry, and despatch. O! couldst thom speak,

That I might hear thee call great Cresar ass Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break! Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.
[Applying another asp to her arm.
What should I stay.—

[Falls on a bed and dies. Char. In this vile world t —So, fare thee well. —

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies A lass unparallel'd,—Downy windows, close; And golden Phæbus never be beheld Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry; I'll mend it, and then play.

## Enter the Guard, rushing in.

I Guard. Where is the queen?
Char. Speak softly; wake her not.
I Guard. Caesar hath sent—
Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies the asp. O : come ; apace ; despatch : I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's beguil'd.

2 Guard, There's Dolabella sent from Caesar: call him.

1 Guard. What work is here t- Charmian, is this well done t

Char, It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

Dies.

#### Reguler Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here!
2 Guard. All dead.
Dol. Casar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou so

So sought'st to hinder.

[Within.] A way there! a way for Casar!

Re-enter Casan and all his Train.

Dol. O, sir! you are too sure an augmer: That you did fear, is done.

Cas. Bravest at the last:

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal.

Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths t

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them? 1 Guard. A simple countryman that brought her figs:

This was his basket,

Cas. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Casar!
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood, And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cas. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something
blown:

The like is on her as n.

1 Guard. This is an aspic's trail; and these fig-leaves

Have slime upor them, such as the aspic leaves

Upon the caves of Nile.

Cos. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story
is

No less in pity than his glory, which Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall.

In solemn show, attend this funeral, And then to Rome, —Come, Dolabella, see High order in this great solemnity.

[ Exeunt.

# PERICLES.

### DRAMATIS PERSONE.

Antiochus, King of Antioch.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.
Helicanus, Two Lords of Tyre.
Escanes, Two Lords of Tyre.
Simonides, King of Pentapolis.
Cleon, Governor of Tharsus.
Lysimachus, Governor of Mitylene.
Cfrimon, a Lord of Ephesias.
Thaliard, a Lord of Antioch.
Philemon. Servant to Cerimon.
Leonine, Servant to Dionyta.
Marshal.

A Pander. BOUT, his Servant.
The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, Wife to Cleon.
THAISA, Daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina.
A Bawd.
DIANA.
GOWER, as Choras.
Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors,

Pirates, Fishermen and Messengers.

SCENE—Dispersedly in various Countries.

## ACT L

Enter Goves.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung, From ashes ancient Gower is come; Assuming man's infirmities, To glad your ear, and please your eyes. It hath been sung at festivals, On ember-eyes, and holy-ales; And lords and ladies in their lives Have read it for restoratives: The purchase is to make men glorious; Et bonum quo antiquius, co melius. If you, born in these latter times, When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes, And that to hear an old man sing, May to your wishes pleasure bring, I life would wish, and that I might Waste it for you, like taper-light.- -This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat, The fairest in all Syria.— I tell you what my authors say: This king unto him took a pheere, Who died and left a female heir, So buxom, blithe, and full of face, As heaven had lent her all his grace;  $\,$  . With whom the father liking took, And her to incest did provoke. Bad child, worse father! to entice his own To evil, should be done by none. But custom what they did begin

Was, with long use, account no sin.

The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow;
In marriage-pleasures playfellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whose ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So, for her many a wight did die,
As you grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your
eye

I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit]

Scene I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace, Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,

For the embracements even of Jove himself;

At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence;

The senate-house of planets all did sit, To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king

Of every virtue gives renown to men! Her face, the book of praises, where is read Nothing but carious pleasures, as from thence Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath Could never be her mild companion.

You gods, that made me man, and sway in love,

That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of you celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Aut. Prince Pericles, -

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus, Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;

For death-like dragons here affright thee hard: Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view at Her countless glory, which desert must gain; And which, without desert, because thine eye Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.

You sometime famous princes, like thyself, Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,

Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,

That, without covering, save you field of stars.

They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist, For going on death's net, whom none resist,  $\omega$ 

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught

My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath, to trust it,
error.

I'll make my will then; and, as sick men do, . Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys, as east they did:
So, I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they
came,

[To the daughter of Antiochus.] But my unspotted fire of love to you,

Thus, ready for the way of life or death, I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion then;

Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all, 'say'd yet, may'st thou prove
prosperous!

Of all, 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness. • Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists.

Nor ask advice of any other thought But faithfulness, and courage.

[Reads the ridale.

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed
I sought a husband, in which labou
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, Lesolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers! That give heaven gountless eyes to view men's

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually, If this be true, which makes me pale to read

Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still, Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill: But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt:

For he's no man on whom perfections wait.
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to
hearken;

But being play'd upon before your time, Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime. Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,

For that's an article within our law,

As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired:

Either expound now, or receive your sentence Per. Great king,

Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
"I would 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do, He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown; For vice repeated is like the wandering wind, Blows dust in other's eyes, to spread itself; And yet the end of all is bought thus dear.

The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for t.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?

It is enough you know: and it is fit, What being more known grows worse, to

smother it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [Aside.] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning;

But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,

Though by the tenor of oar strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth,

[Evenut all bet Pericles,
Per. How courtesy would seem to cover

When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son.
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father.)
And she an cater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like scepents are, who though they

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed. Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men

Blush not in actions blacker than the night, Will shun no course to keep them from the light:

One sin, I know, another doth provoke: Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke Poison and treason are the hands of sin, Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame: 100 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,

By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear, | Exit.

#### Resenter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which we mean

To have his head,

Le must not live to trumpet forth my infamy, Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin

In such a loathed manner:

And therefore instantly this prince must die: For by his fall my honour must keep high. Who attends us there!

#### Enter Thaliard.

That, Doth your highness call  $t \approx Aut$ . Thatiard t

You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes

. Her private actions to your secreey;

And for your faithfulness we will advance you. Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;

We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why. Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

That, My lord, 't is done.

Ant. Enough.-

#### Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

Aut. Ecit.

Wilt live, fly after: and, like an arrow, shot From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark His eye doth level at, so ne'er return, Unless thou say, "Prince Perieles is dead."

Thal. My lord, If I can get him within my pistol's length. I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell!

your highness,

Ant. Thaliard, adien. [EvitTuviaard,]

Till Pericles be dead,

My heart can lend no succour to my head. | Exit

Scene II.— Tyre. A Room in the Palae Enter Pericles.

Per. [To those without.] Let none disturbus.—Why should this change of thoughts, The sad company and dull-cy d melancholy, Be my so us'd a zerst, as not an hour, In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night (The tomb where grief should sleep), can breed me quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch, Whose arm seems far too short to hit mehere:

Vet neither pied are's art can joy my spirits, Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. Then it is thus: the passions of the mind, That have their first conception by mis-dread, Have after-nourishment and life by care; And what was first but fear what might be

Grows elder now, and cares it be not done. And so with me: —the great Antiochus ('Grinst whom I am too little to contend, Since he's so great, can make his will his act)

Will thank me speeking, though I swear to silence,

Nor boots it me to say, I honour him, If he suspect I may dishonour him:

And what may make him blush in being known,

He'll stop the course by which it might be

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land, And with the ostent of war will look so huge, Amazement shall drive courage from the state:

Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought
offence:

Which care of them, not pity of myself, (Who am no more but as the tops of trees, \*\* Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them.)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish.

And punish that before, that he would punish.

Enter Helicanus and other Lords.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,

Peaceful and comfortable.

Hel. Peace, peace! and give experience tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that birst gives heat and stronger
glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err:
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a
peace,

He flatters you, makes war upon your life. Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please; I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook

What shipping and what lading's in our haven,

And then return to us. [Execut Lords.]— Helicanus, thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,

How durst thy tongue move anger to our face!

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence

They have their nourishment t

Per. Thou know'st I have power To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [Kneeling.] I have ground the axe myself;

Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee, rise; Sit down; thou art no flatterer:

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid, — • That kings should let their ears hear their aults hid

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,

Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,

What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus.

That minister'st a potion unto me,

That their wouldst tremble to receive thyself, Attend me then: I went to Antioch,

Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty From whence an issue I might propagate,

Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subicets.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder; The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest; Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father

Securid not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this,

'T is time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss, Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,

Under the covering of a careful night, we Who seem'd my good protector: and, being here,

Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears Decrease not, but grow faster than their years.

And should be doubt it (as no doubt be doth).
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt be'll fill this land with
arms.

And make pretence of wrong that I have done him:

When all, for mine, if I may call't, offence, Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:

Which love to all, of which thyself art one, Who now reprovedst me for it.

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per, Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my checks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts How I might stop this tempest ere it came; And finding little comfort to relieve them, I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak.

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear, And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant, Who either by public war, or private treason, Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while, Till that his rage and anger be forgot,

Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life. Your rule direct to any; if to me,

Day serves not light more faithful than I'll

Per. I do not doubt thy faith; to But should be wrong my liberties in my absence!

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and
to Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee, | And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had, and have, of subjects' good, On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;

Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe, But since my landing I have understood,

That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,

Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [Econal.

Scene III. —Tyre. An Ante chamber in the Palace.

# Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home; 't is dangerous...-Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets; now do I see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his outh to be one. "Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,

Further to question me of your king's departure:

His scal'd commission, left in trust with me,

Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

That. Aside. How! the king gone!
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied.

Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves, He would depart, I'll give some light untayou.

Being at Antioches

Thal. [Aside.] What from Antioch t

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what caus 1 know not)

Took some displeasure at him; at least, is judg'd so;

And doubting lest that he had errid or simil. To show his sorrow he 'd correct himself';

So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,

With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [Aside.] Well, I perceive

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; But since he's gone, the king it sure much please,

He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.

I'll present myself. [To them.] Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus iwelcome.

That. From him I come,

with message unto princely Pericks:

But since my landing I have understood

Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,

My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[Execut.

Scene IV. - Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's House,

Enter Cleon, Dionyza, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if t will teach us to forget our own?
Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire, Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.

O my distressed lord! even such our griefs

Here they re but felt and seen with mischief's eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher

Cle. O Dionyza,

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it.

Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till lungs fetch breath that may proclaim them
louder;

That if heaven slumber, while their creatures want.

They may awake their helps to comfort them.

I'll then discourse our woes, felt several
years,

And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sie.

Ch. This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,

A city, on whom plenty held full hand, For riches strew'd herself even in the street; Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at; Whose men and dames so jetted, and adorn'd, Like one another's glass to trim them by: Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight, And not so much to feed on as delight; All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great, The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O! 't is too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,

Were all too little to content and please, Although they gave their creatures in abundance

As houses are detil'd for want of use,

They are now starv'd for want of exercise:

Those palates, who, not yet two summers
younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste, • Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it: Those mothers, who, to nousle up their babes, Thought nought too curious, are ready now To cat those little darlings whom they lov'd. So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife

Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping; Here many sink, yet those which see them fall.

Have scarce strength ldft to give them burial. Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O! let'those cities that of plenty's cup And her prosperities so largely taste, With their superfluous riots, hear these tears: The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

#### Enter & Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor? Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward,

Chr. 1 thought as much.
One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir

That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation, Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,

To beat us down, the which are down already; And make a conquest of unhappy me,

Whereas no glory's got to overcome. So Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblane

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,

And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:

But bring they what they will, and what they can,

What need we fear?

The ground 's the lowest, and we're half way

Go, tell their general, we attend him here, To know for what he comes, and whence he

And what he craves.

Lord. 1 go, my lord. Erit. Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace

If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles, with Attendants,

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are, Let not our ships and number of our men Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your

We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre, And seen the desolation of your streets: Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, so But to relieve them of their heavy load:

Who makes the fairest show, means most And these our ships, you happily may think Are like the Trojan horse, was stuff'd within With bloody veins, expecting overthrow, Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,

And give them life whom hunger stary'd half

4//. The gcds of Greece protect you! And we will pray for you.

Per.Arise, I pray you, rise: We do not look for reverence, but for love, And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify, Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought, Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves, The curse of heaven and men succeed their

Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be scen.)

Your grace is welcome to our town and us. Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,

Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile. Exerent.

#### ACT II.

! To killen bad, keep good alive ; | And, to fulfil his prince' desire, Sends word of all that haps in Tyre: How Thaliard came full bent with sin, And hid intent, to murder him; And that in Tharsus was not best Longer for him to make his rest. He, doing so, put forth to seas, Where when men been, there's seldom case. For now the wind begins to blow; Thunder above, and deeps below, Make such unquiet, that the ship, Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split, And he, good prince, having all lost, By waves from coast to coast is tost All perishen of man, of pelf, Ne ought escapen but himself, Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad, Threw him ashore, to give him glad: And here he comes. What shall be next, Pardon old Gower; thus long's the text.

Scene I.—Pentapolis. An Open Place by the Sea-side.

Enter Pericles, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!

Erit.

# Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king His child, I wis, to incest bring; A better prince and benign lord, That will prove awful both in deed and word. Be quiet then, as men should be, 'I'll he has pass'd necessity. I'll show you those in troubles reign, Losing a mite, a mountain gain. The good in conversation (To whom I give my benison) Is still at Tharsus, where each man Thinks all is writ he spoken can; And, to remember what he does, Build his statue to make him glorious: But tidings to the contrary Are brought your eyes; what need speak 1?

## Dumb-show.

Enter, at one door, Pericles, talking with CLEON; all the Train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles: Pericles shows the letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt Pericles. CLEON, dv., severally.

Gow. Good Helicane, that stay'd at home, Not to eat honey like a drone, From others' labours; for though he strive

Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly

Is but a substance that must yield to you;

And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.

Alas! the sea hath east me on the rocks,

Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me

Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes:
And having thrown him from your watery
grave,

Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

## Enter three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilch!

2 Fish. Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 Fish. What, Patch breech, 1 say !

3 Fish. What say you, master !

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or 1'll fetch thee with a wannion.

- 3 Fish, 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men, that were east away before us even now.
- 1 Fish. Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a day, we could scarce help ourselves.
- 3 Pish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled I they say, they're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them! they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
- 1 Fish. Why, as men do a land: the great ones cat up the little ones. I can compare our vich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale. 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [Aside,] A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind—

Per. [Aside.] Simonides !

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [Aside.] How from the finny subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect

All that may men approve, or men detect!... Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. Y' may see, the sea hath east meupon your coast -

2 Fish. What a dranken knave was the sea, to east thee in our way!

In that vast tennis court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats, ou pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg! here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Caust thou eatch any fishes then? Per. 4 never practised it.

2 Fish. Nay, then then wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou caust fish for 't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;

But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man throug'd up with cold: my veins are chill,

And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;

Which if you shall refuse, when 1 am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die, quothat! Now, gods forbid it! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days, and moreo'er puddings and flapjacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn crave: too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then t

2 Fish. O ! not all, my friend, not all : for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be a beadle. But, master, I II go draw up the net.

[Exeunt two of the Fishermen.

Per. [Aside.] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir; do you know where you are !

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides. Per, The good King Simonides, do you

call him !

1 Fish, Ay, sir: and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore!

1 Fish, Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to jonst and tourney for her love.

sires, I could wish to make one there.

I Fish, O. sir! things must be as they i may; and what a man exampt get, he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up

2 Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will har fly come out. Ha! bots! on 't; 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armoni.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses

Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his

" Keep it, my Pecicles, it bath been a shield "Twixt me and death ' (and pointed to this ! brace):

" For that it say'd the, keep it; in like necessity.

The which the gods protect thee from ! may : defend thee.

It kept where I kept. I so dearly loy'd it, Till the rough seas, that spare not any man. Took it in rage, though calm'd have given t again.

I thank thee for to say shipwrack now is no ill. For men to see, and seeing wonder at. Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir!

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth.

For it was sometime target to a king;

I know it by this mark. He loy'd me dearly, And for his sake 1 wish the having of it; 40 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court.

Where with it I may appear a gentleman: And if that ever my low fortimes better,

I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the

Per. I'll show the virtue I have berne in arms.

I Fish. Why, do ye take it; and the gods give thee good on 't.

2 Fish. Ay, but back you, my friend; 't was we that nade up this garment through the rough seams of the waters; there are (ii) Certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, Per. Were my forth as equal to my de lair, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe it, 4 will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel; And spite of all the rapture of the sea, This jewel holds his gilding on my arm: Unto thy value will I mount myself Upon a courser, whose delightful steps Shall make the gazer joy to see him trend. Only, my friends, I yet am in provided Of a pair of bases,

2 Fish. We'll sure provide; thou shall have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then benour be but equal to my wild! This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill,

Lowal.

Scene II. The Same. A public Way or Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for the reception of the KING, Princess, Ladies, Lords, &c.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph !

1 Lord. They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves. Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat

Exit a Lerd.

20

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to

My commendations great, whose merit's

Sim. Tis fit it should be so; for princes

A model, which heaven makes like to itself: As jewels lose their glory if neglected, So princes their renown, if not respected, "T is now your honour, daughter, to explain

The labour of each knight in his device. Thai, Which, to preserve mine honour,

I'll perform. Enter a Knight: he passes over the stage, and

his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself !

Thai, A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;

And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Ethiop, reaching at the sun; The word, Lux tua vita mihi.

Sim. He loves you well that holds his lifeof you.

The second Knight passes over. Who is the second that presents himself ! Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father:

And the device he bears upon his shield Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a

lady; The motto thus, in Spanish, Pin por dulzura que por fuerza, The third Knight

passes over. Sim. And what's the third?

And his device, a wreath of chivalry;

The word, Me pompa proverit uper, The fourth Knight passes over.

Sim. What is the fourth !

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned up-

The word, Quod me alit, me extinguit, Sim. Which shows that beauty bath his To whom this wreath of victory I give,

power and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill, The fifth Knight passes over,

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds.

Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;

The motto thus, Sw spectands fides,

The sixth Knight passes over. Sim. And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top; The motto, In har spe vivo.

Sim. A pretty moral:

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend; For by his rusty outside he appears

To have practis'd more the whipstock, than the lance.

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished. 3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us

The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw

Into the gallery. Execut. [Great shootly, and all cry, " The mean

SCENE III.- The Same. A Hall of State.— A Banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Ladies, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,

To say you're welcome were superfluous. The third of Antioch; ! To place upon the volume of your deeds, As in a title-page, your worth in arms, Were more than you expect, or more than's

> Since every worth in show commends itself. Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast: You are princes, and my guests.

> But you, my knight and guest;

And crown you king of this day's happiness,

Per. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than by

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it. In framing an artist art hath thus decreed.

To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you're her labour'd scholar. queen o' the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above. Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit. 1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,

That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes, Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights. Sit, sir; sit.

[Aside,] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These cates resist me, he not thought upon. Thai. [Aside.] By Juno, that is queen of marriage,

All viands that I cat do seem unsavoury, - >> Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's: gallant gentleman.

Sim. [Aside,] He's but a country gentleman:

Has done no more than other knights have done.

Has broken a staff, or so; so let it pass,

Thai, [Aside,] To n'e he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. [Aside.] You king s to me like to my father's picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was; Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne, And he the sun for them to reverence.

None that beheld him, but like lesser lights \*\* Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;

Where now his son's like a glow worm in the And after shipwrack driven upon this shore. night,

The which bath fire in darkness, none in light:

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men; He's both their parent, and he is their grave, And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights t 1 Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence !

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,

(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips.) ... We drink this health to you.

We thank your grace. Kuights. Sim. Yet pause awhile;

You knight doth sit too melancholy, As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth. Note it not you, Thaisa

Thai. What is 't to me, my father? Sim. O! attend, my daughter:

Princes, in this, should live like gods above. Who freely give to every one that comes To honour them;

And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats Which make a sound, but kill d are wonder'd

Therefore, to make his entrance more sweet, Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father! it betits not me Unto a stranger knight to be so bold: He may my proffer take for an offence, Since men take women's gifts for impudence. Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else,

Thei. [Aside.] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,

Of whence he is, his name, and parentage. Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of

Of whence you are, your name, and parentage. Per. A gentleman of Tyre, (my name, Perieles.

My education been in arts and arms,) Who, looking for adventures in the world, Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,

Who only by misfortune of the seas Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore. Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune.

And will awake him from his melancholy. Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles, And waste the time which looks for other revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd, Will very well become a soldier's dance, I will not have excuse, with saying, this Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,

Since they love men in arms as well as beds, The Knights dance.

So this was well ask'd, 't was so well perform'd. Come, sir; here's a lady that wants breathing too:

And I have heard, you knights of Tyre Are excellent in making ladies trip,

And that their measures are as excellent. Per. In those that practice them, they are,

my lord.

Sim. O'! that's as much as you would be denied

Of your fair courtesy. [The Knights and Ladies dance.] Unclasp, unclasp;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well.

[To Prairces.] But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct

These knights u. 'o their several lodgings! Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our own. 100 Per. 4 am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love, And that's the mark I know you level at: Therefore, each one betake him to his rest; To morrow all for speeding do their best.

Exenut.

# Schne IV. --Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

## Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No. Escanes, know this of me, Antiochus from incest liv'd not free: For which, the most high gods not minding longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in store.

Due to his beinous capital offence,

Even in the height and pride of all his glory, When he was scated in a chariot

Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,

A fire from heaven came, and shrivelf'd up Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,

That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall, Scorn now their hand should give them burial. Esca. 'T was very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though This king were great, his greatness was no guard

To bar heaven's shaft, but sin I ad his reward. Esca. "T is very true.

# Enter two or three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man, in private conference

Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 Lord. And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 Lord. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome.—Happy day, my lords.

1 Lord. Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what! wrong not
the prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him, Or know what ground's made happy by hisbreath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out; If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us, and Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral, And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:

And knowing this kingdom is without a head.

(Like goodly buildings left without a roof Soon fall to ruin,) your noble self,

That best know how to rule, and how to reign We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honout's cause forbear your suffrages:

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear, Take I your wish, I leap into the seas, Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease. A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you To forbear the absence of your king; If in which time expir'd he not return, I shall with aged patience bear your yoke. But if I caunot win you to this love, Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, So

Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, so And in your search spend your adventurous worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return, You shall like diamonds sit about his crown. 1 Local. To wisdom he's a fool that will

not yield: And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,

We with our travels will endeavour it,

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll
clasp hands:

When peers thus kuit, a kingdom ever stands [Execut.

## Scene V.- - Pentapolis, A Room in the Palace.

# Enter Simonides, reading a letter; the Knights meet him.

1 Knight, Good morrow to the good Simonides, Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,

That for this twelvementh she'll not under-

A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known.

Which yet from her by no means can I get. 2 Knight. May we not get access to her. my lord !

Sim. Faith, by no means: she hath so strictly

Tied her to her chamber, that 't is impossible. One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd, And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. Execut Knights.

Sim. 80,

They're well despatch'd. daughter's letter.

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger

Or never more to view nor day nor light. T is well, mistress; your choice agrees with miue;

I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in 't.

Not minding whether I dislike or no! Well, I commend her choice,

And will no longer have it be delay'd. Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

#### Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides! Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you

For your sweet music this last night: I do Protest, my ears were never better fed With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend,

Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master. > 1 Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good

Sim. Let me ask one thing.

What do you think of my daughter, sir!

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not!

Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrons fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of i

Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master, And she will be your scholar: therefore, look

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. [Aside.] What's here t

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre t "T is the king's subtilty, to have my life.

O! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thon hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not: Never did thought of mine levy offence; Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your dis pleasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor,

Per. Even in his throat, unless it be the

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [Aside,] Now, by the gods, I do appland his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court for honour's cause, ... And not to be a rebel to her state:

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy. Sim. No!

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

#### Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as

Resolve your angry father, if my tongue Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe

To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had, Who takes offence at that would make me

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you per-

emptory ! Aside, I am glad on't with all my

I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,

Bestow your love and your affections Upon a stranger? [aside] who, for aught I

know,

May be (nor can I think the contrary)

As great in blood as I myself.

Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame \* Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you---Man and wife. Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;

And for a further grief, -- God give you joy! What, are you both pleas'd?

Yes, if you love me, sir. Thai.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters

Sim. What! are you both agreed? Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty. Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see

you wed; Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Exeunt.

#### A (' T 111.

#### Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout; No din but snores the house about, Made louder by the o'er fed breast Of this most pompons marriage feast. The cat, with cyne of burning coal, Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole: And crickets sing at the oven's mouth, All the blither for their drouth. Hymen hath brought the bride to bed, Where, by the loss of maidenhead, A babe is moulded, Be attent, And time, that is so briefly spent, With your fine fancies quaintly cehe; What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech,

#### Dumb-show.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter: Pericles shows it to Simonides; the Lords kneel to Pericles. Then enter Thaisa with child, and Lychorida: Simonides shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and Penicles take leave of her father, and all depart.

Gow. By many a deen and painful perch Of Pericles the careful search By the four opposing coigns, Which the world together joins, Is made, with all due diligence, That horse, and sail, and high expense, Can stend the quest. At last from Tyre (Fame answering the most strange inquire) To the court of King Simonides Arc letters brought, the tenor these :--Autiochus and his daughter dead; The men of Tyrus on the head Of Helicanus would set on The crown of Tyre, but he will none: The mutiny he there hastes t'oppress; Says to'em, if King Pericles Come not home in twice six moons.

He, obedient to their dooms, Will take the crown. The sum of this, Brought hither to Pentapolis, Yravished the regions round, And every one with claps can sound, "Our heir-apparent is a king! Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?" Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre: His queen, with child, makes her desire (Which who shall cross?) along to go; Omit we all their dole and woe: b Lychorida, her murse, she takes, And so to sea. Their vessel shakes On Neptune's billows half the flood Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood Varies again; the grizzly north Disgorges such a tempest forth, That, as a duck for life that dives, So up and down the poor ship drives, The lady shricks, and well-a-near Does fall in travail with her fear: And what ensues in this fell storm Shall for itself itself perform. I nill relate, action may Conveniently the rest convey, Which might not what by me is told. In your imagination hold This stage the ship, upon whose deck The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. Exit.

# Scene I.

Enter Pericles, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,

Having call'd them from the deep. O! still Thy deafening, dreadful thunders: gently quench

Lychorida,

How does my queen \—Thou storm, venom-

Wilt thou spit all thyself !-- The seaman's whistle

Is as a whisper in the ears of death, Unheard, Lychorida!---Lucina, O! Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle To those that cry by night, convey thy deity Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the

Of my queen's travails! -Now, Lychorida!

Enter INCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,

Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece

Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida! Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the

Here's all that is left your living queen, A little daughter: for the sake of it.

Be manly, and take con fort.

Per. O you gods! Why do you make us love your goodly gifts, And snatch them straight away! We here below

Recall not what we give, and therein may Vie honour with you,

Patience, good sir, Lyc.

Even for this charge.

Now, mild may be thy life! For a more blust'rons birth had never babe: Quiet and gentle thy conditions!

For thou'rt the rudeliest welcome to this t world,

That ere was prince's child. Happy what follows !

Thou hast as chiding a nativity,

As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can

To herald thee from the womb; even at the

Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit, With all thou canst find here.—Now the good

Throw their best eyes upon 't!

## Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. What courage, sir! God save you! Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the

It has done to me the worst. Yet for the love

Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes !-- O ! how, ! Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sca-farer. I would it would be quiet.

> 1 Sail. Slack the bolins there. Thou wilt not, wilt thou ! Blow, and split thyself.

> 2 Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet, Most wretched queen!

Lgc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear ;

No light, no fire: the anfriendly elements

Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze: Where, for a monument upon thy bones, And aye remaining lumps, the belching whale, And humming water, must o'erhelm thy corse,

Lying with simple shells.— O Lychorida! Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper, My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander

Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman,

Exit LYCHORIDA. 2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, canlk'd and bitumed ready.

Mariner, say what Per. I thank thee. coast is this !

2 Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,

Alter thy course from Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease, Per. O, make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it At careful nursing. --- Go thy ways, good mariner :

I'll bring the body presently. Exeunt.

Scene II.—Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwracked,

Cer, Philemon, ho!

## Enter PRIMEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Crr. Get fire and meat for these poor men; It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Seec. I have been in many; but such a [ night as this,

Till now I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return:

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature, That can recover him. [ To PHILEMON.] Give ] this to the 'pothecary,

And tell me how it works.

Eccent all but Cerimon.

#### Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow. 2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship. Cir. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea, Shook, as the earth did quake;

The very principals did seem to rend, And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear Wade me to quit the house.

2 Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so As tossid it upon shore. carly:

T is not our husbandry.

O! you say well, w! Cer. I Gent. But I much marvel that your lord-

ship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours 'O you most potent gods! what 's here! a Stake off the golden slumber of repose, T is most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain, Being thereto not compell'd.

I held it ever, Virtue and cunning were endowments greater Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs May the two latter darken and expend; But immortality attends the former, Making a man a god. "T is known, I ever Have studied physic, through which secret art, By turning o'er authorities, I have (Together with my practice) made familiar To me and to my aid the blest infusions. That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones; And I can speak of the disturbances That nature works, and of her cures; which

doth give me

A more content in course of true delight, Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, Or tie my treasure up in silken bags, To please the fool and death,

2 Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :

And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon

Such strong renown as never shall decay.

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

Serr. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that !

Serr. Sir, even now Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest: 50 "I is of some wrack,

Set it down; let's look upon 't. 2 Gent. T is like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be, 'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold, T is a good constraint of fortune it belches

2 Gent. T is so, my lqrd.

Cer. How close t is caulk'd and bitum'd! Did the sea cast it up t

Serr. I never saw q) huge a billow, sir,

Cer. Come, wrench it open.

Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense,  $\omega$ 2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with

corse !

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur d

With full bags of spices! A passport too: Apollo, perfect me i the characters!

| Reads from a seroll.

Make fire within:

Here I give to understand, (If e'er this coffin deive a-land,) I, King Pericles, have lost This queen, worth all our mundane cost. Who finds her, give her barying: She was the daughter of a king: Besides this treasure for a fee, The gods requite his charity!

If thou livist, Pericles, thou hast a heart That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd tonight.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night; For look, how fresh she looks, They were too rough, That threw her in the sea.

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet. Exit a Servant.

Death may usurp on nature many hours, And yet the fire of life kindle again The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours lien dead, Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter Servant, with boxes, neighbors, and

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths, = -The rough and woful music that we have, Cause it to sound, beseech you.

The vial once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!

The music there! I peay you, give her air. Gentlemen.

This queen will live; nature awakes; a warmth

Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd

Above five hours. See, how she girs to Idow Into life's flower again.

1 Gent. The heavens, Through yeu, increase our wonder, and set up ' Your fame for ever.

Stee is alive! behold, Her evelids, cases to those heavenly jewels Which Pericles hath lost,

Begin to part their fringes of bright gold: The diamonds of a most praised water

Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live. And make us weep to hear your fate, fair !

creature, Rare as you seem to be! She mores.

Thai. O dear Diana! Where am I! Where's my lord! What i

2 Gent. Is not this strange!

world is this !

1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle reighbours!

Lend me your hands; to the next chamber ! By bright Diana, whom we honour, all bear her.

Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to, For her relapse is mortal. Come, come:

And Æsculapins guide as !

Execut, carrying Thatsa away.

SCENE III. -Thursus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, Lychorida, with MARINA in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone:

My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands

In a livingious peace. You, and your lady,

Take from my heart all (bankfulness; the

Make up the rest upon yea!

Cle. Your shafts of tertune, though they hurt you mortally.

Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen! That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither.

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

We cannot but obey The powers above us, Could I rage and

As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina

(whom,

For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so)

I charge your charity withal, and leave her The infant of your care, beseeching you To give ber princely training, that she may De manacr'd as she is born.

 $Ch_{i}$ Fear not, my lord, but think Your grace, that fed my country with your

; (For which the people's prayers still fall m on

Must in your child be thought on. neglection

Should therein make me vile, the common body.

By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty. But if to that my nature need a spur,

The gods revenge it upon me and mine, To the end of generation '

Per. 1 believe you;

Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't, Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,

Unseissar'd shall this hair of mine remain, Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave, Good madam, make me blessed in your care w In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself, Who shall not be more dear to my respect, Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers. Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the share:

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace Your offer. Come, dear's madam. Of no tears,

Lychorida, no tears:

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace ∞. Delivered, by the holy gods, You may depend hereafter,—Come, my lord.

Exernat.

Schne IV. Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House,

Enter Certmon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer: which are At your command, Know you the character! Thai, It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,

Enter Gower.

; Even on my caning time; but whether there

I cannot rightly say, But since King Pericles,

My wedded lord, I ne er shall see again, A vestal livery will I take me to,  $oldsymbol{\Lambda}$ nd never more have joy.

Ger. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,

Diana's temple is not distant far,

Where you may abide till your date expire. Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all; Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. | E.venut.

## ACT IV.

And not as given. This so darks In Philoten all graceful marks That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  $\Lambda$  present murderer does prepare For good Marina, the her daughter Might stand peerless by this slaughter. The sooner her vile thoughts to stead, Lychorida, our muse, is dead : And cursed Dionyza hath The pregnant instrument of wrath Prest for this blow. The unborn event I do commend to your content: Only I carry winged time Post on the lame feet of my rhyme; Which never could I so convey, Unless your thoughts went on my way,—— 50 Dionyza doth appear, With Leonine, a murderer. Exit.

Gower. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre, Welcom'd and settled to his own desire, His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,

Unto Diana there a votaress. Now to Marine bend your mind, Whom our fast growing scene must find

At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd In music, letters; who hath gain'd Of education all the grace,

Which makes her both the heart and place in Of general wonder. But, alack! That monster envy, oft the wrack Of carned praise, Marina's life Seeks to take off by treason's knife,

And in this kind bath our Cleon One daughter, and a wench full grown, Even ripe for marriage-rite: this maid Hight Philoten; and it is said For certain in our story, she

Would ever with Marina be: Be 't when she weav'd the sleided silk With fingers long, small, white as milk;

Or when she would with sharp needle wound The cambrie, which she made more sound By hurting it; or when to the lute She sung, and made the night-bird unite, That still records with moan: or when

She would with rich and constant pen Vail to her mistress Dian; still This Philoten contends in skill

With absolute Marina: so With the dove of Paphos might the crow Vie feathers white. Marina gets All praises, which are paid as debts,

Scene I. Thursus. An Open Place near the Seashore.

Enter Dionyza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:

T is but a blow, which never shall be known. Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon, To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,

20 Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,

Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here

She comes weeping for her only mistress' | eath.

Thou art resolv'd

Leon. 1 am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers,

Mar. No. 1 will rob Tellus of her weed. To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues.

The purple violets, and marigolds.

Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave.

While summer-days do last. Ah me, poor maid!

Born in a tempest, when my mother died, This world to me is like a lasting storm, Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone!

How chance my daughter is not with you!

Consume your blood with sorrowing: you

A nurse of me. Lord! bow your favour's chang'd

With this improfitable woe! Come,

Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.

Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,

And it pierces and sharpens the stomach, \_\_\_\_\_ Come.

Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her, Mar. No. 1 pray you:

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dian. Come, come :

I love the king your father, and yourself,

With more than foreign heart. We every

Expect him here: when he shall come, and find

Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage:

Blame both my lord and me, that we have

No care to your best courses. Go. I pray you: Walk, and be cheerful once again: reserve @ That excellent complexion, which did steal. The eyes of young and old. Care not for me; I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;

But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.—

Walk half an hour, Leoning, at the least, Remember what I have said.

Lean. I warrant you, madam.

Dior. I li leave you, my sweet lady, for a
while

Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood: What! I must have care of you,

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.

Exit Dioxyza.

Is the wind westerly that blows!

Lean. South-west, a

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north,

Leon. Was 't so ... Mar. My father, as murse said, did never

Mar. My father, as muse said, did never fear,

But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling

His kingly hands with haling of the ropes; And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this!

Mar. When I was born:

Never were waves nor wind more violent :  $\omega$  And from the ladder tackle washes off

A canvas climber, "" Ha !" says one, "wilt out U"

And with a dropping industry they skip From stem to stern; the boatswain whistles,

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come; say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you!

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,

I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious.

For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn

To do my work with haste,

Mac. Why will you kill me?

Lean. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill d?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,

I never did her hurt in all my life.

I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn To any living creature: believe me, la,

I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:

I trod upon a worm against my will, But I wept for it. How have I offended,

Wherein my death might yield her any profit, Or my life imply her any danger!

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do't.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately. When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:

Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so how:

Your hely seeks my life; come you between, And save poor me, the weaker.

Lean, I am sworn, And will despatch, [Sizes her.

#### Enter Pirates.

1 Pir. Hold, villain! [LEONINY rwas away.

2 Pir. A prize! a prize!

3 Pir. Half part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

| Evenut Pirates with MARINA.

#### Science 11. Near the Same.

## Enter LEONINE.

Leon. These reguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go: There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,

And thrown into the sea. But I'll see Boult, further;

Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,

Not carry her abourd. If she remain,

Scine III.- Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Box 13.

Pand, Boult!

Boult. Sir!

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants; we lost too much a money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Band. We were never so much out of a creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good; as rotten.

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Boned. Thou say'st true: 't is not the bringing up of poor bastards,--as I think, I have brought up some eleven

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market l Barel. What eise, man l. The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the littlebaggage.

Bortt. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. [Evit.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Based. Why to give over, I pray you t is it a shaunc to get when we are old t

Pand. O! our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, it were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bard. Come, other sorts effend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! and and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes. Boult...

Reenter BOVET, Sith the Pirates and MARINA.

Boult. [To MARINA.] Come your ways, My masters, you say she's a virgin t = t Piv. O, sir! we doubt it not.

Boott. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like ber, so; if not, I have lost my carnest.

Barrd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her ne refused.

Band. What's her price, Boult? So Boult. I cannot be baited one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take ber in: instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[Execut Pander and Pirates.]

Band. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry, "He that will give most, shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [Exit. Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates

(Not enough barbarous) had not o'erboard! thrown me

For to seek my mother!

Band. Why lament you, pretty one!

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baued, Come, the gods have done their tupon you. part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault.

To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Band, Ay, and you shall live in pleasure. Mar. No.

Bard, Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well: you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your cars! Mar. Are you a woman!

Bard. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman !

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman. Bard. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you, Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you [ by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up, Boult's returned.

#### Resenter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market!; Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs: I have drawn ber picture with my voice.

Bared. And, I prythee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort!

Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testa-There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bard. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bard. Who! Monsieur Veroles! Boult Ay: he offerd to cut a caper at

and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bard. Well, well; as for him, he brought hi: disease hither: here he does but repair it. Uknew, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his rowns in the sun.

Boult, Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bard. To Marina. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming Mark me : you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. Burd. You are light into my hands, where To weep that you live as ye do, makes pity in your lovers: seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. Ol take her home, mistress, take her home; these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Board. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with s: | shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult, 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,-

Bard. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so !

Burd. Who should deny it! Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bard. Boult, spend (bou that in the town : report what a sojonrner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore, say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult, I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to night.

Bard. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. Diana, aid my purpose!

Bard. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us!

the proclamation; but he made a groun at it, Scene IV, ...Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

#### Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone!

Cle. O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dion. I think,

You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth, I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!

Whom thou hast poison'd too.

If thou had'st drank to him, 't had been a kindness

Becoming well thy fact: what caust thou say, When noble Pericles shall demand his child? Dim. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; T'll say so. Who can cross it t

Unless you play the pious innocent, And, for an honest attribute, cry out, "She died by foul play."

Cle. O! go to. Well, well, Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods

Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence, And open this to Pericles. I do shame To think of what a noble strain you are, And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding Who ever but his approbation added, Though not his prime consent, he did not flow From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then; Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead.

Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. She did distain my child, and stood between Her and her fortunes; none would look on her.

But east their gazes on Marina's face; Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin. Not worth the time of day. It piere'd me thorough;

And though you call my course immatural, You not your child well loving, yet I find, It greets me as an enterprise of kindness, Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Clc. Heavens forgive it!
Dion. And as for Pericles.

What should be say? We wept after her hearse,

And yet we mourn: her monument Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs In glittering golden characters express A general praise to her, and care in us At whose expense 't is done.

Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face.

Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously

Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies:

But yet, I know, you'll do as I advise.

[Exeunt.

Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Thursus.

Gov. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short; Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;

Making (to take your imagination)

From bourn to bourn, region to region. By you being pardou'd, we commit no crime To use one language, in each several clime, Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,

The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,

Old Helicanus goes along behind. Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought

This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought, So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone. Likes motes and shadows see them move awhile;

Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile,

#### Dumb-show,

Enter Pericles, with his Train, at one door; Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb of Marina; whereat Pericles makes lumentation, puts on sackeloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gov. See, how belief may suffer by foul show!

This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;

And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd.

With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershow'r'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears

Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs; He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears so A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, And yet he rides it out. Now please you

The epitaph is for Marina writ By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on MARINA'S monument.

The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year:
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter.
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she call'd: and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'
the earth:

Therefore the earth, jearing to be o'crflow'd, Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:

Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stirt)

Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villainy. So well as soft and tenerer flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be urdered.

By Lady Fortune: while our scene must play. His daughter's woo and heavy well-a-day, 100. In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen.

Exit.

Scene V.—Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen,

1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like !

2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall's go hear the vestals sing?

I Gent. I'll do anything now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.

[Execut.]

Scene VI.—The Same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fic. fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation: we must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Bodt. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Band, 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on 't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysinachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the prevish baggage would but giv way to customers.

#### Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities!

Band. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!
Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon!

Band. We have here one, sir, if she would but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what't is to

say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prythee?

Boult. O, sir! I can be modest. 50
Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd,

no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

#### Enter Marina.

Band. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never placked yet, I can assure you.—Is she not a fair creature!

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us. Band. I beseech your honour, give me leave, a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech vou, do.

Band. [To MARINA.] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. 1 do desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bard. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bard. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly t. He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bard. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

Lys. Go thy ways. [Exenut Band, Pander, and Boult.] Now, protty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this pro-

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven!

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't! I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am !

Mar. Who is my principal!

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets is seed and roots of shame and iniquity. Oder you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place:

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;

If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this! how's this!—Some more:
- be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle
fortune

Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,

Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird

That flies i' the purer air!

Lys.

I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er
dream'd thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:

Persever in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar.

Lys. For me, be you thoughten multiply. That I came with no ill intent; for to me. The very doors and windows savour vilely. Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training light been noble, Hold, here's more gold for thee.

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,

That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost

Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

#### Refeater Boult.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou dammed door keeper! Your house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it, would Sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [Exit.

Book. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me! 129 Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

## Re- nter Bawá.

Barrd. How now! what's the matter!
Boult. Worse and worse, mistress: she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bard. O, abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bard. Marry, hang her up for ever! 100 Bordt. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his

prayers, too.

Band. Bonh, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Band, She conjures: away with her! 'Would she had never come within my doors! -Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. -Will you not go the way of women kind! Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! Exit.

Boolt. Come, mistress; come your way with

Mar. Whither will thou have me!

Bondt. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What caust thou wish thine enemy to be!

Boult, Why, I could sish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these arc so bad as thon

Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold st a place, for which the pained'st tiend

Of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the danned door keeper to every Coystril, that comes inquiring for his Tib; To the choleric fisting of every rogue Thy car is liable; thy food is such As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do! go to the wars, would you! where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not

enough money in the end to buy him a wooder.

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest, Empty

Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth: Serve by indenture to the common lang-

Any of these ways are yet better than this: For what then professest, a baboon, could be speak,

Would own a name too dear. That the gods

Would safely deliver me from this place! Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast:

And I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will

Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of !

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again.

And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house,

Boolt. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Max. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore, I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come: 1'll do for thee what I can: come your ways. Eccunt

### ACT V.

## Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and She gives the cursed bawd. chances

Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances As goddess-like to her admired lays.

Deep clerks she dambs; and with her needle composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,

That even her art sisters the natural roses: Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry: That pupils lacks she none of noble race,

Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain Here we her

place,

And to her father turn our thoughts again, Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost,

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd

Here where his daughter dwells; and on this

Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies, His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense; And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20 In your supposing once more put your sight Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark: Where, what is done in action, more, if might, Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and hark. | E.rit.

SCENE I. On board Penches' ship, off Mity- A Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Percens within it, reclining on a coach. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Scilors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.] Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

O. here he is.

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene, And in it is Lysimachus, the governor, Who craves to come aboard. What is your will !

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

#### Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call !

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard: I pray, greet them Gentlemen and Sailors descend, fairly. and go on board the barge.

Enter, from thence, Lysimacius and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can in aught you would Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, And die as I would do.

You wish me well. 1.ys. Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs.

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us.

I made to it to know of whence you are. Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king; A man, who for this three months hath not spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance, But to protogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distempera-

Hel. "I would be too tedious to repeat; But the main grief springs from the loss Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him !
Hel. You may;

But bootless is your sight: he will not speak

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [Pericles discovered.] This was a goodly person,

Till the disaster that, one mortal night, Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail, royal si

Hel. It is in vain: he will not speak to

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,

Would win some words of him.

'T is well bethought. She, questionless, with her sweet harmony, And other choice attractions, would allure, And make a buttery through his deafen'd parts,

Which now are midway stopp'd: She is all happy as the fair'st of all, And with her fellow-maids is now upon The leafy shelter that abuts against The island's side.

> Whispers one of the attendant Lords. Erit Lord.

Hel. Sure, all effectless: yet nothing we'll

That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech

That for our gold we may provision have, Wherein we are not destitute for want, But weary for the staleness.

O, sir, a courtesy. Which if we should deny, the most just gods

For every graff would send a caterpiltar,

And so inflict our province,-Yet once

Let me entreat to know at large the cause 60 Of your king's sorrow.

Sit, sir, I will recount it to you ;--But see, I am prevented.

Re-enter Lord, with MARINA and a young Lady.

Lys. O! here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair
one!—

Is 't not a goodly presence !

Hel. She's a gallant lady, Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd

She came of gentle kind, and noble stock, 1'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty Expect even here, where is a kingly patient; If that thy prosperous and artificial feat the Can draw him but to answer thee in aught, Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use My utmost skill in his recovery, provided That none but I and my companion maid Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her, And the gods make her prosperous!

MARINA sings.

Mark'd he your music t :

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend car.

Per. Hune! ha!

Mar. I am a sauid.

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,

But hath been goz'd on like a comet : she speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hack endur'd a grief Might—equal—yours,—if—both were—justly weigh'd.

Though wayward fortune did malign my state.

My derivation was from ancestors

Who steed equivalent with mighty kings: But time hath rooted out my parentage, 20 And to the world and awkward casualties Bound me in servitude, [Aside,] 1 will

desist: \*
But there is something glows upon my cheek.

And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till be speak."

Per. My fortunes--parentage -good pa-•rentage -

To equal mine! -- was it not thus! what say you!

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so...-Pray you, turn your yes upon me.—

You are like something that What countrywoman?

Here of these shores!

Mar. No, nor of any shores :

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am No other than I appear.

Per. 1 am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one

My daughter might have been; my queen's square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand like straight; As silver voic'd; her eyes as jewel like,

As silver voice; her eyes as jewer like, And eas'd as richly; in pace another Juno;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do you live t

Mar. Where I am but a stranger; from the deck

You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred t And how achiev'd you these endowments, which

You make more rich to owe!

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem

Lake lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee, speak : Falseness cannot come from thee, for thos

Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace. For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I'll believe thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation to points that seem impossible; for thou look'st

Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends!

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back (Which was when I perceiv'd thee), that thou cam'st

From good descending t

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury, And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,

If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing r I said, and said no more but what my thoughts

Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story:
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I

Extremity out of act. What were thy A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me; friends 7

How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by You think me an impostor: no, good faith;

Mar. My name is Marina.

O! I am mock'd, And thou by some incensed god sent hither To make the world to laugh at me.

Patience, good sir,

Or here I'll cease,

Nay, I'll be patient. Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me, To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The mane

Was given me by one that had some power; My father, and a king.

How! a king's daughter! Per. And call'd Marina?

You said you would believe me; But, not to be a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

But are you flesh and blood! Have you a working pulse! and are no fairy !--

Motion ! Well; speak on. Where were you born?

And wherefore call'd Marina!

Call'd Marina. Mar.

For I was born at sea.

At sea! what mother? Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king; Who died the minute I was born,

As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

Deliver'd weeping.

O! stop there a little. [Aside.] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep

Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be. My daughter's buried. --Well: --where were you bred I

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,

And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn to believe me; 't were best I did give o'er.

Per. 1 will believe you by the syllable Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave :---

How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me,

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,

Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look | Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd in Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,

Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,

Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,

130 I am the daughter to King Pericles,

If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus? Hel. Calls my lord!

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,

Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst, What this maid is, or what is like to be,

That thus bath made me weep !

I know not; but Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene, Speaks nobly of her. She never would tell

Her parentage; being demanded that, She would sit still and weep,

Per. O Helicanus! strike me, honour'd sir; Give me a gash, put me to present pain; Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me, O'erbear the shores of my mortality,

And drown me with their sweetness, O! come hither.

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget; Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus, And found at sea again.—O Helicanus!

Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as . loud

As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.— What was thy mother's name t tell me but

For truth can never be confirmed enough, Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, What is your title?

Per. I am Perieles of Tyre: but tell me-

My drown'd queen's name (as in the rest you said

Thou hast been godlike perfect), thou 'rt heir of kingdoms,

And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter,

To say, my mother's name was Thaisa? Thaisa was my mother, who did end The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.

Give me fresh garments! Mine own, Helicanus;

She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,

By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all; When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,

She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melanchoiy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. 1 embrace you. Give me my robes: 1 am wild in my behold

O heavens, bless my girl! But hark! what

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him

O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,

How sure you are my daughter. But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres! List, my Marina,

Lys. It is not good to cross him: give him

way.

Per. Rarest sounds! "Do ye not hear t Lys. My lord, I hear. [Music, Per. Most heavenly music: It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [Sleeps, Lys. A pillow for his head.

[The curtain before the parilion of

Pericles is closed.
So, leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,

If this but answer to my just belief, I'll well remember you.

[Execut Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and attendant Lady.

#### Scene II.- The Same.

Pericles on the deck asleep: Diana appearing to him in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,

Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call, •

And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

Do it, and happy, by my silver bow! Awake, and tell thy dream. [Disappears.

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine, up I will obey thee!— Helicanus!

Enter Lysimachus, Helicanus, and Marina.

Hel. Sir t

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike

The inhospitable Cleon; but I am

For other service first: toward Ephesus Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell theewhy.

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore, And give you gold for such provision As our intents will need t

Lys. Sir,

With all my heart; and when you come ashore,

I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail.

Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. | Exemut.

Per. Come, my Marina. | Eccent. Enter Gowen, before the Temple of DIANA at

Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylen,
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise

Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,

And wishes fall out as they 're will'd. At Ephesus, the temple see,

Our king, and all his company. That he can hither come so soon, Is by your fancy's thankful doom.

Exit.

Scene III.—The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles, with his Train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,

I here confess myself the King of Tyre; Who, frighted from my country, did wed, At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth

A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess! Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus Was nurs'd with Cleon, whom at fourteen years

He sought to murder: but her better stars Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid abourd us,

Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she

Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour:—You are, you are O royal Pericles!--

[Faints.

Per. What means the woman? she dies:

Per. What means the woman? she dies: help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true, This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no:

1 threw her overboard with these very

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. "T is most eertain.

Cer. Look to the lady.—O! she's but overjoy'd.

Early in blust'ring morn this lady was Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,

Whither I invite you, Look! Thaisa is Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity

Will to my sense bend no licentious ear. But curb it, spite of seeing. Like him you speak.

Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,

A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better. When we with tears parted Pentapolis, The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness

Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,

That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O! come, be
buried

A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to THAISA.

Per. Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy
flesh, Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina, For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute:

Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. "T was Helicanus then. Per. Still confirmation!

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he. Now do I long to near how you were found, How possibly preserv'd, and whom to thank, Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

. Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir, ∞
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord:
'Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with
her:

How she came placed here in the temple; No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision; I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your
daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now, This ornament,

Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no 'razor touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,

My father 's dead.

Per. Heavens, make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and our- Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at

Will in that kingdom spend our following - days:

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign. Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay, To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead's the way. E.ceunt.

## Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus, and his daughter, you have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward: In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen, Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen.

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,

In Helicanus may you well descry A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty. In reverend Cerimon there well appears The worth that learned charity aye wears. For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn; That him and his they in his palace burn. The gods for murder seemed so content To punish them,-although not done, but meant.

So on your patience evermore attending, New joy wait on you! Here our play has

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

# DRAMATIS PERSONE.

PRIAM, King of Troy. HECTOR, Tronus, Paris, DEIPHOBUS, ELENUS, ÆNEAS, | Trojan Commanders. Antenor, ( Calchas, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks. Pandarus, Uncle to Cressida. Margarelon, a Bastard Son of Priam. Agamemnon, the Greeian General. Menelaus, his Brother. Achilles, Achilles, Commanders,  $\Lambda_{JAX}$ ,

ULYSSES, NESTOR, Grecian Commanders. Diomedes, Patroclus, Thersites, a deformed and scarrilous Grecian. ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida. Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus. Andromache, Wife to Hector. Cassandra, Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess. Cressida, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Gre k Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE - Troy, and the Grecien Camp.

#### PROLOGUE.

In Troy there lies the scene, Greece The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd, ! Have to the port of Athens sent their ships, Fraught with the ministers and instruments Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is. On one and other side, Trojan and Greek. made, To ransack Troy, within whose immures The ravish'd Helen, Menclaus' queen, With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel. To Tenedos they come, And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge

From Isles of | The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city, Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Trojan, And Antenorides, with massy staples And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts, Sperr up the sons of Troy. Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits = :0 Sets all on hazard.—And hither am I come strong A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence . Of author's pen, or actor's voice, but suited In like conditions as our argument,—— To tell you, fair beholders, that our play Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,

Beginning in the middle; starting thence away To what may be digested in a play. Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are: . Now good, or bad, 't is but the chance of war.

#### ACT I.

Scene I.—Troy. Before PRIAM's Palace. Enter Troiles armed, and Pandarus. Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again: Why should I war without the walls of Troy,

Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan

plains

That find such cruel battle here within? Each Trojan that is master of his heart, Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant:

But I am weaker than a woman's tear, Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance, Less valight that the virgin in the night,

And skilless as unpractis'd infancy. Pan. Well, I have told you enough of

this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not turried?

tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting: but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er

Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do. 30 At Priam's royal table do 1 sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,-

So, traitor !—when she comes !—When is she thence ?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else. 'Tro. I was about to tell thee:—when my heart.

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain, Lest Hector or my father should perceive me, I have (as when the sun doth light a storm) Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness.

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women ;-but, for my part, she is my kinswoman: I would not, as they term it, praise her; -but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but-

Tro. O Pondarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,-

When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie | When with your blood you daily paint her drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair: Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart

> Her eves, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice ;

> Handlest in thy discourse, O! that her hand, In whose comparison all whites are ink,

> Writing their own reproach; to whose soft scizure

The eygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense

Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st me,

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love

But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,

Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me

The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pen, 'Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. her be as she is: if she be fair, 't is the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pan-

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between, and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care 13 1 care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 't is all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father: let her to the Greeks, and so I'll tell her the next time I see 'en For my part, I'll meddle nor make as more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,-

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus, -

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me! I will leave all as I found it, and ther an [Exit PANDARUS. An Alarum. end.

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a'subject for my sword. But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar; And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo, As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love, What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we? Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl: Between our Hium and where she resides, Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood; Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

## Alarum. Enter ENEAS.

Line. How now, Prince Troilus? wherefore not afield!

Tro. Because not there; this woman's answer sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

.Enc. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, ZEneas!

.Euc. Troilus, by Menelaus. Tro. Let Paris bleed: 't is but a sear to

scorn; Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum.

.Euc. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day! Tro. Better at home, if "'would I might"

were "may."—
But to the sport abroad:—are you bound thither?

.Enc. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.

## Scene II. -The Same. A Street.

## Enter Cressida and Alexander.

Cres. Who were those went by !

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they !

Alex. Up to the eastern tower, Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patienco Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;

And, like as there were husbandry in war, Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light, And to the field goes he; where every flower Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw to In Hector's wrath. Cres. What was his cause of anger Alex. The noise goes, this: there is anon the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Heather They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of am Alex. They say he is a very man for se,

And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; un they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex: This man, lady, has probbed many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of everything; but everything so out of joint, that he is a gonty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

# Enter PANDARUS,

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of !— Good morrow, Alexander.— How do you, cousin! When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Hiem? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.
Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come be behind him; let them take heed of the behind him; let them that too.

Oces. What, is he angry too?

Who ! Troilus! Troilus is the better the two.

What, not between Troilus and Hector! Do you know a man if you see him!

Cres. Ay I I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, Tsay, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'T is just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would be were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—
'Would'a were himself! Well, the gods are
above; time must friend, or end. Well,
Troilus, well,—I would, my heart-were in her
body!—No, Hector is not a better man than
Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. "T would not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus. for a brown favour (for so 't is, I must confess)—not brown neither—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is

higher than his: he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves

him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed. In Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window;—and, you know, he has not passed three or four hairs on his chin,—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him:—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 't is dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O! he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O! yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would cut chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin:—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confers—

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing: Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With millstones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes :—did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

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Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here's but two-and-fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. "Two-and-lifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons."—"Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?"—"The forked one," quoth he; "pluck't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now, for it has been a great

while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday, think on 't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 't is true: he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

Cros. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here; here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by, but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

#### MINEAS passes over the stage.

Pan. That's Æneas. Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anou.

Cres. Who's that?

#### Antenor passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will be give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

## HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that, there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector.—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks; there's a countenance. Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O! a brave man.

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you youder, do you see? look you there. There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

## Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords? anything, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris; yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece: is't not a gallant man too, is't not!—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now.—You shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

## Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus.—1 marvel, where Troilus is.—That's Helenus.—1 think he went not forth to-day.—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle's

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel, where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

('res. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

#### Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus.
---Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!
---Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace! for shame; peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him. — O brave
Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look
you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm
more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks,
and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he
ne'er saw three and-twenty. Go thy way,
Troilus, go thy way: had I & sister were a
grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take
his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—
Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen,
to change, would give an eye to boot.

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Soldiers pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran: porridge after meat. I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles ! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, — for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

# Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come.

I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by-and-by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.—
[Exit Pandarus.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice, He offers in another's enterprise;
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see,
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the
doing:

That she below'd knows nought, that knows not this,...

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
Therefore, this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear.

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.

Scene III.—The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.

Sennet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, and others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and
disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls
stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you
princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works, And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and
coward.

The wise and fool, the artist and unread, The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin: But, in the wind and tempest of her frown, Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan, Puffing at all, winnows the light away; And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue, and unningled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike
seat.

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being
smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail Upon her patient breast, making their way With those of nobler bulk? But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage

The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid moun-

tains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,

Bounding between the two moist elements, Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled, Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide

In storms of fortune: for, in her ray and brightness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the breese Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, 50 And flies fled under shade, why then, the thing of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathise,

And with an accent tun'd in selfsame key, Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of
Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit, In whom the tempers and the minds of all Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks. Besides the applause and approbation The which,—[to AGAMEMNON] most mighty

for thy place and sway,— 60
[To NESTOR] And thou most reverend for

[To NESTOR] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—

I give to both your speeches, which were such,

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece Should hold up high in brass; and such again,

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver, Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-

On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears

To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please boti,—

Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless barden,

Divide thy lips, than we are confident, When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws, We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being
vizarded,

The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask. The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre.

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, is all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad; but when the
planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what
mutiny,

What raging of the sea, shaking of earth, Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O! when degree is
shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,

The enterprise is sick. How could communities.

Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities, Peaceful commerce from dividable shores, The primogenitive and due of birth, Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels, But by degree, stand in authentic place, Take but degree away, untune that string, And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets

In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores, And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father
dead:

Force should be right; or, rather, right and

(Between whose endless jar justice resides) Should lose their names, and so should justice

Then everything includes itself in power, Power into will, will into appetite; And appetite, an universal wolf, So doubly seconded with will and power, Must make perforce an universal prey, And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon, This chaos, when degree is suffocate, Follows the choking. And this neglection of degree it is, That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose It hath to climb. The general 's disdain'd By him one step below; he, by the next; isc That next, by him beneath: so, every step, Exampled by the first pace that is sick Of his superior, grows to an envious fever Of pale and bloodless emulation: And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot, Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length, Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here dis-

The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of this sickness found,
Ulysses,

What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion

The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus,

Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and awkward action (Which, slanderes, he imitation calls)

He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamem-

Thy topless deputation he puts on; And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich To hear the wooden dialogue and sound Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-

Such to be pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'T is like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquar'd,

Which, from the tongue of rouring Typhon dropp'd, 160
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff, The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling, From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;

Cries—"Excellent!—'t is Agamemnon just.— Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard.

As he, being dress'd to some oration."
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels,—as like as Vulcan and his wife;
Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
T is Nestor right! Now play him me,

Patroclus, 170
Arming to answer in a night alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and
spit.

And with a pulsy, fumbling on his gorget, Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,

Sir Valour dies; cries, "O!—enough, Patroclus;

Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for those two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain (Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns With an imperial voice) many are infect. Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head In such a rein, in full as proud a place As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him; Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,

Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a
mint)

To match us in comparisons with dirt:
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;

Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental
parts,—
20

That do contrive how many hands shall strike,

When fitness calls them on, and know, by measure

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,

Why, this hath not a finger's dignity. They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war: So that the ram, that batters down the

For the great swing and rudeness of his poise, They place before his hand that made the

Or those that with the fineness of their souls By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse

[A tucket. Makes many Thetis' Eras. What trumpet? look, Menclaus. Men. From Troy.

#### Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent? Euc. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Enc. May one, that is a herald and a prince,

Do a fair message to his kingly ears? Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles'

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice

Call Agamemnon head and genera...

Line. Fair leave, and large security. How may

A stranger to those most imperial looks Know them from eyes of other mortals? Agam.How!

Enc. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence, And bid the cheek be ready with a blush, Modest as morning when she coldly eyes The youthful Phaebus.

Which is that god in office, guiding men? 200 Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon? Agam. This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

.Enc. Courtiers as free, as debonair, un-

As bending angels: that 's their fame in peace; But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls.

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord.

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas, Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips. The worthiness of praise disdains his worth, If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth,

But what the repining enemy commends, That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æness ?

Enc. Ay, Greek, that is my name. Agam. What's your affair, I pray you? Ene. Sir, pardon, 't is for Amemnon's

Ayam. He hears nought privately that. comes from Troy.

Ene. Nor I from Troy came not to whisper

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear; To set his sense on the attentive bend. And then to speak.

Speak frankly as the wind.  $\Lambda$  gam. It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour: That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake, He tells thee so himself.

Trumpet, blow loud. Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents:

And every Greek of mettle, let him know, What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud. Trumpet sounds.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,) Who in this dull and long-continued truce 261 Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet, And to this purpose speak.—Kings, princes, lords!

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece, That holds his honour higher than his

That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;

That knows his valour, and knows not his

That loves his mistress more than in confession

(With truant vows to her own lips he loves), And dare avow her beauty and her worth 270 In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks, Shall make it good, or do his best to do it, He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer, Than ever Greek did compass in his arms; And will to-morrow with his trumpet call, Midway between your tents and walls of

Troy, To rouse a Grecian that is true in love: If any come, Hector shall honour him;

If none, he'll say in Troy, when he fetires, The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not

The splinter of a lance. Even so much. Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æncas ;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,

We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove, That means not, hath not, or is not in love! If then one is, or hath, or means to be, That one meets Hector; if none else, I am

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a . man

When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;

But if there be not in our Grecian host One noble man, that hath one spark of fire To-answer for his love, tell him from me, I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver, And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn; And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady

Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste

As may be in the world. His youth in flood,

I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of
blood.

Enc. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand:

To our pavilion shall I lead you first.

Achilles shall have word of this intent;

So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:

Yourself shall feast with us before you go, And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[Execut all but Ulysses and Nestor. Uluss. Nestor.—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This't is:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride,

That hath to this maturity blown up In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd, Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil, To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant
Hector sends, 20

However it is spread in general name, Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up: And, in the publication, make no strain, But that Achilles, were his brain as barren As banks of Libya, (though, Apollo knows, 'T is dry enough,) will, with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 't is most meet: who may you else oppose,

That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful
combat,

Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me,
Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd In this wild action; for the success, Although particular, shall give a scantling 360 Of good or bad unto the general; And in such indexes (although small pricks To their subsequent volumes) there is seen The baby figure of the giant mass Of things to come at large, It is suppos'd, He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice: And choice, being mutual act of all our souls, Makes merit her election, and doth boil, As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd Out of our virtues; who miscarrying, What heart receives from hence the conquering part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves? Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments, In no less working, than are swords and bows Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech:—
Therefore 't is meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show
Shall show the better. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should wear with him:

But he already is too insolent;

And we were better parch in Afric sun, man and in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes, Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,

Why, then we did our main opinion crush In taint of our best man. No; make a lottery,

And by device let blockish Ajax draw

The sort to fight with Hector: among our-! That we have better men.

Give him allowance as the worthier man, For that will physic the great Myrmidon, Who broils in loud applause; and make him

His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.

If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off, We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail, Yet go we under our opinion still,

But, hit or miss, Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,-

Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes. Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice;

And I will give a taste of it forthwith . To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.

Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone so Must tarre the mastiffs on, as t were their bone. Exeunt.

## ACT II.

## Scene I. Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

## Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had biles? full, all over, generally ?

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. And those biles did run?—Say so, —did not the general run then I were not that a botchy core !

Ajax. Dog:

Ther. Then would come some matter from him: I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, caust thou not [Strikes him. hear? Feel then.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinnewedst leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou! a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think. Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another. It for, whosever you take him to be, he is

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every zour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at

Proscrpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajar. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [Beating him. Ther. .Do. do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy keel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [Beating him. Ther. Mars his idiot; do, rudeness; do,

camel; do, do.

## Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax ! wherefore do you this?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well! why, so I do.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself. Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax-

[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit-

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quartel !

Ajax. I hade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so;—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! \$0!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites, peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' | brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[Exit.

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd

through all our host :- -

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy.

To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that

Maintain--I know not what: 't is trush. Farewell.

Ajec. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not: it is put to lottery;

otherwise,

He knew his man.

Ajax, O! meaning you.—I will go learn more of it. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent.

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks: "Deliver Helen, and all damage else---

As honour, loss of time, travail, expense, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war— Shall be struck off."—Hector, what say you

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I.

As far as toucheth my particular, yet,

Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out—"Who knows what follows?"

Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go: Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours;

If we have lost so many tenths of ours, To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us, Had it our name, the value of one ten; What merit's in that reason, which denies The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie! my brother! Weigh you the worth and honour of a king, So great as our dread father, in a scale Of common ounces? will you with counters

The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,

Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd?—Nay, if we talk of

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour

Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect

Make livers pale, and lustihood deject. 50

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she loth cost

The holding.

Tro. What is aught but as 't is valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular
will:

It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of itself,
As in the prizer. 'T is mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit. 

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will:
My will enkindled by mine eyes and cars,

Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by
honour.

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant, When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands

We do not throw in unrespective sink,

Because we now are full. It was thought meet.

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:

Your breath of full consent bellied his sails; The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,

And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;

And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl, Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand shirs.

And turned crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went
(As you must needs, for you all cried—"Go,
go").

If you'll confess he brought home noble prize (As you must needs, for you all chapp'd your hands,

And cried—"Inestimable!"), why do you now

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate, And do a deed that fortune never did, Beggar the estimation which you priz'd Richer than sea and land? O theft most base, That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep! But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n, That in their country did than that disgrace, We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?
Tro. 'T is our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans! Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

100

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry, Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes A moiety of that mass of moan to come. Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand; Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. 110 Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe! Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains

Of divination in our sister work Some touches of remorse? or is your blood So madly hot, that no discourse of reason, Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause, Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector, We may not think the justness of each act Such and no other than event doth form it; Nor once deject the courage of our minds, Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;
And Jove forbid, there should be done
amongst us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen

To fight for, and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity 130

As well my undertakings as your counsels; But, I attest the gods, your full consent Gave wings to my propension, and cut off All fears attending on so dire a project: For what, alas! can these my single arms? What propugnation is in one man's valour, To stand the push and enmity of those This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest, Were I alone to pass the difficulties, And had as ample power as I have will, I Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done, Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself The pleasures such a beauty brings with it; But I would have the soil of her fair rape Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.

What treason were it to the ransack'd queen, Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous be-

There's not the meanest spirit on our party, Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw, When Helen is defended; nor none so noble, Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,

Where Helen is the subject: then, I say, we less we fight for her, whom, we know well.

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both
said well;

And on the cause and question now in hand Have gloz'd,—but superficially; not much Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

The reasons you allege do more conduce To the hot passion of distemper'd blood, Than to make up a free determination

Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice Of any true decision. Nature craves, All dues be render'd to their owners: now, What nearer debt in all humanity Than wife is to the husband? If this law Of nature be corrupted through affection, And that great minds, of partial indulgence To their benumbed wills, resist the same, There is a law in each well-ordered nation, 180 To curb those raging appetites that are Most disobedient and refractory, If He in then be wife to Sparta's king, As it is known she is, these moral laws Of nature, and of nation, speak aloud To have her back return'd: thus to persist In doing wrong extenuates not wrong, But makes it much more heavy. opinion

Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless, My spritely brethren, I propend to you In resolution to keep Helen still; For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependance

Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:

Were it not glory that we more affected Than the performance of our heaving spleens, would not wish a drop of Trojan blood Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector, She is a theme of ponour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, so
Whose present courage may beat down our
foes.

And fame, in time to come, canonise us:

For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose

So rich advantage of a promis'd glory, As smiles upon the forchead of this action, For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus. —
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy
spirits.

I was advertis'd, their great general slept, Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

## Enter THERSITES.

Ther.' How now, Thersites? what! lost in the labyrinth of thy fury ! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst he railed 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then, there's Achilles, - -a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus! forget that thou art Jove the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little. little, less than-little wit from them that they have; which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons and cutting After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather, the Neapolitan boneache; for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and the devil Envy, say What, ho! my Lord Achilles!

#### Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who 's there? Thersites? Good — Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation; but it is no matter:

thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then, if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen, Where's Achilles?

Patr. What! art thon devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

## Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?
Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where !—Art thou come ! Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals ! Come, what 's Agamemnon !

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that knowest.

Achil. O! tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this, come.

Ther. Agamemon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool ?

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.

Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon.

Now, the dry serpigo on the subject, and wa and lechery confound all! [Exit.

Agam. Where's Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit. Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:

He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 't is pride: but why! why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord. [Taking AGAMEMNON aside.

Nest. What moves Aiax thus to bay at

him 7

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong counsel, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him?

## Re-enter Patroclus.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,

If anything more than your sport and pleasure

Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus.

We are too well acquainted with these answers;

But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to hear; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,

If you do say, we think him over-proud,
And under honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier
than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, That, if he overhold his price so much, say We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine

Not portable, lie under this report:—Bring action hither, this cannot go to war; A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [Exit.

Ayam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;

We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you. [Exit Ulysses. Ajax. What is he more than another? 140

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Ayam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How loth pride grow? I know not what pride

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud at up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [Aside.] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange!

#### Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field tomorrow. Agam. What's his excuse? He doth rely on Ulyss. none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why, will be not, upon our fair request,

Untent his person, and share the air with

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth Holds in his blood such swoln and hot dis-

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts, Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages, And batters 'gainst itself: what should I say? He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it

Cry-" No recovery."

Agam.Let Ajax go to him. - -Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent: 'T is said, he holds you well; and will be led, At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon! let it not be so. 170 We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord.

That bates his arrogance with his own seam, And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts, --- save such as do revolve And runinate himself, -shall be be worshipp'd

Of that we hold an idol more than he? No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd; Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit, As amply titled as Achilles is, 190

By going to Achilles:

That were to inlard his fat-already pride; And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder—"Achilles, go to him." Nest. [Aside.] O! this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. [Aside.] And how his silence drinks up this applause

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no! you shall not go.

Ajac. An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheese his pride.

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. [Aside.] How he describes himself! Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. [Aside.] The raven chides black-

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. [Aside.] He will be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,--

Ulyss. [Aside.] Wit would be out of fashion. Ajax. 'A should not bear it so, 'a should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. [Aside.] An 't would, you'd carry

Ulyss. [Aside.] 'A would have ten shares. Ajax. I will knead him; I will make him supple.

Nest. [Aside.] He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises. Pour in. pour in; his ambitien is dry.

Ulyss. [To AGAMBMNON.] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles,

Ulyss. Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 't is before his face; I will be silent.

Wherefore should you so? He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!

'Would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,— Ulyss. If he were proud.—

Dio. Or covetous of praise,-

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,-

Or strange, or self-affected! Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain, And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor;

Instructed by the antiquary times, He must, he is, he cannot but be wise; But pardon, father Nestor, were your days As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd, You should not have the eminence of him, 200 But be as Ajax.

Shall I call you father? Ajax. Nest. Ay, my good son.

Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax. Ulyss. There is no tarrying here: the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war; Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow, We must with all our main of power stand

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. E.reunt.

## ACT III.

Scene I .- Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word. Do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean.

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord. Pan. You depend upon a noble gentle-

man: I must needs praise him. Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not ?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better. I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles.—[Music within.] What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men

Serv. That's too't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida ?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sodden business: there's a steward phrase, indeed.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.-

Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance, -- Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir!-

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very

Par. Well said, my lord! Well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.-My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out:

we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant there in person; with him the mortal Venus, | with me. But, marry, thus, my lord.—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,-

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,-

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to: -- commends himself most affectionately to you. 70

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen,—i' faith,

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, -

Par. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand t where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord, ---

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.—You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no; no such matter, you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy!—Come, give me an instrument,—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helon. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead. 110

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [Sings.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh! love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sorr.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha! Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet load, who's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something:—you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit. | A retreat sounded.

Par. They're come from field: let us to Prium's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews: you shall do more Than all the island kings,—Disarm great

Hector.

Helen. "T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty, 160 Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

 $[\mathit{Excunt.}$ 

SCENE II .- The Same. PANDARUS' Orchard

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Nerv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

## Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O! here he comes.—How now, how

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O! be thou my Charon; And give me swift transportance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Propos'd for the deserver. O gentle Pandarus!
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted
wings,

And fly with me to Cressid.

Pun. Walk here i' the orchard. I'll bring her straight. [Exit.

Tro. I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enchants my sense. What will it be, When that the watery palate tastes indeed 21 Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me; Swounding destruction; or some joy too fine, Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness, For the capacity of my ruder powers. I fear it much; and I do fear besides, That I shall lose distinction in my joys;

That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

## Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready; she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse, And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encountering The eye of majesty.

## Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to

me.—What! are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.—Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 't were dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady. Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What! billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord? 60
Tro. O Cressida! how often have I wished

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant.—

O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason, stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O! let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the acc a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted; allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

## Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What! blushing still! have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I

dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

7'ro. You know now your hostages; your

uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.—

Prince Troilus I have lov'd

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,

For many weary months.

tongue:

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—Pardon me:—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it.—In faith, I lie: 120
My thoughts were like unbridled children,
grown

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not; And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man, Or that we women had men's privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence, 130

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, abbeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'T was not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd:—O heavens! what have I
done?—

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you; But an unkind self, that itself will leave, To be another's fool.—Where is my wit?

I would be gone.—I speak I know not what.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that
speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance my lord, I show more craft than love,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are
wise,

Or else you love not, for to be wise, and love, Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O! that I thought it could be in a woman,

(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind that that doth renew swifter than blood decays:
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.
C'res. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight!
When right with right wars who shall be most right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come, Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare, Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,— As true as steel, as plantage to the moon, As sun to day, as turtle to her mate, As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre, Yet, after all comparisons of truth, As truth's authentic author to be cited, As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse, And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of
Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up, And mighty states characterless are grated To dusty nothing; yet let memory,

From false to false, among false maids in love,

Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said, as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,

As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it: I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers between Pandars! say, Amen.

Tro. Amen. Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here

Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! 210 [Execut.

SCENE III .- The Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud To call for recompense. Appear it to your

That, through the sight I bear in things to come,

I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself, From certain and possess'd conveniences, To doubtful fortunes, sequestering from me all That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,

Made tame and most familiar to my nature; And here, to do you service, am become in As new into the world, strange, unacquainted: I do beseech you, as in way of taste,

To give me now a little benefit,

Out of those many register'd in promise, Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,

Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.

Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)

Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange, Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor,

I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great
princes,

And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence

Shall quite strike off all service I have done, In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him, 50 And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have

What he requests of us.—Good Diomed, Furnish you fairly for this interchange: Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 't is a burden

Which I am proud to bear.

Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:

Please it our general to pass strangely by him, As if he were forgot; and, princes all, — Lay negligent and loose regard upon him: I will come last, "T is like, he 'll question me, Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him: If so, I have derision medicinable, To use between your strangeness and his pride,

Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put

A form of strangeness as we pass along: -So do each lord; and either greet him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way. Achil. What! comes the general to speak with me?

You know my mind: I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would be aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[ Execut Agamemnon and Nestor.

Achil. Good day, good day. Men. How do you? how do you? Erit. Achil. What! does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus ! Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

[E.rit. Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles; To come as humbly as they us'd to creep To holy altars.

Achil. What! am I poor of late? 'T is certain, greatness, once fall'n out with

Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others, As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies.

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer, And not a man, for being simply man, Hath any honour; but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, and favour.

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers.

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too, Doth one pluck down another, and together Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out

Something not worth in me such rich beholdme

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses: I'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son! Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here Writes me: That man, how dearly ever parted,

How much in having, or without, or in, Cannot make boast to have that which he hath.

Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection; As when his virtues shining upon others Heat them, and they retort that heat again To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange. Ulysses. The beauty that is borne here in the face The bearer knows not, but commends itself To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself. That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself, Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd Salutes each other with each other's form: For speculation terms not to itself Till it hath travell'd, and is married there 110 Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position, It is familiar, but at the author's drift; Who in his circumstance expressly proves, That no man is the lord of anything, Though in and of him there be much consisting,)

Till he communicate his parts to others: Nor doth he of himself know them for aught Till he behold them form'd in the applause. Where they 're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates

The voice again; or, like a gate of steel Fronting the sun, receives and renders back His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;

And apprehended here immediately

The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse; That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use! What things, again, most dear in the esteem, And poor in worth! Now shall we see tomorrow--

An act that very chance doth throw upon him-

Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,

While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish Fortune's Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these! Grecian lords! Why, even
already

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder, As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast, And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by

As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me Good word nor look. What! are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back.

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion; A great siz'd monster of ingratitudes:

Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord.

Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant

For honour travels in a strait so narrow, Where one but goes abreast: keep then the

path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,

Lie there for pavement to the abject rear, O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours;

For time is like a fashionable host,

That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,

And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,

Grasps-in the comer: welcome ever smiles,

And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not
virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was; For beauty, wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service, Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,

That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things past,

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,

More laud than gilt o'er dusted.

The present eye praises the present object: 181

Then marvel not, thou great and complete man.

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax; Since things in motion sooner catch the eye, Than what not stirs. The ery went once on thee,

And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of
late.

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them-

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy

1 have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical.

T is known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

1chil. Ha! known

Tyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like
the gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles. There is a mystery (with whom relation Durst never meddle) in the soul of state, Which bath an operation more divine, Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to. All the commerce that you have had with

Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena;

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home,

When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—

"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down
him."

Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for
this:

They think, my little stomach to the war,

And your great love to me, restrains you thus.

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane, Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake; My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O: then beware:
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun,

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroelus.

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him To invite the Trojan lords, after the com-

To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in his weeds of peace; 30 To talk with him, and to behold his visage, Even to my full of view.—A labour soy d!

#### Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock; a stride, and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that liath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head, an't would out: and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break't himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, "Good morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, lan-

guageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achi. To him, Patroclus: tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et caetera. Do

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,-

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnou.

Ther. Agamemnon !

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make cathings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse, for that's the more capable creature.

Achil My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it. 200 [Execut Achilles and Patroclus.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it. I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [Exit.

#### ACT IV.

A Street. Scene I.—Troy.

Enter, at one side, ÆNKAS, and Servant, with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

Paris. See ho! who is that there? It is the Lord Æneas. Ene. Is the prince there in person !-Had I so good occasion to lie long, As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly

Should rob my bed-mate of my company. Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow,

Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:

Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told how Diomed, a whole week by days, Did haunt you in the field.

Health to you, valiant sir, During all question of the gentle truce; But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance, As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces. Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, health:

But when contention and occasion meet By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life, With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Ene. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will

With his face backward.—In humane gentle-

Welcome to Troy: now, by Anchises' life, Welcome, indeed. By Venus' hand I swear, No man alive can love, in such a sort,

The thing he means to kill, more excellently. Dio. We sympathise.—Jove, let Ænens live.

If to my sword his fate be not the glory, A thousand complete courses of the sun! But, in mine emulous honour, let him die, With every joint a wound, and that to-mor-

Zene. We know each other well. Dio. We do; and long to know each other

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting.

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of. — What business, lord, so early?

I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 't was to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him, For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid. Let's have your company; or, if you please, Haste there before us. I constantly do think, (Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge.)

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night: Rouse him, and give him note of our approach, With the whole quality wherefore: I fear, We shall be much unwelcome.

Ene. That I assure you: Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece, Than Cressid borne from Troy.

There is no help; Par. The bitter disposition of the time Will have 't so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Line. Good morrow, all. Lxit. Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true.

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,— Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most, Myself, or Menelaus?

Both alike: He merits well to have her, that doth seek her, Not making any scruple of her soilure, With such a hell of pain, and world of charge; And you as well to keep her, that defend her, Not palating the taste of her dishonour, With such a costly loss of wealth and friends: He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece; You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors: Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris :--

For every false drop in her bawdy veins A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple Of her contaminated carrion weight A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could

She hath not given so many good words breath, As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do, Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy; But we in silence hold this virtue well,-Enc. I was sent for to the king; but why, We'll not commend what we intend to sell. Here lies our way. Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Same. A Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter Troilus and Cressida,

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty
eyes,

And give as soft attachment to thy senses, As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald

crows,

And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,

I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love.

With wings more momentary-swift than thought,

You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry.—You men will never tarry.

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off, And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [Within.] What! are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will be be mocking:

I shall have such a life. --

#### Enter Pandarus.

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?—.

Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do,—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—what have I brought you to do? Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor

capocchia!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [Knocking.

Cres. Did not I tell you —'would he were knock'd o' the head!—-

Who is that at door? good uncle, go and

My lord, come you again into my chamber: You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd; I think of no such thing.— [Knocking. How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in:

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Execut Troilus and Cressida.

Pan. [Going to the door] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

## Enter ÆNEAS.

Enc. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth,

I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Enc. Is not Prince Troilus here?
Pan. Here! what should he do here?

*Ene.* Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:

It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 't is more than I know, I'll be sworn:—for mine own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Live. Who :—nay, then :—come, come, you 'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware. You 'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him; but yet go fetch him hither: go.

#### Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Ene. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash. There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Line. By Priam, and the general state of

Troy:

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me! 70 I will go meet them:—and, my Lord Æneas,

We met by chance; you did not find me here.

\*\*Ene. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[ Exeunt TROILUS and AENEAS.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

## Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? what is the matter? Who was here!

Pan. Ah! ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter!

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! -what's the matter!

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in. 'Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death. O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor.

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees

I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench; thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 't will be his death; 't will be his bane: he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

 Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,

As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood.

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can, But the strong base and building of my

love
Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it -1'll go in, and

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same, Before Pandarus' House,

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon.—Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently; And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar, and thy brother Troihus A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

Exit.

Par. I know what 't is to love;

And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help! —
Please you, walk in, my lords.

| Exerunt.

## Scene IV.—The Same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

#### Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I
moderate it!
If I could temporise with my affection,

Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief;
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious
loss.

## Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. — Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart,—us the goodly saying is,—

—O heart, heavy heart, Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart, By friendship nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need

of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a

purity,

That the bless'd gods—as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pun. Ay, ay, ay, ay : 't is too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from

Troy ?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What! and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents

Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath. We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious time now, with a robber's haste, a Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how: As many farewells as be stars in heaven, With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to

them,

He fumbles up into a loose adicu;

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss, Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

Enc. [Within.] My lord, is the lady ready?
Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say, the
Genius so

Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must die.

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? min, to lay
this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the
root!

[Ecit.

Cres. I must then to the Greeians?

Tro. No remedy. Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry

es. A worm Cressid mongst the me Greeks!

When shall we see again ?

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart,- --

Cres. 1 true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us:

I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee; For I will throw my glove to Death himself, That there's no naculation in thy heart; But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in My sequent protestation; be thou true, And I will see thee.

Cres. O! you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers

As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.

Tro. And I 'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels, To give thee nightly visitation. But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:

The Grecian youths are full of quality;
Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:

How novelties may move, and parts with person.

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy

(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin) so Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not. Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question, So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing, Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk, Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all, To which the Grecians are most prompt and

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant: But I can tell, that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb discoursive devil

That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will? Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not: And sometimes we are devils to ourselves, When we will tempt the frailty of our powers, Presuming on their changeful potency.

Ene. [Within.] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [Within.] Brother Troitus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither; And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you. Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault: Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion, I with great truth catch mere simplicity; Whilst some with cunning gild their copper

crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it. Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed. Here is the lady, Which for Antenor we deliver you: At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand, 110 And by the way possess thee what she is. Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek, If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword, Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe, As Priam is in Ilion.

Fair Lady Cressid, Dio. So please you, save the thanks this prince

expects:

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek, Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,

To shame the seal of my petition to thee, In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece, She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises, As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant. I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;

For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost

Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard, I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O! be not mov'd, Prince Troilus. 1 Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,

To be a speaker free: when I am hence, I'll answer to my lust; and know you, lord, I 'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth She shall be priz'd; but that you say-be't so, I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, --- no.

Tro. Come, to the port. -1'll tell thee, Diomed.

This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.--

Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk, To our own selves bend we our needful talk. [Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes. Trumpet sounded.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

How have we spent this morning! The prince must think me tardy and remiss, That swore to ride before him to the field. 141

Par. 'T is Troilus' fault. Come, come, to · field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

.Ene. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels. The glory of our Troy doth this day lie On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [ Exeunt. Scene V .- The Grecian Camp. Lists set

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair.

Anticipating time with starting courage. Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy, Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air May pierce the head of the great combatant, And hale him hither.

Thou, trumpet, there's my purse. Ajar. Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :

Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:

Thou blow'st for Hector. Trumpet sounds. Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

"I is but early days. Agam. Is not youd Diomed with Calchas' daughter f

Ulyss. "I is he, I ken the manner of his gait;

He rises on the toe: that spirit of his In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid? Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nes. Our general doth salute you with a

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular; "T were better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.-

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once. Patr. But that's no argument for kissing

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,

And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns. Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O! this is trim. Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him. Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive? Hector bade ask.

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live, The kiss you take is better than you give; Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an old man: give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd. Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 't is true.

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against
his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then, Ulyss, Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his. — 50 Cers. I am your debtor; claim it when 't is due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Ludy, a word:—I'll bring you to your father.

[DIOMEDES leads out CRESSIDA. Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her! There's language in her eye, her check, her

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive of her body.

O! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickling reader, set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Youder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

.Ene. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,

A victor shall be known? will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Line. He cares not: he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'T is done like Hector; but securely done,

A little proudly, and great deal disprising The knight oppos'd.

Env. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

well,

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing. Ene. Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er,

know this:—

In the extremity of great and little, Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector; The one almost as infinite as all, & The other blank as nothing. Weigh him

And that which looks like pride is courtesy. This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood: In love whereof half Hector stays at home; Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to

This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden' battle then ?—O! I perceive you.

## Re-enter Diomedes.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas. Consent upon the order of their fight, so So be it; either to the uttermost, or else a breath: the combatants being kin, Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists, Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

I'lyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight:

Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word, Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue; Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free; For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath. Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,

Is more vindicative than jealous love. They call him Troilus; and on him erect A second hope, as fairly built as Hector. Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth, Even to his inches, and with private soul in Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight. Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st: awake thee! Agam. His blows are well dispos'd :- there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [Trumpets cease. Princes, enough, so please you. Æne. Ajax. I am not warm yet: let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Why, then will I no more. ---Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed; The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so, That thou couldst say "This hand is Grecian

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister Bounds-in my father's;" by Jove multipotent, Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay, That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax.— By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms; Hector would have them fall upon him thus: Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector: Thou art too gentle, and too free a man. I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence we

A great addition earned in thy death. Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(On whose bright crest Fame with her loudest Oye≈

Cries, "This is he!") could promise to him-

A thought of added honour torn from Hector. .Ene. There is expectance here from both the sides,

What further you will do.

Barren out or

We'll answer it; The issue is embracement.—Ajax, farewell. Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,

As sold I have the chance, I would desire 150 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'T is Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector. Heet. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me : And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights. Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to

That would be rid of such an enemy;

But that's no welcome: understand more

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth, Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing, Bids thee, with most divine integrity, From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. [To Troilus.] My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

The noble Menelaus. ∠Ene. Hect. O! you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks.

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath: Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove;

She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a leadly theme.

Hect. O! pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thec,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed, And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd; That I have said unto my standers-by,

"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath.

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thec in,

Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen; But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel, I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire; And once fought with him: he was a soldier

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all, Never like thee. Let an old man embrace

And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

.Enc. T is the old Nestor. 201
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle

Thou hast so long walk'd hand in hand with

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy,

Heet. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee tomorrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city

When we have here her base and pillar by us. Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses,

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead, Since first I saw yourself and Diomed In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :

My prophecy is but half his journey yet; For yonder walls, that pertly front your town, Youd towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,

Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you: There they stand yet; and modestly I think, The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost A drop of Greeian blood: the end crowns all; And that old common arbitrator, Time, Will one day end it.

So to him we leave it. Ulyss. Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welAfter the general, I beseech you next To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysces, thou !--

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee: I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector, And quoted joint by joint.

Is this Achilles? Hect.

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Nay, I have done already. Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second.

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb. Hect. O! like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye? Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him, whether there, or there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name, And make distinct the very breach, whereout Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,

To answer such a question. Stand again: Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly, As to prenominate in nice conjecture, Where thou wilt hit me dead?

I tell thee, yra. Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so, I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there:

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm, I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.— You, wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag: His insolence draws folly from my lips; But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words, Or may 1 never—

A jax. Do not chafe thee, cousin ;— 🚥 And you, Achilles, let these threats alone, Till accident, or purpose, bring you to 't: You may have every day enough of Hector, If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him. Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field; We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector? To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Mect. Thy hand upon that match. 200 Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpais

blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely

Troilus:

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There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;

Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth, But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view

On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent, To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir. As gentle tell me, of what honour was This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there, That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir! to such as boasting show their scars,

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord? She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth: But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[Execunt.]

## ACT V.

Scene I.—The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

#### Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from froy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male variet.

Patr. Male variet, you rogue! what's

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the gutsgriping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders

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full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Pair. Why, thou dannable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee!

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No l why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou l. Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!
Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle. Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba; A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break

Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.— Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent; This night in banqueting must all be spent.— Away, Patroclus.

[Execut Achilles and Patroclus. Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with

too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,-to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were nothing: he is both ass and ox; to an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus,-I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of lazar, so I were not Menclaus.—Heyday! spirits and fires .

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomedes, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong; we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is; there, where we see the lights,

Heet. 1 trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

*Ülyss.* Here comes himself to guide you.

## Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector: welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night,

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you,

Heet. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks'

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus, Ther. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once to those

That go, or tarry.

Agam, Good night.

[Excent AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too,
Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. [Aside to Troilus.] Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent.

I'll keep you company.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.

Achil. Come, come; enter my tent. on [Execut Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[Exit.

Scene II.—The Same. Before Calchas'
Tent.

#### Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls !

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you,

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; ifter them, Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

#### Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge ?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian.—Hark!

a word with you. • [Whispers.

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Vlyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes. Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List |

more to folly.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no

Ther. How the devil Luxury, with his fat

rump and potato-finger, tickles these to-

gether! Fry, lechery, fry! Ther. Roguery ! Dio. But will you then ! Dio. Nay, then, --Cres. I'll tell you what,-Cres. In faith, I will, la : never trust me Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: you else. Dio. Give me some token for the surety are forsworn. Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you of it. Cres. I'll fetch you one. have me do! | Exit. Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly Ulyss. You have sworn patience. Fear me not, sweet lord; open. I will not be myself, nor have cognition What did you swear you would Of what I feel: I am all patience. bestow on me! Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine . Re-enter Cressida. oath; Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek. Ther. Now the pledge! now, now, now! Dio. Good night. Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve. T.~. Hold, patience! Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith? How now, Trojan! Ulyss. Utyss. My lord, -Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will. Cres. Diomed, Dio, No, no; good night: I'll be your Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold fool no more. it well. He lov'd me O false wench! Give 't me Tro. Thy better must, Hark! one word in your ear. Cres. again. Tro. O plague and madness! Dio. Whose was 't! You are mov'd, prince; let us Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again : l'7yss. depart, I pray you, I will not meet with you to morrow night. Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more. To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous; Ther. Now she sharpens, -Well said, The time right deadly: I beseech you, go. whetstone! Tro. Behold, I pray you! Dio. I shall have it. Nay, good my lord, go off: Cres. What, this? Ulyss. You flow to great distraction; come, my lord. Dio. Ay, that. Tro. I pr'ythee, stay. Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty, pretty You have not patience: come. pledge! Tro. I pray you, stay. By hell, and all Thy master now lies thinking in his bed hell's torments, Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my I will not speak a word. glove. Dio. And so, good night. \*\* And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, Cres. Nay, but you part in anger. As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth! He that takes that doth take my heart Uhyas. Why, how now, lord? withal. Tro. By Jove. Dio. I had your heart before; this follows I will be patient. Guardian !--why. Greek! Tro. I did swear patience. Dio. Pho, pho! adieu, you palter. Cres. You shall not have it. Diomed; 'faith, Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once you shall not. I'll give you something else. Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: Whose was it? Dio. I will have this. will you go? Cres. "I is no matter. You will break out. Dio. Come, tell me whose it was. Tro. Cres. 'T was one's that lov'd me better She strokes his cheek! Ulyss. Come, come. than you will. Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak | But, now you have it, take it. a word: Whose was it? There is between my will and all offences Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women, youd,

And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

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A guard of patience :-- stay a little while.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it. Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on; thy horn, It should be challeng'd. Cres. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past;and yet it is not: I will not keep my word. Why then, farewell; Thou never shalt mock Diomed again. Cres. You shall not go. - One cannot speak a word, But it straight starts you. I do not like this fooling. Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that likes not me, Pleases me best. Dio. What! shall I come! the hour! Ay, come ; --O Jove !---Do come : --I shall be plagu'd. Farewell till then. Cres. Good night: I prythee, come. Exit DIOMEDES. Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee, But with my heart the other eye doth see. Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find, The error of our eye directs our mind. What error leads, must err. O! then conclude, Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. Exit. Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more, Unless she said, "My mind is now turn'd whore." Ulyss. All's done, my lord. Tro. It is. Ulyss. Why stay we then' Tro. To make a recordation to my soul Of every syllable that here was spoke, But if I tell how these two did co-net, Shall I not lie in publishing a truth? Sith yet there is a credence in my heart, An esperance so obstinately strong, That doth invert the attest of eyes and As if those organs had deceptuous functions, Created only to calumniate. Was Cressid here! Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

here but now.

madness.

Tro. Why, my negation bath no taste of

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood! Think we had mothers: do not give advantage To stubborn critics, -apt, without a theme, For depravation,—to square the general sex. By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid. Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers? Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were Ther. Will be swagger himself out on 's, own eyes? Tro. This she? no; this is Diomed's Cressida. If beauty have a soul, this is not she: If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony, If sanctimony be the gods' delight, If there be rule in unity itself, This is not she. O madness of discourse, That cause sets up with and against thyself! Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt up Without perdition, and loss assume all reason Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid! Within my soul there doth conduce a fight Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate Divides more wider than the sky and earth; And yet the spacious breadth of this division Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle As Arinchne's broken woof, to enter. Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates; Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself; The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv! !. and loos'd; And with another knot, five-finger-tied, The fractions of her faith, orts of her love, The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed. Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd With that which here his passion doth express ! Ay, Greek; and that shall be Tro.divulg'd wel In characters as red as Mars his heart | Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill, My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout,

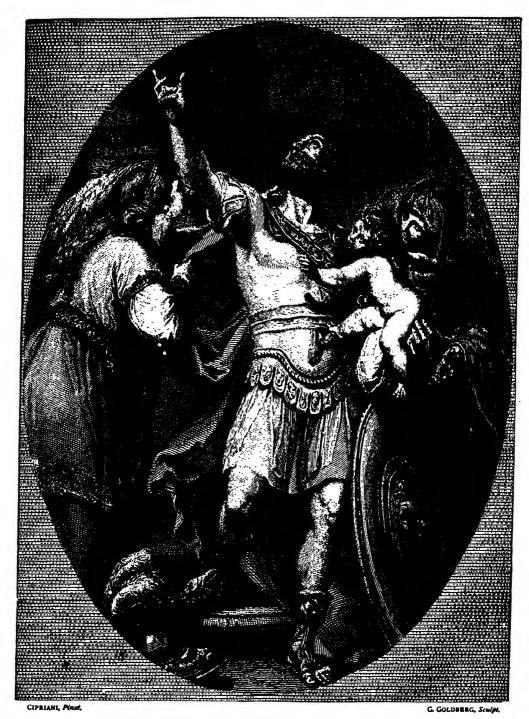
Hark, Greek :-- as much as I do Cressid love,

That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his

So much by weight hate I her Diomed;

helm:

Most sure she was.



HECTOR, ANDROMACHE, AND CASSANDRA.

Andromache. O! be persuaded.

Which shipmen do the hurricano call, Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun, Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.
Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false,

false, false!

Let all instructs stand by thy stained name,

And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O! contain yourse Your passion draws ears hither.

## Enter ENEAS.

¿Enc. 1 have been seeking you this hour, my lord.

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy:

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince,--My courteous lord, adien.

Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed, Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head! Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Execut Trolles, Æxeas, and Ulysses, Ther. [Coming forward] 'Would, I c meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of this whore: the patrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them!

SCENE III. -- Troy. Before PRIAM's Palace.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungent temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment! Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone:

By the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day. \*

Heet. No more, I say.

## Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector And, Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition:

Pursue we him on knees; for 1 have dream'd 10

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O! 't is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And, O! be persuaded: do not count it holy

To hurt thy being just; it is as lawful,

For we would give as much to violent thefts, And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cos. It is the purpose that makes strong the yow;

But yows to every purpose must not hold. Unarm, sweet Hector.

Heet. Hold you still, I say; Mine honour keeps the wenther of my fate: Life every man holds dear; but the dear man Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.——

## Enter Trongs.

How now, young man t mean'st thou to fight to-day!

And, Cassandra, call my father to persuade. | Evit Cassandra.

Heet. No, faith, young Troilns; doff thy harness, youth;

am to-day i' the vein of chivalry,

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy, Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,

Which better fits a lion than a man.

Heet. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Greeian falls,

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword, You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O! 't is fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector, Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers, 1 How poor Andromache shrills her dolour And when we have our armours buckled on, The venom'd vengennee ride upon our swords: Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from

//ect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 't is wars. Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight

to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me !

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears; Nor you, my brother, with your true sword

drawn,

Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way, But by my ruin.

Reenter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him

He is thy crutch; now, if thou lose thy stay, Thon on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, Fall all together.

Come, Hector, come; go back; Pri. Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions:

Cassandra doth foresec; and I myself Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt, To tell thee that this day is ominons: Therefore, come back,

Heet. Æncas is afield; And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks, Even in the faith of valour, to appear This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go. 70 Heet. I must not break my faith,

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, Let me not shame respect, but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam,

Cas. O Priam! yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father. Hect. Andromache, I am offended with

Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

Exit ANDROMACHE. Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitions girl

Makes all these bodements.

O farewell, dear Hector! Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

Hark, how Troy roars! how Heenba cries out!

forth!

Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement, Like witless anticks, one another meet,

: And all cry Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell. --- Yet, soft! -- Hector, I take my leave :

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive, so

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her ex-

Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and

Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at

Pri. Farewell, the gods with safety stand about thee!

Execut severally Priam and Hector. Alarums.

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Going.

#### Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you Lear, my lord ! do you hear! Tro. What now!

Pan. Here's a letter come from youd poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't,...-What says she there!

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; Tearing the letter. The effect doth operate another way,

Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.

My love with words and errors still she feeds, But edifies another with her deeds,

Executt severally.

SCENE IV. Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums : Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one mother: I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of

Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-caten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry: they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

## Enter Diomedes, Thomas following.

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after,

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire: 1 do not fly, but advantageous care withdrew me from the odds of multitude. Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, streetan! now for thy whore, Trojan!---now the sleeve! now the sleeve!

[ Execut Troiles and Diomedes, highling.

#### Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek! art thou for Hector's match!

Art thou of blood and honour!

Ther. No. no: I am a rascal: a scurvy railing knave: a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee: live, [Ecit. Ther. God-a merey, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues! I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.

Scene V.-The Same.

Enter Dionedes and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant; take thou Troilus horse;

Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid. Fellow, commend my service to her beauty: Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord, | Exit. | Bade him win all.

## Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The ficree Poly damus

Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelor Hath Doreus prisoner,

And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, Upon the pashed corses of the kings—a Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain: Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hart: Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes Sore hart and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary Appals our numbers.—Haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

## Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame. - -

And there they fly, or die, like scaled scalls Before the belching whale; then is he yonder, And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge.

Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:

Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves, and takes:

Dexterity so obeying appetite,

That what he will, he does; and does so much,

That proof is call'd impossibility.

#### Enter Ulysses.

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:

Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,

Together with his mangled Myrmidons,

That noscless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,

Crying on Hector, Ajax hath lost a friend,

And forms at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at

Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-

Mad and foutastic execution,

Engaging and redeeming of himself,

With such a careless force, and forceless care,

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As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, Bade him win all.

## Enter AJAX.

Ajux. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! E.cit.

Ay, there, there. Nest. So, so, we draw together.

## Enter Achilles.

Where is this Hector? Achil. Come, come, thou boy queller, show thy face; Know what it is to meet Achilles angry. Hector! where's Hector? I will none but | Excunt. Hector.

Scene VI,—Another Part of the Field.

#### Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

## Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus? What wouldst thou! Ajur. Dio. I would correct him. Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office Ere that correction. -Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

## Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!--turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse! Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks, have | Enter Menerous and Paris, fighting: then, Execut, fighting. at you both.

## Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus ! O, well fought, my youngest brother!

## Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee. Ha! -- Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use: My rest and negligence befriend thee now, But thou anon shalt hear of me again:

Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit. Hect.

I would have been much more a fresher man, Had I expected thee. -- How now, my brother?

## Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be? No, by the flame of youder glorious heaven, ze He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too, Or bring him off .-- Fate, hear me what I say ! I reck not though thou end my life to-day.

Exit.

## Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek: thou art a goodly mark.-No? wilt thou not !--- 1 like thy armour well;

I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all, But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not,

beast, abide! Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. E.veunt.

## Scene VII.—The Same.

Enter Acmulas, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons o

Mark what I say, -- Attend me where I wheel:

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found, Empale him with your weapons round about; In fellest manner execute your arms.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye,— It is decreed. Hector the great must die. . .

E.ceunt.

#### Scene VIII. The Same.

THEESITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-make are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now, my double-kenned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game :--'ware horns, ho!

[ Execut Paris and Menelat s.

## Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight. Ther. What art thou !

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too. I love bastards; I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every-Fare thee well .- | thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward!

Exeunt.

# Scene IX.—Another Part of the Field. Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without, Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life. Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:

Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[Puts off his belief, and lays his sword aside.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

Even with the vail and darking of the sun, To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Heet. 1 am unerm'd: forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek. [Hector falls.]

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone. On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain, Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[A retreat sounded.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

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Pleased with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[Sheathes his sword.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail; Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[E.ceunt.

#### Scene X.—The Same.

Enter Agamemon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, i Diomedes, and others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums:

[Within.] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be: Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along.—Let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent. --

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are
ended.

| Execute marching.

SCENE XI. ... Another part of the Field.

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojan Forces.

¿Euc. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins Never go home: here starve we out the night.

#### Enter Troiles.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector !—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy, And linger not our sure destructions on!

*Euc.* My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death; But dare all imminence that gods and men Address their dangers in. Hector is gone! Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ! Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's

dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Nicles of the maids and

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word, we Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away: Hector is dead; there is no more to say. Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents, Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you!—And thou,
great-siz'd coward,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still, That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts. -

Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

\*| \*Lecont Assess and Trojan Forces.

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live age with thy name!

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones!—O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised. O traitors and bawds, how carnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so desired, and the performance so loathed! what

verse for it? what instance for it?---Let me see,---

Full merrily the humble bee doth sing, Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting; And being once subdued in armed tail, Sweet honeyand sweet notes together fail.— Good traders in the flesh, set this in your

painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall, Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;

Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans, Though not for me, yet for your aching bones. Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade, Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,—Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss. Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases; And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

 $[F_{2}]$ 

# CORIOLANUS.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONE,

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS Coriolanus, a noble Roman.

Titus Lartius, | Generals against the Volscians. Cominius.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.

SICINUS VELUTUS, Tribunes of the People, JUNIUS BRITTUS,

Young Marcius, Son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

Tullus Aufidius, General of the Volsciens. Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium. Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, Mother to Coriolanus. Virgilia, Wife to Coriolanus. Valeria, Friend to Virgilia. Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Scrators, Patricians, Ediles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Mes. sengers, Servants to Audidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE - Partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Autiates.

## ACT

#### Scene I.- Rome. A Street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

than to famish !

All. Resolved, resolved.

1 Cit. First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict!

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done. the altitude of his virtue. Away, away !

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on • would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that · afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularise their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 Cit. Would you proceed especially agains: Cains Marcins t

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

 Cit. Very well; and could be content to \_ 1 Cit. You are all resolved rather to die give him good report for t, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother. n and to be partly proud; which he is, even to

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature. you account a vice in bim. You must in no

way say he is covetous.

I Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shoutswithin.] What shouts are these ! The other side of the city is risen: why stay we prating here! to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft! who comes here !

#### Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough: 'would, all, the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs! The matter! Speak, I pray you.

1 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate: they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves !

1 Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable

Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as

Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift-

Against the Roman state, whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder than can ever a Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack !

You are transported by calamity

Thither where more attends you; and you slander

The helms o' the state, who care for you like

When you curse them as enemies.

1 Cit. Care for us !-True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the If the wars cat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale: it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale 't a little more.

1 Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:-

That only like a gulf it did remain I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive, Still emploarding the viand, never bearing 100 Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And, mutually participate, did minister Unto the appetite and affection common

Of the whole body. The belly answered,— 1 Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly !

Men. Sir, I shall tell you,---With a kind of smile,

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even

(For, look you, I may make the belly smile, As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied To the discontented members, the mutinous

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly As you malign our senators, for that

They are not such as you.

1 Cit. Your belly's answer? What! The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye, The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments and petty helps In this our fabric, if that they ...

What then ?--'Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then ! what then !

1 Cit. Should by the cornorant belly be restrain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,-

Well, what then ? 1 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,

What could the belly answer?

I will tell you: If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)

Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 Cit. Ye're long about it.

Note me this, good friend; Your most grave belly was deliberate, Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd :--

"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth

"That I receive the general food at first, Which you do live upon; and fit it is, Because I am the store-house, and the shop Of the whole body: but, if you do remember, I send it through the rivers of your blood, Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,

The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins, From me receive that natural competency Whereby they live. And though that all at

You, my good friends,"---this says the belly, mark me. --

1 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

"Though all at once cannot Men. See what I do deliver out to each,

Yet I can make my audit up, that all

From me do back receive the flour of all.

And leave me but the bran." What say you to t?

1 Cit. It was an answer. How apply you:

Men. The Senators of Rome are this good

And you the mutinous members: for examine Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,

No public benefit which you receive,

But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you, And no way from yourselves.—What do you think.

You, the great toe of this assembly?

1 Cit. 1 the great toe? Why the great

Men. For that, being one o'the lowest, . basest, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st fore-

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run, Lead'st first to win some vantage.

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs: Rome and her rats are at the point of battle; The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

#### Enter Caius Marcius.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you' dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, Make yourselves scabs?

1 Cit. We have ever your good word. Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts Corn for the rich men only.—With these to you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;

Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no, Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is To make him worthy whose offence subdues him.

And curse that justice did it.— Who deserves greatness,

Deserves your late; and your affections are A sick man's appetite, who desires most that Which would increase his evil. He that depends

Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead, And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind, And call him noble that was now your hate, Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,

That in these several places of the city You cry against the noble senate, who,

Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else Would feed on one another?- What's their seeking !

Men. For corn at their own rates: whereof, they say,

The city is well stor'd.

Hang'em! They say! 190 They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to

Who thrives, and who declines; side factions and give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong, And feebling such as stand not in their liking, Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,

And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as

As I could pick my lance. Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion, Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,

What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved. Hang'em! They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs:

That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights. That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not

shreds

They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one, (To break the heart of generosity,

And make bold power look pale,) they thre their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,

Shouting their emulation.

What is granted them? Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar

Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus, Sicinius Velutus, and I know not -- Sleath! The rabble should have first unroof'd the

Ere so prevaild with me; it will in time Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes

For insurrection's arguing.

This is strange.

Mar. Go; get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Cains Marcius?

Here. What is the matter! Mar. Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in

Mar. I am glad on 't; then we shall ha' means to vent

Our musty superfluity. -- See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators: Junius Brutus and Signius VELUTUS.

1 Sea. Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told us;

The Volsces are in arms.

They have a leader, Tullus Autidius, that will put you to 't. I sin in envying his nobility;

And were I anything but what I am, I would wish me only he.

You have fought together. Mar. Were half to half the world by the cars, and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make Only my wars with him: he is a lion That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,

Attend upon Cominius to these wars, Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is; And I am constant. Titus Lactius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.

What! art thou stiff! stand'st out!

No. Cains Marcius; I'll lean upon one crutch, and tight with the other.

Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O. true-bred! 1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [To Cominius.] Lead you on: [To Marcius.] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;

Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius! 1 Sen. [To the Citizens.] Hence! To your

homes! be gone.

Mar. Nay, let them follow: The Volsces have much corn; take these rats

To gnaw their garners, — Worshipful muti-

Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.

Eccunt Senators, Cominius, Marcius, TITUS, and MENENIUS. Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius !

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people.

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Nay, but his taunts.

Brn. Being mov'd he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Brn. The present wars devour him! he is grown

Too proud to be so valiant.

Such a nature.

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow

Which he trends on at noon. But I do wonder.

His insolence can brook to be commanded Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims, In whom cheady he's well grac'd, cannot Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by A place below the first; for what miscarries Shall be the general's fault, though he perform To the utmost of a man; and giddy cen-

Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well, Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius. Though Marcius carn'd them not; and all his faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed, In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence and hear How the despatch is made; and in what ! If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet, fashion,

More than his singularity, he goes Upon his present action.

Execut. Let's along. Bru.

The Schate-house. Scene II. -- Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius and Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius, That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels, And know how we proceed.

Is it not yours! What ever have been thought on in this

That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome Had circumvention! T is not four days

think.

I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [Reads.] "They have pressed a power, but it is not known

Whether for east, or west. The dearth is great ;

The people mutinous; and it is rumoured, Cominius, Marcius your old enemy (Who is of Rome worse hated than of you), And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman, These three lead on this preparation Whither 't is bent: most likely, 't is for you. Consider of it."

1 Sen. Our army's in the field: \*We never vet made donbt but Rome was! ready

To answer us.

Aut. Nor did you think it folly, To keep your great pretences veil'd till when They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery

We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which

To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius, Take your commission; hie you to your bands; Let us alone to guard Corioli:

If they set down before's, for the remove Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find They 've not prepar'd for us,

O! doubt not that; 30 I speak from certainties. Nay, more; Some parcels of their power are forth already, And only hitherward. I leave your honours. "T is sworn between us, we shall ever strike Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell. 2 Sen. Farewell.

411. Farewell. | Eccunt

Scene III. Rome. An Apartment in Marcius' House,

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia. They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. 1 pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than Since I heard thence; these are the words; I in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding: 1,- considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, ---was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

> Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had 1 a dozen sons, - each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

#### Enter a Gentlewaman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum, See him pluck, Aufidius down by the hair; so As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call

"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,

With hismail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes, Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man, Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba, When she did suckle Hector, looked not love-

Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth

At Grecian swords, contemning. — Tell Valeria,

We are fit to bid her welcome.

Es it Gentlewoman.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Antidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his

And trend upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and an

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

*ur.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both I you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son !

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good mudam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son; I'll swear, 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again, catched it again : or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O! 1 warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; 1 must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of i doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I'll not Though you were born in Rome." His bloody | over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

> Vol. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

> Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. "I is not to save labour, nor that I

Val. You would be another Penclope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed,

I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet. Val. Verily, I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: -the Volsces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power; your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would .-- Fare you well then. -- Come, good sweet lady.

Prythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. Exeunt.

#### Scene IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with draw and colowes, Marcius, Titus Lartius, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news :- a wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

T is done. Mar.

Agreed. Lart. Mar. Say, has our general met the

enemy !

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

I'll buy him of you. Lart. No, 1'll nor sell nor give him: lend

you him I will, For half a hundred years. - Summon the

Mar. How far off lie these armies !

Within this mile and half, Mess.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in

That we with smoking swords may march from

To help our fielded friends! -- Come, blow thy

A parley sounded. Enter, on the walls, two Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls? 1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less; than he,

That's lesser than a little. [Drums afar off.] Hark, our drums

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our

Rather than they shall pound us up. Our !

Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rashes;

They'll open of themselves. [Alarum afar off.] Hark you, far off;

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes

Amongst your cloven army.

O! they are at it. Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsces enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof than shields. --Advance, brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows:

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce, And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exernt Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,

| You shames of Rome! you herd of --- Biles and plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd Further than seen, and one infect another

Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese, That bear the shapes of men, how have you

From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!

All hart behind; backs red, and faces pale With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,

Or, by the fires of beaven, I'll leave the foe, And make my wars on you; look to 't; come

If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,

 $_{\rm t}$  As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope :-- now prove good seconds.

"T is for the followers fortune widens them, Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like. [He enters the gates, and is shut in.

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness! not I,

2 Sol.

3 Sol. See, they have shut him in.

Alarum continues.  $\Lambda //.$ To the pot, I warrant him.

#### Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius? Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very

With them he enters; who, upon the sudden, Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone, a To answer all the city.

O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword, And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,

Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,

Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world

Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 Sol. Look, sir!
Lart, O, 't is Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.

Scene V. -Within Corioli. A Street,

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this,

3 Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.

Enter Marcius and Tirus Larrius, with a trampet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leadenspoons,

Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would

Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves.

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up "Down with them!---

And hark, what noise the general makes! - To him!

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius, Piereing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take

Convenient numbers to make good the city, Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste

To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st; Thy exercise bath been too violent

For a second course of fight,

Mor. Sir, praise me not; My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.

The blood I drop is rather physical

Than dangerous to me. To Antidius thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goldess, Fortune, Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms

Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,

Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less.
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcins!—

[Exit MARCIUS.

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place; Call thither all the officers of the town, Where they shall know our mind. Away!

[Exeunt.

Scene VI. -- Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius and Forces, as in retreat.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs, We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,

By interims and conveying gusts we have

The charges of our friends,—Ye Roman gods, Lead their successes as we wish our own, That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering.

May give you thankful sacrifice !-

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued, F. And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle: I saw our party to their trenches driven, And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth, Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since t

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. "I is not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour, And bring thy news so late !

Mess. Spies of the Volsces Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, and Half an hour since brought my report.

#### Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder, That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods! He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor.

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue

From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,

But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you marms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart As merry as when our nuptial day was done, And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,

How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:

('ondemning some to death, and some to exile;

Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the

other;

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome, Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,

To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your
trenches?

Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone; He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,

The common file, (a plague!- tribines for them!)

The mouse ne'er shunn'd he cat, as they did budge

From rascals worse than they,

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do
not think:

Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?

If not, why cease you till you are so?

· Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,

And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side

They have plac'd their men of trust4

Com. As I guess, Marcius, Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates, Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius, Their very heart of hope.

Mar.

I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the
vows

We have made to endure friends, that you directly •

Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and
darts,

We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish You were conducted to a gentle bath,

And balms applied to you, yet dare I never Deny your asking. Take your choice of those That best can aid your action.

Mar.

Those are they
That most are willing. If any such behere,

(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting

Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear Lesser his person than an ill report; to If any think, brave death outweighs bad

And that his country's dearer than himself; Let him, alone, or so many so minded,

Wave thus, to express his disposition,

And follow Marcius.

They all shout, and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me!
If these shows be not ontward, which ef
you

But is four Volsees? None of you but is Able to bear against the great Aufidius A shield as hard as his. A certain number, \* Though thanks to all, must I select from all:

Shall bear the business in some other fight, As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;

And four shall quickly draw out my conmand,

Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my feilows: Make good this ostentation, and you shall Divide in all with us. Ex

#### Scene VII. -- The Gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard apoil Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So; let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch

Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve For a short holding: if we lose the field, We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon

Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [Exempt.

SCENE VIII. A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

We hate alike: Auf.

Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor

More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot. Mar. Let the first budger die the other's

And the gods doom him after!

If I fly, Marcius, 1111

Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus, Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,

And made what work I pleas'd; 't is not my blood,

Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge

Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Wert thou the Hector, That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny, Thou shouldst not scape me here.-

They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of Auridius.

Officious, and not valiant, ---you have sham'd

In your condemned seconds.

Execut fighting, all driven by Marcius.

#### SCENE IX .-- The Roman Camp.

A retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter, at one side, Cominius and Romans: at the other side, Marcus, with his arm in a scari, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,

Thou It not believe thy deeds: but I'll report

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;

Where great patricians shall attend, and sarug,

I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,

And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes.

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,

Shall say, against their hearts, ---

soldier!'

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast, Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his Power, from the pursuit.

O general, Lart.Here is the steed, we the caparison: Hadst thou beheld--

Pray now, no more: my mother, Who has a charter to extol her blood,

When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done

As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd

As you have been; that's for my country: He that has but effected his good will

Hath overta'en mine act.

You shall not be The grave of your deserving: Rome must

The value of her own: 't were a concealment Worse than a theft, no less than a traduce-

To hide your doings; and to silence that, Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd, Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,

(In sign of what you are, not to reward What you have done,) before our army hear

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart

To hear themselves remember'd,

Should they not, Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, so And tent themselves with death. Of all those

(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store), of all

The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city. We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth, Before the common distribution,

At your only choice,

Mar. I thank you, general; But cannot make my heart consent to take A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it; And stand upon my common part with those That have beheld the doing.

long flourish. They all cry, "Marcius! Marcius!" cast up [A long flourish. their caps and lances. COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,

When drums and Never sound more! trumpets shall

"We thank the gods, our Rome bath such a I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk, Let him be made a coverture for the

wars!

No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,

Which, without note, here's many else have

You shout me forth

In acclamations hyperbolical;

As if I loved my little should be dieted

In praises sauc'd with lies.

Too modest are you, Com. More cruel to your good report, than grateful To us that give you truly. By your patience, If gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put

(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,

Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known.

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius Wears this war's garland: in token of the

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give !

With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him, With all the applause and clamour of the host, Caius Marcius Coriolanus, . .

Bear the addition nobly ever! All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums. Cor. I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank

I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times, To undercrest your good addition

To the fairness of my power.

So, to our tent; Com. Where, ere we do repose us, we will write To Rome of our success .-- You, Titus Lartius, Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome The best, with whom we may articulate, For their own good, and ours.

I shall, my lord. Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg Of my lord general.

Com.Take it: 't is yours. —What is 't? Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli, At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly: He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;

But then Aufidius was within my view, And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request

To give my poor host freedom.

O, well begg'd! Were he the butcher of my son, he should Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus, Lart. Marcius, his name?

By Jupiter, forgot!--- 30 I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.---

Have we no wine here? Go we to our tent.

The blood upon your visage dries; 't is time It should be look'd to. Come. E.cenut.

Scene X.—The Camp of the Volsces.

A Flourish. Cornets, Enter Tullus Auri-DIUS, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 Sold. 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot, Being a Volsce, be that I am. - Condition! What good condition can a treaty find I' the part that is at mercy !--Five times, Marcius.

I have fought with thee: so often hast thou beat me;

And wouldst do so, I think, should we en-

As often as we cat.—By the elements, If e'er again I meet him beard to beard, He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation Hath not that honour in 't, it had; for where I thought to crush him in an equal force. True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sold. He's the devil. Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour 's poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep, nor sanctuary,

Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol, The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice, Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it

At home, upon my brother's guard, even there, Against the hospitable carron, would I Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you

to the city:

must

Be hostages for Rome.

Will not you go? 1 Sold.

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you,

Learn, how't is held, and what they are, that | ('T is south the city mills,) bring me work. thither

> How the world goes, that to the pace of it

I may spur on my journey.

I shall, sir. [Exeunt. 1 Sold.

#### ACT H.

Scene I .- Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Menenius, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love? Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Brv. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a ! ocar.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored : with all,

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are consured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file ! Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured? Men. Because you talk of pride now,--will i

you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir; well.

Men. Why, 't is no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be sugry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud ?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities me too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O! that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and

make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurguses), if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known What harm can your well enough too? bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither, me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be placked with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause

is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a

necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Our very priests must become Men. mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous When you speak best subjects as you are. unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's packsaddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians; I will be bold to take my leave of [Brutus and Signius retire to the back of the scene.

# Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go,

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank

thee .-- Ho! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 't is true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the was an enemy's grave. [A state hath another, his wife another; and, I | flourish.] Hark! the trumpets. think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel tonight.—A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; | I saw it.

Men. A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empirictic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O! no, no, no.

Vol. O! he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much. — Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him. Vol. On's brows, Menonius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly? Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought to

gether, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 't was time for him too, I'd warrant him that: an he had stay'd by him. I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his

former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous: ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true.
—Where is he wounded? - [To the Tributes, who come forward.] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh, ---there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [A shout and thourish.] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth

Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and Titus Lartius; between them, Corio-Lanus, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Corio-Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart: Pray now, no more. Com. Look, sir, your mother! 01 You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity. [Kneels. l'ol. Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,— What is it?--Coriolanus must I call thee?--But, O! thy wife— Cor. My gracious silence, hail! Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home, That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah! my Such eyes the widows in Corioli-wear, And mothers that lack sons. Now the gods crown thee! Cor. And live you yet 1-[To VALERIA.] O my sweet lady, pardon. Vol. I know not where to turn:—O! welcome home; And welcome, general; and you are welcome Mon. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep, And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. I warrant him consul. Welcome! A curse begin at very root of his heart, That is not glad to see thee !- You are three, That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men, We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors ! We call a nettle but a nettle, and The faults of fools but folly. Com. Ever right. Cor. Menenius, ever, ever. Her. Give way there, and go on! Cor. [To his Wife and Mother.] Your hand, -and yours : Ere in our own house I do shade my head, The good patricians must be visited; From whom I have received not only greet-But with them change of honours. I have liv'd To see inherited my very wishes, And the buildings of my fancy: only There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Know, good mother. I had rather be their servant in my way, Than sway with them in theirs. On, to the Capitol ! Com. Flourish. Cornets. Excunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain. Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling Into a rapture lets her baby cry While she chats him: the kitchen malkin Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck, Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows, Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd With variable complexions, all agreeing In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens, Do press among the popular throngs, and puff To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames Commit the war of white and damask, in Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother As if that whatsoever god, who leads him, Were slily crept into his human powers, And gave him graceful posture. On the sudden, Then our office may, During his power, go sleep. Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours From where he should begin, and end; but will Lose those he hath won. In that there's comfort. Bru. Sic. Poubt not the commoners, for whom we stand, But they, upon their ancient malice, will Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours: Which that he'll give them, make I as little question As he is proud to do't. I heard him swear, Were he to stand for consul, never would he Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put The napless vesture of humility; Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds To the people, beg their stinking breaths. T is right. Sic. Bru. It was his word. O! he would miss it, rather Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry

To him, and the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to
put it

In execution.

Bru. 'T is most like, he will.
Sir. It shall be to him then, as our good wills.

A sure destruction.

Brn. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's power he
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and

Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them, In human action and capacity,

4)f no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their
provand

Inly for bearing burdens, and sore blows For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested At some time when his soaring insolence Shall reach the people, (which time shall not want,

If he be put upon 't: and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire 2x
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

#### Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol.

"T is thought,

That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind

To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves, Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers.

Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and
shouts:

I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; And carry with us ears and eyes for the time, But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [Excunt.

Scene II.—The Same. The Capitol.

Enter Two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 Off. Come, come; they are almost here. How many stand for consulships? 2 Off. Three, they say; but 't is thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common

people

2 Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, honneted, without any further deed to have them at all, into their estimation and report; but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 Off. No more of him: he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter, with Lietors before them, Cominius the Consul, Menenius, Contolanus, many other Senators, Sicinius and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and

To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore,
please you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present consul, and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom We met here, both to thank, and to remember

With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,

Rather our state's defective for requital, 50 Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,

We do request your kindest ears; and, after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts Inclinable to honour and advance. The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember A kinder value of the people than

He hath hereto priz'd them at. .

Men. That's off, that's off:
I would you rather had been silent. Please
you

To hear Cominius speak !

Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people: But tie him not to be their bedfellow.

But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your

[Comolanus rises, and offers to go away. 1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to

What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon: I had rather liave my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,

My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft, When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But, your people,

I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit

Men. Masters o' the people, Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter, (That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed,
Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus

Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he
fought

Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator, Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,

When with his Amazonian chin he drove The bristled lips before him. He bestrid An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view

Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met, And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats.

When he might act the woman in the scene, He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age

Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For
this last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say, I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the

And by his rare example made the coward Turn terror into sport. As weeds before A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,

And fell below his stem: his sword, death's

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot He was a thing of blood, whose every motion Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he

The mortal gate of the city, which he painted With shunless destiny; aidless came off, And with a sudden reinforcement struck Corioli like a planet. Now all 's his; When by-and-by the din of war 'gan pierce His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit

Re-quicken'd what in the flesh was fatigate, And to the battle came he; where he did Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if "I' were a perpetual spoil; and, till we call'd Both field and city ours, he never stood

12.5"
To case his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours

Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;

And look'd upon things precious, as they were The common muck of the world: he covets less

Than misery itself would give, rewards His deeds with doing them, and is content To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble :

Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appears.

#### Re-enter Cortolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleasid

To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still

My life and services.

Men. It then remains,

That you do speak to the people.

C'or. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gcwn, stand naked, and cutreat
them,

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people Must have their voices: neither will they bate

One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't: Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and Take to you, as your predecessors have, Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part That I shall blush in acting, and might well Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that !
Cor. To brag unto them, —Thus I did, and
thus;—

Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon 't.— 150
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,

Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul

Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[Flourish. Execut all but Signius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,

As if he did contemn what he requested Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come; we'll inform them Of our proceedings here: on the market-place I know they do attend us. [Execut.

#### Scene III.—The Same. The Forum.

#### Enter several Citizens.

1 Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 Cit. Think you so? Which way do you

judge my wit would fly?

3 Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will: 't is strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, t'would, sure, southward.

2 Cit. Why that way?

3 Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return, for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 Cit. You are never without your tricks:
—you may, you may.

3 Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

#### Enter Coriolanus and Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility:

mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Exeunt.

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done 't?

What must I say? I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace.—Look, sir:—my wounds ;-

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

O me, the gods! You must not speak of that: you must desire them

To think upon you.

Think upon me? Hang'em! Cor. I would they would forget me, like the virtues

Which our divines lose by 'em.

You'll mar all: I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,

In wholesome manner.

Exit.

#### Enter two Citizens.

Bid them wash their faces, 61 Cor. And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here. 1 Cit. We do, sir: tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 't was never my desire yet, to trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?
2 Cit. You shall ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.—I have your alms: adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An't were to give again, -but't is Exerent the two Citizens. no matter.

#### Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand wit! the tune of your voices that I may be consul. I have here the customary gown.

3 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends you have not, indeed, loved the common.

neonle.

Cor. You should account me the more. virtuous, that I have not been common in I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them: 't is a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you; I may be consul.

4 Cit. We hope to find you our friend, and

therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit." The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! Exeunt.

Cor. Most sweet voices!-

Better it is to die, better to starve,

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve. Why in this wolvish toge should I stand

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear, Their needless vouches? Custom calls me

What custom wills, in all things should we

The dust of antique time would lie unswept. And mountainous error be too highly heap'd For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it

Let the high office and the honour go To one that would do thus.—I at half through:

The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

#### Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices .-

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;

Watch'd for your voices; for your voices

Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six

I have seen and heard of; for your voices have

Done many things, some less, some more. Your voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5. 5 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go

6 Cit. Therefore, let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul!

Cor.

[Exeunt Citizens. Worthy voices!

Re enter Menenius with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: remains That, in the official marks invested, you Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done? 140 Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:

The people do admit you; and are summon'd

To meet anon, upon your approbation. Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[Excunt Coriolanus and Menenics.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,

To swarm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore

Brn. With a proud heart he wore His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

#### Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 Cit. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly,

He flouted us downright.

1 Cit. No,'t is his kind of speech; he did

not mock us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself,

but says,

He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us

His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no; no man saw'em. 3 Cit. He said, he had wounds, which he

could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn, "I would be consul," says he: "aged custom, But by your voices, will not so permit me; Your voices therefore." When we granted

Your most sweet voices :---now you have left your voices,

I have no further with you."- Was not this mockery !

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't,

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him, As you were lesson'd,—when he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state, He was your enemy: ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving A place of potency, and sway o' the state, is If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the pleben, your voices might Be curses to yourselves? You should have said.

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less. Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature Would think upon you for your voices, and Translate his malice towards you into love, Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said, As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,

And tried his inclination; from him pluck? Either his gracious promise, which you might, As cause had call'd you up, have held him to; Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature, V. hich easily endures not article

Tying him to aught, so, putting him to rage, You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler.

And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive, He did solicit you in free contempt, When he did need your loves; and do you That his contempt shall not be bruising to When he hath power to crush? Why, had

your bodies No heart among you? or had you tongues to

Against the rectorship of judgment? Have you, Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again, Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow Your sued-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound. 1 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly: and tell those friends,

They have chose a consul that will from them

Their liberties; make them of no more voice Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking As therefore kept to do so.

Let them assemble; And, on a safer judgment, all revoke Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride, And his old hate unto you: besides, forget

With what contempt he wore the humble:

How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your

Thinking upon his services, took from you The apprehension of his present portance, Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion

After the inveterate hate he bears you.

A fault on us, your tribunes, that we labour'd (No impediment between) but that you must Cast your election on him.

Sic Say, you chose him More after our commandment, than as guided By your own true affections; and that your minds.

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do Than what you should, made you against the

To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us. Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country, How long continued, and what stock he springs of,

The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son, Who, after great Hostilius, here was king; Of the same house Publius and Quintus were, That our best water brought by conduits hither;

[And Censorinus that was so surnam'd,] And nobly named so, twice being censor, Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended. That hath beside well in his person wrought To be set high in place, we did commend To your remembrances: but you have found. Scaling his present bearing with his past, That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke Your sudden approbation.

Say, you ne'er had done 't. (Harp on that still,) but by our putting on; And presently, when you have drawn your number,

Repair to the Capitol.

We will so: almost all Repent in their election. [Exeunt Citizens. Let them go on: This mutiny were better put in hazard. Than stay, past doubt, for greater. If, as his nature is, he fall in rage With their refusal, both observe and answer The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol: Come, we'll be there before the stream o' the people ; And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,

Which we have goaded onward.

#### $\mathbf{\Lambda} \cap \mathbf{T}$ III.

SCENE I .- The Same. A Street.

Enter Coriolanus, Cornets. MENENIUS, Cominius, Titus Lartius, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then, the Volscesstand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again. Saw you Aufidius? Lart. On sufe-guard he came to me; and did curse Against the Volsces, for they had so vildly 10 Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium. Cor. Spoke he of me? Lart. He did, my lord. Cor. How? what? Lart. How often he had met you, sword to That of all things upon the earth he hated Your person most; that he would pawn his To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher. At Antium lives he? Cor. Lart. At Antium. Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home. Enter Sicinius and Brutus. Behold! these are the tribunes of the people, The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them; For they do prank them in authority, Against all noble sufferance. Sic. Pass no further. Cor. Ha! what is that? Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further. Cor. What makes this change? Men. The matter? Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the common ? Bru. Cominius, no. Cor. Have I had children's voices? 1 Sen. Tribunes, give way: he shall to the market-place. Bru. The people are incens'd against him. Sic. Stop, Or all will fall in broil.

Are these your herd !-Must these have voices, that can yield them And straight disclaim their tongues!—What are your offices? You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth? Have you not set'them on? Be calm, be calm. Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot, To curb the will of the nobility: Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,

Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call 't not a plot : The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of When corn was given them gratis, you re-Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness. Cor. Why, this was known before. Not to them ail. Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence ? How! I inform them! Com. You are like to do such business. Not unlike, Each way, to better yours. Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds, Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me w Your fellow tribune. You show too much of that For which the people stir. If you will pass To where you are bound, you must inquire your way, Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit; Or never be so noble as a consul, Nor yoke with him for tribune. Men. Let's be calm. Com. The people are abus'd.—Set on.— This paltering Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus Descry'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely I' the plain way of his merit. Tell me of corn! \*\*\* This was my speech, and I will speak 't again--Men. Not now, not now. Not in this heat, sir, now. Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends, I crave their pardons:— For the mutable, rank-scented many, let Regard me as I do not flatter, and Therein behold themselves. I say again, In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd, By mingling them with us, the honour'd number:

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that Which they have given to beggars. Men. Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you. How! no more! As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till they decay, against those meazels,

Which we disdain should tatter us, yet sought The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people, As if you were a god to punish, not

A man of their infirmity.

Sic. "T were well, ,

We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler? Cor. Choler?

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 't would be my mind.

Nic. It is a mind,

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark

His absolute "shall?"

Con. 'T was from the canon.
Cor. "Shall!"

O good, but most unwise patricians! why, so You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer,

That with his peremptory "shall," being but The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch, And make your channel his? If he have

power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,

Be not as common fools: if you are not, Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,

If they be senators: and they are no less, we When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;

And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,

It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches, To know, when two authorities are up,

Neither supreme, how soon confusion

May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take 110 The one by the other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth

The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 't was us'd

Sometime in Greece,-

Men. Well, well; no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed The ruin of the state.

Brn. Why, shall the people give One that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. 1'll give my reasons, More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn

Was not our recompense, resting well assurd

They ne'er did service for 't. Being press'd to the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd, They would not thread the gates: this kind of service

Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,

Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd

Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation

Which they have often made against the senate,

All cause unborn, could never be the native Of our so frank donation. Well, what then I How shall this bosom multiplied digest 120 The senate's courtesy ! Let deeds express What's like to be their words:—" We did request it;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear They gave us our demands."—Thus we debase The nature of our seats, and make the rabble Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope

The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows

To peck the eagles. -

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,

Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—

Where one part does disdain with cause, the other

Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no Of general ignorance,—it must omit Real necessities, and give way the while

To unstable slightness: purpose so bail'd, it follows,

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet, That love the fundamental part of state More than you doubt the change of 't, that prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish

To jump a body with a dangerous physic

That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out

The multitudinous tongue: let them not lick The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour

Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state

Of that integrity which should become it,

Not having the power to do the good it

would

For the ill which doth control 't.

Bru. H' as said enough.
Sic. H' as spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'crwhelm

What should the people do with these bald tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails To the greater bench. In a rebellion, When what's not meet, but what must be

was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no. Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

#### Enter an Ædile.

Sic. Go, call the people; [Exit Ædile] in whose name myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,

A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee.

And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones

Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter the Ædile, with others, and a rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him! down with him!

· [Several speak.

2 Sen. Weapons! weapons! [They all bustle about Coriolants

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!-. Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace.

Men. What is about to be!—I am out of breath:

Confusion's near: I cannot speak.—You, tribunes,

Sic. Hear me, people : peace !

Cit. Let's hear our tribune: - peace! Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties: Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men.

Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all

flat

Sic. What is the city, but the people ? Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat; To bring the roof to the foundation, And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges, In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death. Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce, Upon the part o' the people, in whose power We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy and Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word; Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ed. Peace!

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous

Where the disease is violent —Lay hands upon him,

And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here. Drawing his sword. There's some among you have beheld me fighting: Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me. Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw awhile. Bru. Lay hands upon him. Help Marcius, help, You that be noble; help him, young and old! Cit. Down with him! down with him! [ In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People, are beat in. Men. Go, get you to your house : be gone, away All will be mught else. 2 Sen. Get you gone. Com. Stand fast; We have as many friends as enemies. Men. Shall it be put to that? The gods forbid! I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house; Leave us to cure this cause. For 't is a sore upon us You cannot tent yourself: be gone, 'beseech Com. Come, sir, along with us. Cor. I would they were barbarians, as they are. Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as they are not, Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,---Put not your worthy rage into your tongue; One time will owe another. On fair ground I could beat forty of them. Men. I could myself take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes. Com. But now, 't is odds beyond arithmetic; And manhood is call'd foolery, when it

stands

Against a falling fabric. -Will you hence, Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend Like interrupted waters, and o'er-bear What they are us'd to bear.

Pray you, be gone. I'll try whether my old wit be in request With those that have but little: this must be patch'd

With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away. Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others. 1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune. Men. His nature is too noble for the world:

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident, | Should now cat up her own!

Or Jove for his power to thunder. heart's his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must

And, being angry, does forget that ever He heard the name of death. A noise within. Here's goodly work!

2 Pat. I would they were a-bed! Men. I would they were in Tiber !- What, the vengeance,

Could be not speak 'em fair ?

Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble.

Where is this viper That would depopulate the city, and Be every man himself?

You worthy tribunes, ----Men. Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian

With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law, And therefore law shall scorn him further trial

Than the severity of the public power, Which he so sets at nought.

He shall well know, The noble tribunes are the people's mouths, And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on 't. Men. Sir, sir, ---

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt

With modest warrant.

Sir, how comes't that you Have holp to make this rescue?

Hear me speak. -----As I do know the consul's worthiness,

So can I name his faults. --

Consul !--what consul ? Men. The consul Coriolanus.

He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,

good people, I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,

The which shall turn you to no further horm Than so much loss of time.

Speak briefly then; Sic. For we are peremptory to dispatch This viperous traitor. To eject him hence, Were but one danger; and to keep him here, Our certain death: therefore it is decreed He dies to-night.

Mon. Now the good gods forbid, That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude Towards her deserved children is enroll'd In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away. Men. O! he's a limb, that has but a discase;

Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost, Or what is worst will follow. (Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath.

By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:

And what is left, to lose it by his country, Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it, A brand to th' end o' the world.

This is clean kam, Sic. Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his country,

It honoured him.

Men. The service of the foot, Being once gangren'd, is not then respected For what before it was---

We'll hear no more,-Pursue him to his house, and pluck him

Lest his infection, being of catching nature, Spread further.

One word more, one word. This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find The harm of unscalad swiftness, will, too

Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by

Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out, And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,--

Sic. What do ye talk? Have we not had a taste of his obedience? Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—

Come !--Men. Consider this:—he has been bred i' the wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd In bolted language; meal and bran together He throws without distinction. leave,

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him Where he shall answer, by a lawful form, In peace, to his utmost peril.

Noble tribunes. It is the humane way: the other course Will prove too bloody, and the end of it Unknown to the beginning.

Noble Menenius, Be you then as the people's officer.---Masters, lay down your weapons.

Go not home. Sic. Meet on the market-place.-We'll attend you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll procced

In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.-What has he done to Rome that's worthy | [To the Senttors.] Let me desire your company. He must come,

Sen. Pray you, let's to him. [Exeunt.

Scene II .- A Room in Coriolanus' House,

Enter Coriolanus and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels; Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock, That the precipitation might down stretch Below the beam of sight: yet will I still Be thus to them.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother Does not approve me further, who was wont To call them woollen vassals; things created To buy and sell with groats; to show bare

In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder.

When one but of my ordinance stood up To speak of peace or war.

#### Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play The man I am.

O, sir, sir, sir! Vol.

I would have had you put your power well

Before you had worn it out.

Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,

With striving less to be so: lesser had been The thwartings of your dispositions, if

You had not show'd them how you were dis-

Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Let them hang. Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Manenius and Senator.

Men. Come, come; you have been too rough, something too rough:

You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy; Unless, by not so doing, our good city Cleave in the midst, and parish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd. I have a heart as little apt as yours,

But yet a brain that leads my use of anger so To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but
that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic

For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,

Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then? Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them 4-1 cannot do it to the gods;

Must I then do't to them !

Vol. You are too absolute; Though therein you can never be too noble; But when extremities speak—I have heard you say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,

I' the war do grow together: grant that, and
tell me,

In peace, what each of them by the other | lose,

That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best
ends.

You adoptyour policy,) how is it less, or worse, That it shall hold companionship in peace With honour, as in war, since that to both to It stands in like request?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak

To the people; not by your own instruction, Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you.

But with such words that are but roted in Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth. Now, this no more dishonours you at all, Than to take in a town with gentle words, Which else would put you to your fortune,

The hazard of much blood, --

I would dissemble with my nature, where My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd I should do so in honour: I am in this, Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;

And you will rather show our general louts

How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon
'em,

For the inheritance of their loves, and safe-

Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady Come, go with us : speak fair ; you may salve so,

Not what is dangerous present, but the loss of what is past.

Vol. I prythee now, my son, Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;

And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)

Thy knee busing the stones, (for in such business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant

More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,

Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart, Now humble as the ripest mulberry

That will not hold the handling: or say to them, so Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,

Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost con-

Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim, In asking their good loves; but thou wilt

Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done, Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd; although, I know, thou
hadst rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,

Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

#### Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 't is fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger. Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 't will serve, if he Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.— Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it. Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed scone: !

Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart

A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it,

And throw 't against the wind.—To the market-place!

You have put me now to such a part, which never

I shall discharge to the life.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son: as thou hast said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so, To have my praise for this, perform a part Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't. 110

Away, my disposition, and possess me

Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be
turn'd,

Which quired with my drum, into a pipe Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice

That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves

Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't, Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth, 121 And by my body's action teach my mind A most inherent baseness.

Vol.

At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou
list.

Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,

But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content: 150
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,

Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going. Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul, Or never trust to what my tongue can do I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you:

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd With accusations, as I hear, more strong Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly.—Pray you, let us go:

Let them accuse me by invention, I Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly. Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.

[Execunt.

Scene III. - The Same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Brn. In this point charge him home, that he affects

Tyrannical power: if he evade us there, Enforce him with his envy to the people; And that the spoil, got on the Antiates, Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Edile.

What, will be come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Ed. With old Menenius, and those sena-

That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue Of all the voices that we have procur'd, Set down by the poll?

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither: And when they hear me say, "It shall be so

I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,

If I say fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death;" Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Ed. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd re Enforce the present execution

Of what we chance to sentence.

Md. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,

When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go; about it.— Exit Mile.

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd

Ever to conquer, and to have his worth Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot

Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks What 's in his heart; and that is there, which looks

With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Senators, and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you. Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece

Will bear the knave by the volume. The honour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice

Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!

Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,

And not our streets with war!

1 Sen. Amen, amen. Men. A noble wish.

## Re-enter \_Edile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Ltd. List to your tribunes. Audience: peace! I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than
this present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand, If you submit you to the people's voices, Allow their officers, and are content To suffer lawful censure for such faults As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens! he says, he is content:

The warlike service he has done, consider;

think

Upon the wounds his body bears, which show Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers; Sears to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further, That when he speaks not like a citizen. You find him like a soldier. Do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds, But, as I say, such as become a soldier, Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well; no more. Cor. What is the matter,

That, being pass'd for consul with full voice, I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour wou take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: t is true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind Yourself into a power syrannical;

For which you are a traiter to the people. Cor. How! traiter!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!

Call me their traitor. Thou injurious tribune, Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say. Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock! to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge: What you have seen him do, and heard him

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves, Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying Those whose great power must try him; even

So criminal, and in such capital kind, Deserves the extremest death,

Brn. But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. 1 talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made

your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further. Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death, Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger But with a grain a day; I would not buy

Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the
presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers

That do distribute it: in the name o' the
people,

And in the power of us, the tribunes, we,

Even from this instant, banish him our city, In peril of precipitation From off the rock Tarpeian, never more To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's

I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him

He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends ;--

Sic. He's sentenc'd : no more hearing. Let me speak: I have been consul, and can show for Rome Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love 110 My country's good, with a respect more

tender, More holy and profound, than mine own life, My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase, And treasure of my loins; then if I would Speak that -

Sic. We know your drift: speak what! Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,

As enemy to the people and his country: It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so. Cor. You common ory of curs! whose breath I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men That do corrupt my air, I banish you: And here remain with your uncertainty! Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts! Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes. Fan you into despair! Have the power

To banish your defenders; till, at length, Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels). Making not reservation of yourselves (Still your own focs), deliver you, As most abated captives, to some nation That won you without blows! Despising, For you, the city, thus I turn my back: There is a world elsewhere.

[Exerent Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators, and Patricians.

£d. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

They all shout, and throw up their caps. Sic. Go, see him out at gates; and follow him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite: Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come; let us see him out at gates: come. - .

The gods preserve our noble tribunes! --Come. Exernt.

#### ACT IV.

Scene I.—The Same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia. MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell.—The beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,

Where is your ancient courage? you were Resume that spirit, when you were wont to us'd

To say, extremities was the trier of spirits; That common chances common men could

That, when the sea was calm, all boats

alike Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's

blows,

When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me

With precepts, that would make invincible in The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Nay, I prythee, woman,-Vol. Now, the red pestilence strike al! trades in Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what ! I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,

If you had been the wife of Hercules,

Six of his labours you'd have done, and sa v'd

Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius, Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!

I'll do well yet,---Thou old and true Menenius. Thy tears are salter than a younger man's. And venomous to thine eyes. -- My sometime general,

CORIOLANUS. ACT IV. I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft be- The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided In his behalf. Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad Bru. women, 'I is fond to wail inevitable strokes, As 't is to laugh at 'em. My mother, you ] wot well, My hazards still have been your solace; and Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone, Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen.) your son Will or exceed the common, or be caught Sic. With cautelous baits and practice. Bru. My first son, Whither wilt thou go ! Take good Cominius ! With thee awhile: determine on some course, More than a wild exposure to each chance That starts i' the way before thee. O the gods! Cor. Requite your love! Com. I'll follow thee a month; devise with thee Men. Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear hear,-And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth Nay, and you shall hear some. — To Brutus. A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send e)'er the vast world to seek a single man, And lose advantage, which doth ever cool I' the absence of the needer. To say so to my husband. Fare ye well: Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one ship Rome

Are you mankind? Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.— Was not a man my father? Hadst thou fox-That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at To banish him that struck more blows for Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and My friends of noble touch, when I am forth, Than thou hast spoken words? Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, O blessed heavens! 20 Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou While I remain above the ground, you shall wise words; Hear from me still; and never of me aught And for Rome's good .-- I'll tell thee what; But what is like me formerly. ---yet go :---Men. That's worthily Nay, but thou shalt stay too.—I would my As any ear can hear. — Come; let's not weep.-Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him, His good sword in his hand.

If I could shake off but one seven years From these old arms and legs, by the good gods, I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Come. Give me thy hand. \ Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A street near the Gate.

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, and an Ædile. Sic. Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no further. -

Now we have shown our power, Let us seem humbler after it is done,

Than when it was a-doing.

itid them home: Say, their great enemy is gone, and they Stand in their ancient strength.

Dismiss them home. [Exit Ædile.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

Let's not meet her. Whv?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Vol. O. you're well met. The hoarded plague o' the gods

Peace, peace! is not so loud. Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should

Will you be gone?

Vir. [To SICINIUS.] You shall stay too. I would I had the power

What then? Sic. What then! Vir.

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bustards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come: peace!

Sic. I would be had continu'd to his coun-

As he began; and not unknit himself The noble knot he made. Bru. I would he had.

'T was you in-Vol. I would he had! cens'd the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth, As I can of those mysteries which heaven Will not have earth to know.

Pray, let us go. Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:-

As far as doth the Capitol exceed The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,-This lady's husband here, this, do you see -Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well; we'll leave you. Why stay we to be baited Sic.

With one that wants her wits !

Vol. Take my prayers with you .-Exeunt Tribunes.

I would the gods had nothing else to do, But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em But once a day, it would unclog my heart Of what lies heavy to 't.

You have told them home. Men. And, by my troth, you have cause. sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat: I sup upon myself, And so shall starve with feeding.-Come,

let's go. Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do, In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come. Men. Fie, fie, fie! Exeunt.

#### SCENE III .-- A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know

Your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you. Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet? Vols. Nicanor 1 No.

Rom. The same, sir.
Vols. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by What's the news in Rome? your tongue. I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's

Rome There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortu nate, thus accidentally to encounter you : you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one: the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir: I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

#### Scene IV .- Antium. Before Aufidius's · House.

### Enter Coriolanus, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City, "I is I that made thy widows: many an heir Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars

Have I heard grown, and drop: then, know me not,

Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones

In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state | out.

At his house this night.

Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Thank you, sir. Farewell. Cor. [Exit Citizen.

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn.

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart.

Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,

Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love Unseparable, shall within this hour, On dissension of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,

Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance, w Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me:-My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me, He does fair justice; if he give me way, Exit. I'll do his country service.

### Scene V.—The Same. A Hall in AUFIDIUS'S House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep.

Exit.

#### Enter a second Servant.

2 Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.-Cotus! Exit.

#### Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I

Appear not like a guest.

#### Re-enter the first Serrant.

1 Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment,

#### In being Coriolanus.

#### Re-enter second Servant.

Direct me, if it be your will, porter his eyes in his head, that he gives Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium? entrance to such companions? Pray, get you

Cor. Away!

2 Serr. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave! I'll have yo talked with anon.

## Enter a third Servant. The first meets him

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I locked I cannot get him out o' the house : prythee call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow ?

Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serr. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so 1 am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you. Pray you. avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function; go, and batten on cold bits. Pushes him away.

3 Serv. What, will you not? . Prythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has

Exit.

2 Serv. And I shall.

3 Serv. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I' the city of kites and crows!-What an ass it is !- Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No; I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 't is an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher. Hence! Beats him away.

Enter Aufidius and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Nerv. Here, sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords with-

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? thy name? Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. [Unmuffling.] If, Tullus, not yet thou 2 Serv. Whence are you, sir! Has the know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not think

me for the man I am, necessity command me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants retire. Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears.

And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name? Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face Bears a command in 't: though thy tackle's torn.

Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not.—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces, Great hurt and mischief! thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country, are requited But with that surname; a good memory, And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou should'st bear me. Only that name remains:

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the
rest:

And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope--

Mistake me not—to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those
maims

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn : so use

That my revengeful services may prove

As benefits to thee; for I will fight

Against my canker'd country with the spleen

Of all the under fiends. But if so be

Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more
fortunes

Thou'rt tir'd, then, in a word, I also am Longer to live most weary, and present My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice; Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,

Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate.

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast.

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless It be to do thee service.

Ang. O Marcius, Marcius Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter Should from yond cloud speak divine things, And say "T is true," I'd not believe them

Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine Mine arms about that body, where against 116 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke, And scarr'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip

The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou
first.

I lov'd the maid I married: never man Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here. Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart, Than when I first my wedded mistress saw 123 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,

'We have a power on foot; and I had purpose Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn, Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me

Twelve several times, and I have nightly since

Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me: We have been down together in my sleep, Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat. And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that

Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all

From twelve to seventy: and, pouring war Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,

Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O! come; go in, And take our friendly senators by the hands. Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,

Who am prepar'd against your territories, Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take The one half of my commission; and set down-

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st

Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome, Or rudely visit them, in parts remote,

To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:

Let me commend thee first to those, that
shall

Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes

And more a friend than e'er an enemy; 140
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand:
most welcome!

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. Serv. [Advancing.] Here's a strange alteration!

Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 Serr. What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 Serv. Nay, I know by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

I Sorr. He had so; looking as it were, ... 'would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 Serv. I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 Serv. Who I my master?

1 Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Serv. Worth six on him.

1 Serv. Nay, not so neither; but 1 take him to be the greater soldier.

2 Serv. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 Serr. Ay, and for an assault too.

#### Re-enter third Servant,

- 3 Serv. O slaves, 1 can tell you news; news, you rascals.
  - 1 & 2 Serr. What, what ' let's partake.
- 3 Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all anations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.
  - 1 & 2. Serr. Wherefore? wherefore!
- 3 Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general.—Caius Marcius.
- 1 Serv. Why do you say thwack our general?
- 3. Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 Serv. Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on 't: before Corioli be scotched him and notched him like a bonado.

2 Serv. An he had been cannibally given he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 Serv. But, more of thy news?

- 3 Serv. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they standbald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.
- 2 Serv. And he's as like to do't, as any

man I can imagine.

- 3 Serv. Do't! he will do't: for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were) durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.
  - 1 Serv. Directitude! what's that?
- 3 Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 Serv. But when goes this forward?

- 3 Serc. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.
- 2 Scrr. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.
- 1 Serv. Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.
- 2 Nerv. 'T is so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.
  - 1 Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one nother.

3 Serr. Reason: because they then less

need one another. The wars, for my money. Thope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising. All. In, in, in, in! Exeunt.

SCENE VI. - Rome. A Public Piace. Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sie. We hear not of him, neither need we | Self-loving,fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends

Blush that the world goes well; who rather

Though they themselves did suffer by 't, be-

Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than

Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going

About their functions friendly.

#### Enter MENENIUS.

Brn. We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius !

Sic. 'T is he, 't is he. O! he is grown most kind

Of late.—Hail, sir!

Hail to you both! Men.

Sic. Your. Coriolanus is not much miss'd But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand,

And so would do, were he more angry at it. Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if

He could have temporis'd.

Where is he, hear you? Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

#### Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good e'en, our neighbours. Bru. Good e'en to you all, good e'en to you all. •

1 Git. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Live, and thrive! Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours. wish d Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. . Now the gods keep you! Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Citizens.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely

Than when these fellows ran about the streets. Crying confusion.

Caius Marcius was Bru.

A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, at O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all think-

And affecting one sole throne, Sic. Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,

If he had gone forth consul, found it so. Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and

Sits safe and still without him.

#### Enter an Ædile.

Worthy tribunes. There is a slave, whom we have put in prison. Reports, the Volsces with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories,

And with the deepest malice of the war

Destroy what lies before 'em.

'T is Aufidius. Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,

Thrusts forth his horns again into the world; Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius? Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be

The Volsces dare break with us.

Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can; And three examples of the like have been

Within my age. But reason with the fellow, Before you punish him, where he heard this;

Lest you shall chance to whip your informa-

And beat the messenger who bids beware Of what is to be dreaded.

Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

Not possible. Bru.

#### Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going

All to the senate-house: some news is come, That turns their countenances.

'T is this slave. Sic.

raising!

Nothing but his report!

Yes, worthy sir, The slave's report is seconded; and more, More fearful, is deliver'd.

What more fearful!

How probable I do not know, that Marcius, Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst

And vows revenge as spacious as between The young'st and oldest thing.

This is most likely! Sic. Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish

Good Marcius home again.

The very trick on 't. Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone, Than violentest contrariety.

#### Enter another Messenger.

.Mess. You are sent for to the senate A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius, Associated with Aufidius, rages Upon our territories; and have already O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took

What lay before them.

#### Enter Cominius.

Com. O! you have made good work. Men. What news? what news? Com. You have holp to ravish your own ! daughters, and

To melt the city leads upon your pates; To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;--

Men. What's the news? what's the news? Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, what news?---You have made fair work, I fear me. - Pray, your news !--

If Marcius should be joined with Volscians, -

He is their god: he leads them like a thing Made by some other deity than nature, That shapes man better; and they follow

Against us brats, with no less confidence Than boys pursuing summer butterflies, Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work, Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at

to whip him 'fore the people's eyes : -his | You, and your apron-mon; you that stood so much

Upon the voice of occupation and

The breath of garlic-eaters! He will shake

Your Rome about your ears.

As Hercules Men. Mess. It is spoke freely out of many Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work.

Bru. But is this true, sir !

Ay; and you'll look pale Com. Before you find it other. All the regions . Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,

Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,

And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in

Men. We are all undone, unless

The noble man have mercy. Who shall ask it? The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the

Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they

Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate, And therein show'd like enemies.

Men.'T is true. If he were putting to my house the brand That should consume it, I have not the face

To say, "Beseech you, cease."-You have made fair hands,

You and your crafts; you have crafted fair. You have brought A trembling upon Rome, such as was never 120 So incapable of help.

Tri. • Say not, we brought it. Men. How! Was it we! We lov'd him; but, like beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters.

Who did hoot him out o' the city.

But, I fear, They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius, The second name of men, obeys his points As if he were his officer. Desperation Is all the policy, strength, and defence, That Rome can make against them.

#### Enter a troop of Citiens.

Men. Here come the clusters.— And is Aufidius with him —You are they in That made the air unwholesome, when you

Coriolanus' exile. Now he is coming; And not a hair upon a soldier's head Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs.

As you threw caps up, will be tumble down, And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter

If he could burn us all into one coal,

We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part, When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

2 Cit. And so did 1.

3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Ye're goodly things, you voices!

. Men. You have made Good work, you and your cry!—Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. O! ay; what else!

Execut Cominics and Menenius.

Nic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:

These are a side that would be glad to have This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,

And show no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banished him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, lct's home. [Exeunt Citizens.

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor 1.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol.--'Would, half my wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. 66 [Execut.

Scene VII.—A Camp, at a small distance from Rome

Enter Auribius and his Lientenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Line I do not know what witcheraft's in him; but

Your soldiers use him as the grace fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end; And you are darken'd in this action, sir, Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now, Unless, by using means, I lame the foot

Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier.

Even to my person, than I thought he would When first I did embrace him; yet his nature In that's no changeling, and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Liev. Yet I wish, sir, (I mean, for your particular,) you had not Join'd in commission with him; but either Had borne the action of yourself, or else To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,

When he shall come to his account, he knows not

What I can urge against him. Although it seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent to the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,

And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,

Whene'er we come to our account.

Lien. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;

And the nobility of Rome are his:

The senators and patricians love him too: 3:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people

Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to
Rome.

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it By sovereignty of nature. First he was A noble servant to them, but he could not Carry his honours even: whether 't was

pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him
fear'd.

So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,

To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues

Lie in the interpretation of the time; And power, unto itself most commendable, Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;

Rights by rights falter, strengths by strength do fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,

Thou art poor'st of all; then, shortly art thou mine.

#### ACT V.

SCENE I .- Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, and others.

Men. No, I ll not go: you hear what he hath said,

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me i father:

But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd

A mile before his tent fall down, and knee The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear!

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops of That we have bled together. Coriolanus He would not answer to, forbad all names; He was a kind of nothing, titleless, Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the five Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:

A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome.

To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

'om. I minded him, how royal 't was to
pardon

When it was less expected: he replied, it was a bare petition of a state

To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well: could be say less?

Com. I offer'd to ewaken his regard For 's private friends: his answer to me was, He could not stay to pick them in a pile Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 't was

folly,

For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,

And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,

And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt

Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if

you Would be your country's pleader, your good

Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,

More than the instant army we can make, Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can
do

For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well; and say that Marcius Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

Unheard; what then !-

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot

With his unkindness I say't be so I
Sic.
Yet your good will

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure

As you intended well.

Jen. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip.
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts

He was not taken well; he had not din'd: we'll reveins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then We pout upon the morning, are unapt

To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd

These pipes and these conveyances of our blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls

Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore, I'll watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,

And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,

And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him.

Speed how it will, I shall ere long have knowledge ny success. Exit. Com. He'll never hear him. Not? Sic. Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye Red as 't would burn Rome, and his injury The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him; "I was very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd He sent in writing after me,--what he would Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions: So that all hope is vain, Unless his noble mother, and his wife, Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him For mercy to his country. hence, And with our fair entreaties haste them on. Exeunt. SCENE II.—The Volscian Camp before Rome. The Guards at their stations. Enter to them MENENIUS. 1 G. Stay! whence are you? Stand, and go back. Men. You guard like men: 't is well; but, by your leave, I am an officer of state, and come To speak with Coriolanus. 1 G. From whence? Men. From Rome. 1 G. You may not pass; you must return: our general Will no more hear from thence. 2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with here, he would use me with estimation. fire, before You'll speak with Coriolanus. Good my friends, If you have heard your general talk of Rome, And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks, My name hath touched your cars: it is Menenius. 1 G. Be it so; go back! the virtue of your name Is not here passable. I tell thee, fellow, Thy general is my lover: I have been The book of his good acts, whence men have His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified; For I have ever verified my friends

(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that

verity

Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes.

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, I have tumbled past the throw, and in his

Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words Thus, with his speechless hand: what he in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

> Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true Therefore, let's ; under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

> Men. Has he dired, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is. 1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed detant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived: therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution. You are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon. ...

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say: go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood; -back, - that's the utmost of your having :---back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow, --

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter!

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you : you shall know now that I am in estimation, you shall perceive that a Jack-guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering: behold

now presently, and swoond for what's to come upon thee. The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's I was hardly moved to water to quench it. come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this variet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thec.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away! Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My

affairs

Are servanted to others: though I owe

My revenge properly, my remission lies

In Volscian breasts. That we have been

familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be

Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

Gives a paper.

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, nother word,

I will not hear thee speak. -- This man, Aufidius,

Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st---

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[Execut Coriolanus and Aufidius.

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?
2 G. "Γ is a spell, you see, of much power.

You know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are shent for

keeping your greatness back?

2 G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoond?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

[Exit.

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

Scene III.—The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and other

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,

You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly

I have borne this business.

Auf.

You have respected; stopp'd your ears; against

The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends

That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to

Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nav. godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge

Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him; for whose old love I have

(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only
That thought he could do more. A very
little

I have yielded to: fresh embassies, and suits, Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter

Will I lend car to.—[Shout within] Ha! what shout is this?

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 't is made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, Virgilia, Vo-LUMNIA, leading Young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand

The grandchild to her blood But out, affection!

All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves'

eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt,

and am not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,

haken.

[Execunt. | As if Olympus to a molehill should In supplication nod; and my young boy Hath an aspect of intercession, which



H. A. BONR, Pinat.

## VOLUMNIA AND CORIOLANUS.

Vol. Oh, no more, no more ! You have said you will not grant us anything. Chaire cries, "Deny not."—Let the

in a goaling to obey instinct, but stand, in a goaling to obey instinct, but stand, inch were author of himself, new no other kin.

My lord and husband!

These eyes are not the same I wore
fin Rome.

The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,

you think so.

Like a dull actor now, we have forgot my part, and I am out, that o a full disgrace. Best of my flesh, give my tyranny; but do not say that, "Forgive our Romans."—O! a kiss ong as my exile, sweet as my revenge!

The control of the pealous queen of heaven, that kiss

The control of the pealous queen of the control of the

esth virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I

And the most noble mother of the world Live insaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [Kneels.

Man that of common sons.

Vol.

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I theel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [Kneels.
Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
Tholp to frame thee. Do you know this

The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,

Which, by the interpretation of full time, May show like all yourself.

With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou
may'st prove

To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw, And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself.

Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The things I have forsworm to grant may
never

Be held by your denials. Do not bid me Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not To allay my rages and revenges with Your colder reasons.

Vol. O! no more, no more:
You have said, you will not grant us any
thing:

For we have nothing else to ask but that Which you deny already: yet we will ask. That, if you fail in our request, the blame May hang upon your hardness. Therefore, hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll

Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,

How more unfortunate than all living women Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing

The son, the husband, and the father, tearing His country's bowels out. And to poor we Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy; for how can we, Alas! how can we for our country pray,

Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,

Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose

The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,

Our comfort in the country. We must find An evident calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win; for either thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Your knee, sirrah.
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin.

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And bear the palm, for having bravely shed Thy wife and children's blood. For myself,

I purpose not to wait on fortune, till

These wars determine: if I cannot persuade

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts, Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no

March to assault thy country than to tread (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's

That brought thee to this world.

Ay, and mine, That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name

Living to time.

'A shall not tread on me: I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be, Requires nor child nor woman's face to see. I have sat too long. Rising.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus. If it were so, that our request did tend To save the Romans, thereby to destroy The Volsces whom you serve, you might con-

demn us,

As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces

May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,

"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side

Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd

For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,

The end of war's uncertain: but this certain, That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a

Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses; Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,

But with his last attempt he wip'd it out, Destroy'd his country, and his name remains To the ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me,

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour, To imitate the graces of the gods;

To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the

And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man

Still to remember wrongs !- Daughter, speak

He cares not for your weeping. - Speak thou,

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world

More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me

Like one i' the stocks.—Thou hast never in thy life

Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;

When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second

Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home, Londen with honour. Say, my request's unjust,

And spurn me back; but, if it be not so, Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away: Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.

To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride, Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end; This is the last :-- so we will home to Rome, And die among our neighbours.-Nay, behold 's.

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,

But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship, Does reason our petition with more strength Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go. This fellow had a Volscian to his mother; His wife is in Corioli, and his child

Like him by chance.--Yet give us our despatch:

I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,

And then I'll speak a little.

[He holds VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent. Cor. O mother, mother!

What have you done? Behold! the heavens lo ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene They laugh at. O my mother! mother! O! You have won a happy victory to Rome;

But, for your son,—believe it, O! believe

Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,

But let it If not most mortal to him.

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,

Were you in my stead, would you have heard A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

I dare be sworn, you were . . And, sir, it is no little thing to make

Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good

What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part.

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and

pray you,

Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife! Auf. [Aside.] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thec: out of that I'll work

Myself a former fortune.

[The ladies make signs to Coriolanus. Cor. [To Volumnia, Virgilia, dc.] Ay, by-and-by;

But we will drink together; and you shall

A better witness back than words, which we, On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd. Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve To have a temple built you: all the swords In Italy, and her confederate arms, Could not have made this peace. [ Exeunt.

### Scene IV.--Rome. A Public Place.

#### Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you youd coign o' the Capitol, yond cornerstone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in 't. Our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible, that so short a time can

alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings: he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eightyear-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing | Accept my thankfulness.

of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throu-

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

### Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house.

The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home. They 'll give him death by inches.

### Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news? Mess. Good news, good news!—The ladies have prevail'd,

The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone. A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Friend. Art thou certain this is true? is it most

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire. Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide.

As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[ Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drams beaten all together. Shouting also within. The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes. Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting

Romans,

Make the sun dance. Hark you!

Shouting ayain. Men. This is good news. I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia

Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,

A city full; of tribunes, such as you, A sea and land full. You have pray'd wel!

to-day:

This morning for ten thousand of your throats I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they [Shouting and music.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings; next,

Mes. Sir, we have all Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [Going.

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Scrutors, Patricians, and People. They pass over the stage.

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,

And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius; Repeal him with the welcome of his mother; Cry, -Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome 70
[A flourish with drums and trumpets.

Exercit.

Scene V .- Antium. A Public Place.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:

Deliver them this paper; having read it, Bid them repair to the market-place; where I, Even in theirs and in the commons' ears, Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse The city ports by this hath enter'd, and Intends to appear before the people, hoping To purge himself with words. Despatch.

[Execut Attendants.]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with our general?

Anf. Even so 10

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,

And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir, If you do hold the same intent wherein You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you Of-your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell: We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst

"Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it; And my pretext to strike at him admits

Sir, we have all 

A good construction. I rais'd him, and I hanks.

Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,

Seducing so my friends; and, to this end, He bow'd his nature, never known before But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness,

When he did stand for consul, which he lost

By lack of stooping,—

Auf.

That I would have spoke of.
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took
him:

Made him joint servant with me; gave him

In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; served his designments

In mine own person; holp to reap the fame, Which he did end all his; and took some

To do myself this wrong: till, at the last, I seem'd his follower, not partner; and He wag'd me with his countenance, as if I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvelled at it; and, in the last.
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd

For no less spoil than glory,-

Auf. There was it; For which my sinews shall be stretched upon him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour Of our great action: therefore shall he die, And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.

1 Con. Your native town you entered like a post, 50

And had no welcomes home; but he returns, Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools, Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear

With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage, Ere he express himself, or move the people With what he would say, let him feel your sword.

Which we will second. When he lies along, After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury 20 His reasons with his body.

Say no more: Auf. Here come the lords. Enter the Lords of the City. Lords. You are most welcome home. I have not deserv'd it. But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd What I have written to you? We have. Lords. And grieve to bear 't. 1 Lord. What faults he made before the last, I think, Might have found easy fines; but there to Where he was to begin, and give away The benefit of our levies, answering us With our own charge, making a treaty where There was a yielding, this admits no excuse. Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him. 70 Enter Coriolanus, with drums and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him. Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier : No more infected with my country's love Than when I parted hence, but still subsist-Under your great command. You are to know, That prosperously I have attempted, and With bloody passage led your wars even to The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home Do more than counterpoise, a full third part, The charges of the action. We have made peace, With no less honour to the Antiates, Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver, Subscribed by the consuls and patricians, Together with the seal o' the senate, what We have compounded on. Read it not, noble lords; But tell the traitor in the highest degree He hath abus'd your powers. Cor. Traitor !—How now !— Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius. Cor. Marcius: Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n He has betray'd your business, and given up, For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,

(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother;

Breaking his oath and resolution, like

A twist of rotten silk; never admitting

Council o' the war, but at his nurse's tears He whin'd and roar'd away your victory, That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart Look'd wondering each at other. Hear'st thou, Mars? Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears. Auf. No more. Cor. Measureless Har, thou hast made my Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave !-Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords, Must give this cur the lie : and his own no-(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join

To thrust the lie unto him. 1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak. Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and

Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False, hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 't is there, That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, 1 Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli: Alone I did it.—Boy!

Why, noble lords, Auf. Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune, Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,

'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for 't. All People. Tear him to pieces: do it presently. He killed my son ;—my daughter ; he killed my cousin Marcus;-he killed my father.-

2 Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage: peace! The man is noble, and his fame folds in This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us Shall have judicious hearing .-- Stand, Aufidius,

And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O! that I had him, With six Autidiuses, or more, his tribe, To use my lawful sword!

Insolent villain All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him! [Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus, who falls: Aufi-DIUS stands on his body.

Hold, hold, hold, hold! Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak. 1 Lord. O Tullus !--

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat As the most noble corse that ever herald valour will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him. - Masters all, be quiet.-

Put up your swords.

Anf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice

"hat he is thus cut off. Please it your | Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully; honours

To call me to your senate, I'll deliver Myself your loyal servant, or endure Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body, And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded

Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame. Let's make the best of it.

My rage is gone, Anf. And I am struck with sorrow. - Take him

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be-

Trail your steel pikes -Though in this city he Hath widowed and unchilded many a one, in Which to this hour bewail the injury,

Yet he shall have a noble memory.-

Assist. Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS. A dead march sounded.

# THE WINTER'S TALE.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONE.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.

MAMILLIUS, Young Prince of Sicilia.

CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
Lords of Sicilia.

CLEOMENES,
DION.

POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.

FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.

ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.

A Mariner.

A Gaoler. An Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita. Clown, his Son. AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue. Time, the Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, Wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady attending the Queen.
Mopsa,
Dorcas,
Shepherdesses.

Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE-Sometimes in SICILIA, sometimes in BOHEMIA.

#### ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. An Ante-chamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,-

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable confort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches cre he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die! Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

ts it to utterance.

Arch. If the lring had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Polinenes, Hermione, Ma- | millius, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been

The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne

Without a burden: time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our

Would be filld up, my brother, with out thanks;

And yet we should for perpetuity

Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,

Yet standing in rich place, I multiply With one "We thank you" many thousands

That go before it.

Leon, Stay your thanks awhile, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,

Or breed upon our absence; that may blow No sneaping winds at home, to make us say, "This is put forth too truly!" Besides, I have stay'd

To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,

Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

l'ol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then;

and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so. There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world.

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,

Were there necessity in your request, although "T were needful I denied it. My affairs Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder, Were in your love a whip to me, my stay

To you a charge, and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until

You had drawn ouths from him, not to stay. You, sir,

Charge him too coldly: tell him, you are suro

All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction The by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him, He's beat from her best ward.

Lean. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell be longs to see his son were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go; But let him swear so, and he shall not stay, We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—

[7o Polixenss.] Yet of your royal presence-

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia You take my lord, I'll give him my commission.

To let him there a month behind the gest Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes, I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber wows; but I, Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,

Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily, You shall not go: a lady's "verily" is As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet? Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees, When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?

My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread "verily."

One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
This is for me less easy to commit,

Than you to punish.

Her.
But your kind hostess.
Come, I'll question

Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were lays;

You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen, Two lads, that thought there was no more behind.

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,

And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag of the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd.

Was innocence for innocence; we knew not The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,

And our weak spirits no'er been higher rear'd

With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven

Boldly, "not guilty;" the imposition clear'd. Hereditary ours.

By this we gather, Her.

You have tripp'd since.

O! my most sacred lady, Temptations have since then been born to 's:

In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl: Your precious self had then not cross'd theeyes Of my young playfellow.

Grace to boot! NO Her. Of this make no conclusion, lest you say, Your queen and I are devils; yet, go on: The offences we have made you do, we'll

answer ; If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us

You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord. At my request he would not. Leon. Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st

To better purpose. Her. Never ?

Never, but once. Her. What I have I twice said well I when was 't before?

1 pr'ythee, tell me. Cram's with praise, and make 's

As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that. Our praises are our wages: you may ride's With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal :---

My last good deed was to entreat his stay: What was my first? it has an elder sister, Or I mistake you: O, 'would her hame were

Grace! But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?

Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when Three crabb'd months had sour'd themselves to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand, And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter.

I am yours for ever.

'T is Grace, indeed.-Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband, The other for some while a friend.

Too hot, too hot! Leon. [Aside.] To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

I have tremor cordis on me: - my heart dances.

But not for joy, not joy. -This entertainment May a free face put on, derive a liberty

From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom, And well become the agent: 't may, I grant; But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers.

As now they are; and making practis'd smiles.

As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 't were

The mort o' the deer; O! that is entertain-

My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,

Art thou my boy?

Ay, my good lord. Mam.

Leon. T fecks? 120 Why, that's my bawcock. What! hast smutch'd thy nose?--

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come. captain,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf, Are all call'd neat .- Still virginalling

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!

Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord. Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,

To be full like me :--yet, they say, we are Almost as like as eggs; women say so, That will say anything: but were they false As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters; false As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it

To say this boy were like me.-Come, sir page,

Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!

Most dear'st! my collop!---Can thy dam?-may 't be !--

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:

Thou dost make possible things not so held, Communicat'st with dreams;—(how can this be ?) ---

With what's unreal thou co-active art, And fellow'st nothing. Then, 't is very

credent, Thou may'st eo-join with something; and thou dost,-

[Giving her hand to Polixenes. | And that beyond commission; and I find it,

Attendants.

Gone already;

Execut Polixenes, Hermione and

And that to the infection of my brains, And hardening of my brows. What means Sicilia? Her. He something seems unsettled. How, my lord! What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother? You look, As if you held a brow of much distraction: Are you mov'd, my lord? No, in good carnest.— How sometimes nature will betray its folly, Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd, In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled, Lest it should bite its master, and so prove, As ornaments oft do, too dangerous. How like, methought, I then was to this This squash, this gentleman.-Mine honest friend, Will you take eggs for money? Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight. Leon. You will why, happy man be's dole!—My brother, Are you so fond of your young prince, as we Do seem to be of ours? If at home, sir, He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter: Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy; My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all. He makes a July's day short as December; And with his varying childness cures in me Thoughts that would thick my blood. Leon. So stands this squire Offic'd with me. We too will walk, my And leave you to your graver steps.—Her-How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome: Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap. Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's Apparent to my heart. Her. If you would seek us, We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend you there? Lson. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found, Be you beneath the sky.—[Aside.] I am angling now, Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him;

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!-Go play, boy, play; -thy mother plays, and I Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There have been, Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now; And many a man there is, (even at this present, Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's absence. And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in 't, Whiles other men have gates, and those gates. open'd, As mine, against their will. Should all des-That have revolted wives, the tenth of man-Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none: It is a bawdy planet, that will strike Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it, From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded, No barricado for a belly: know't; It will let in and out the enemy, With bag and baggage. Many a thousand on 's Have the disease, and feel 't not. - How now, boy ? Mam. I am like you, they say. Why, that 's some comfort.— What! Camillo there? Cam. Ay, my good lord. Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an Exit MAMILLIUS. honest man.— Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer. Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold: When you cast out, it still came home. Didst note it Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made His business more material. Didst perceive it?— Leon. They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,

"Sicilia is a—so-forth." 'T is far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came 't,
Camillo,

That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be 't: good should be pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine!
For thy conceit is soaking; will draw in
More than the common blocks:—not noted,
is't,

But of the finer natures? by some severals, Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes, Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most

understand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy?
The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy!—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo.
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well

My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like,

Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed

Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't,—thou art not honest;

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward, Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted

A servant grafted in my serious trust, And therein negligent; or else a fool, That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,

And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my

lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously

It was my folly; if industriously I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,

Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful To do a thing, where I the issue doubted, Whereof the execution did cry out Against the non-performance, 't was a fear Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty Is never free of: but, 'beseech your grace, Be plainer with me: let me know my tres-

By its own visage; if I then deny it, 'T is none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo, (But that's past doubt; you have: or your eye-glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard, (For, to a vision so apparent, rumour cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation Resides not in that man that does not think) My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess, (Or else be impudently negative, To have nor eyes, nor thought) then say My wife 's a hobbyhorse, deserves a name As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to Before her troth-plight: say 't, and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear My sovereign mistress clouded so, without My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart.

You never spoke what did become you less Than this; which to reiterate, were sin As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more
swift

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,

That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?

Why, then the world, and all that is in 't, is nothing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;

My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes; For 't is most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 't is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:

I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporiser; that

Canst with thine eyes at once see good and

evil,

Inclining to them both: were my wife's

Infected as her life, she would not live The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like her

medal, hanging

About his nock, Bohemia: who—if I Had servants true about mc, that bare eyes 'Fo see alike mine honour as their profits, sur Their own particular thrifts, they would do that

Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou, His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,

How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup, To give mine enemy a lasting wink; Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord, I could do this, and that with no rash potion, But with a lingering dram, that should not work

Maliciously, like poison: but I cannot Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress, So sovereignly being honourable. I have lov'd thee.-

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!

Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation is sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—
Which to preserve is sleep; which, being
spotted,

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,—
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my
son,

(Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do
this?

Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir: do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't; Provided, that when he's remov'd, your

highness

Will take again your queen, as yours at first, Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing

The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,

Even so as I mine own course have set down I'll give no blemish to her honour, none. So Cam. My lord,

Go then; and with a countenance as clear As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia.

And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer: If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do 't. my lord. Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast

advised me. [Exit. Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me, \*\*\*

What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner

Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't Is the obedience to a master; one, Who, in rebellion with himself, will have All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,

Promotion follows. If I could find example. Of thousands that had struck anointed kings. And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since. Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,

Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign.now: Here comes Bohemia.

#### Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange. Methinks. My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a counter.

As he had lost some province, and a region Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him

With customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me,
and

So leaves me to consider what is breeding, That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not! Do you

know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? "T is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you

And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo. Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror. must be

A party in this alteration, finding

Myself thus alter'd with 't.

There is a sickness Which puts some of us in distemper; but I cannot name the disease, and it is caught Of you, that yet are well.

How caught of me! Make me not sighted like the basilisk:

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,-As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns Our gentry than our parents' noble names, In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech

If you know aught which does behove my knowledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison t not In ignorant concealment,

Cam. I may not answer. Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I

I must be answer'd.— Dost thou hear, Camillo, I conjure thee, by all the parts of man Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare What incidency thou dost guess of harm Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;

Which way to be prevented, if to be: If not, how best to bear it.

Sir, I will tell you; Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him That I think honourable. Therefore, mark my counsel,

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me 400

Cry "lost," and so good night.

On, good Camillo. Cam. I am appointed him to murder you. Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king. Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears.

As he had seen 't, or been an instrument To vie you to 't,—that you have touch'd his queen

Forbiddenly,

Pol. O, then my best blood turn To an infected jelly, and my name Be yok'd with his that did betray the best! Turn then my freshest reputation to A savour that may strike the dullest nostril

Which shows me mine chang'd too; for 1 Where farrive; and my approach be shunn'd. Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st intec

That c'er was heard, or read!

Swear his thought over By each particular star in heaven, and By all their influences, you may as well Forbid the sea for to obey the moon, As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake, The fabric of his folly, whose foundation Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow? Cam. I know not; but, I am sure, 't is

Avoid what's grown, than question how 't is

If therefore you dare trust my honesty, That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night! Your followers I will whisper to the business; And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,

Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put My fortunes to your service, which are here By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain; 46 For, by the honour of my parents, I

Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to

I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer Than one condemned by the king's own mouth, thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee: I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy

Be pilot to me, and thy places shall Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and My people did expect my hence departure Two days ago.—This jealousy

Is for a precious creature : as she 's rare, Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty. Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive He is dishonour'd by a man which ever Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort The gracious queen, part of his theme, but

nothing Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo: 164

I will respect thee as a father, if Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid. Cam. It is in mine authority to command

The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness

To take the urgent hour. Come, sir: away! [Exeriot.

### ACT II.

Scene I.—The Same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,

T is past enduring.

Come, my gracious lord: 1 Lady. Shall I be your playfellow?

No, I'll none of you. Mam.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if

I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say.

Become some women best, so that there be

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,

Or a half-moon made with a pen. Who taught ye this?

Mam. I learned it out of women's faces.— Pray now,

What colour are your eyebrows?

Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

? Lady. Hark ye.

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall

Present our services to a fine new prince, One of these days: and then you'd wanton with us,

If we would have you.

She is spread of late 1 Lady.

Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her! Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you?

Come, sir; now

I am for you again: pray you, sit by us, And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be? Her. As merry as you will.

A sad tale 's best for winter.

I have one of sprites and goblins.

Let's have that, good sir. Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,-

Nay, come, sit down; then on. Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard.—I will tell it softly:

Youd crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, And give 't me in mine car.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never

Saw I men scour so on their way. I ey'd them

Even to their ships.

How blest am I In my just censure, in my true opinion !--Alack! for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd, In being so blest!--There may be in the cup A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart, And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge

Is not infected; but if one present

The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his

With violent hefts.—I have drunk, and seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander.— There is a plot against my life, my crown:

All 's true that is mistrusted; -that false villain.

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him. He has discover'd my design, and I

Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick so For them to play at will.—How came the posterns

So easily open ?

1 Lord. By his great authority; Which often hath no less prevail'd than so, On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.— Give me the boy. [To HERMIONE.] 1 am glad, you did not nurse him :

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet

Have too much blood in him.

What is this? sport? Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her.

Away with him; and let her sport herself With that she's big with, for't is Polixenes to Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not, And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,

Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, "she is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"'T is pity she's not honest, honourable:"
Praise her but for this her without-door form
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech),
and straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands

That calumny doth use:—O, I am out!—
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and
ha's,

When you have said, "she's goodly," come between.

Ere you can say, "she's honest." But be 't known.

From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,

She's an adult'ress.

Her. Should a villain say so, The most replenish'd villain in the world, He were as much more villain: you, my lord, Do but mistake.

You have mistook, my lady, so Leon. Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing, Which I'll not call a creature of thy place, Lest barbarism, making me the precedent, Should a like language use to all degrees, And mannerly distinguishment leave out Betwixt the prince and beggar !-- I have said She's an adult'ress; I have said with whom: More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is A federary with her, and one that knows What she should shame to know herself, But with her most vile principal, that she's A bed-swerver, even as bad as those That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve
you.

When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that

You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord.

You scarce can right me throughly then, to say

You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre, is not big enough to bear

A school-boy's top. — Away with her to prison!

He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty. But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:

I must be patient, till the heavens look • With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,

Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns

Worse than tears drown. 'Beseech you all, my lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so The king's will be perform'd.

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is 't, that goes with me?—Besech your highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see, My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;

There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears, As I come out: this action, I now go on, Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord: I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,

I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding : hence!

[Execut QUEEN and Ladies.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great onesuffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord.
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless

I' the eyes of heaven, and to you: I mean, In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and see her, no further
trust her:

For every inch of woman in the world, Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false, If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces!

1 Lord. Good my lord.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for our sclves.

You are abus'd, and by some putter-on, 141
That will be dann'd for 't; would I knew the villain,

I would land-damn him. Be she honourflaw'd.--

I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven. The second, and the third, nine, and some

If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine

I'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see, To bring false generations: they are co-heirs; And I had rather glib myself, than they Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease! no more. You smell this business with a sense as cold As is a dead man's nose; but I do see 't, and

As you feel doing thus, and see withal The instruments that feel.

If it be so, We need no grave to bury honesty: There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten Of the whole dungy earth.

What! lack I credit? Leon. I Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,

Upon this ground; and more it would content

To have her honour true, than your suspicion; Be blam'd for 't how you might.

Why, what need we 100 Commune with you of this, but rather follow Our forcible instigation? Our prerogative Calls not your counsels, but our natural good-

Imparts this; which, if you (or stupified, Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not, Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves, We need no more of your advice: the matter, The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all Properly ours.

And I wish, my liege, You had only in your silent judgment tried it,

Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be? Either thou art most ignorant by age,

Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight, Added to their familiarity

(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,

They lack'd sight only, nought for approba-

But only seeing, all other circumstances Made up to the deed), doth push on this proceeding:

Yet, for a greater confirmation,

(For in an act of this importance 't were Most piteous to be wild) I have despatch'd in I I must be present at your conference. post,

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple, Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle They will bring all; whose spiritual counse!

Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well? I Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle Give rest to the minds of others; such as he, Whose ignorant credulity will not Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,

From our free person she should be confin'd, Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence Be left her to perform. Come, follow us: We are to speak in public: for this business Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it, If the good truth were known. Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.

### Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him:

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady! Exit an Attendant. No court in Europe is too good for thee; What dost thou then in prison?—

Re-enter Attendant, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not?

Gaoler. For a worthy lady, And one whom much I honour.

Paul.

Pray you then, Conduct me to the queen.

Guoler. I may not, madam: to the con-

I have express commandment.

 Here's ado, Paul. To lock up honesty and honour from The access of gentle visitors !-- Is 't lawful, Pray you, to see her women? any of them? Emilia ?

Gaoler. So please you, madam, To put apart these your attendants, I • Shall bring Emilia forth.

Panl.I pray now, call her.— Withdraw yourselves. Exeunt Attendants. Gaoler. And, madam,

Paul. Well, be 't so, pr'ythee. [Exit Gaoler.

Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain, 20 As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gauler, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman.

How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn.

May hold together. On her frights, and griefs, (Which never tender lady hath borne greater) She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe, Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives Much comfort in 't, says, "My poor prisoner, I am innocent as you."

I dare be sworn :— Paul. These dangerous, unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!

He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me. If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister, And never to my red-look'd anger be The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia, Commend my best obedience to the queen: If she dares trust me with her little babe, I'll show 't the king, and undertake to be Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not

How he may soften at the sight o' the child: The silence often of pure innocence

Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil.Most worthy madam, Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident, That your free undertaking cannot miss A thriving issue: there is no lady living So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer, Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design, w But durst not tempt a minister of honour, Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia, I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from 't, As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted

I shall do good.

Now, be you blest for it! I'll to the queen. --Please you, come something neares

Gaoler. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,

I know not what I shall incur to pass it, Having no warrant.

You need not fear it, sir: The child was prisoner to the womb, and is, ... By law and process of great nature, thence

Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to The anger of the king, nor guilty of, If any be, the trespass of the queon.

Gaoler. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, F Will stand betwixt you and danger. | Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day, no rest. It is but weakness

To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If The cause were not in being,--part o' the cause,

She, the adult'ress; for the harlot king Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she I can hook to me :---say, that she were gone, Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest Might come to me again .-- Who's there ?

1 Atten. My lord.

Leon. How does the boy?

He took good rest to-night; "I is hoped, his sickness is discharg'd.

To see his nobleness! Conceiving the dishonour of his mother, He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply, Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself, Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep, And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:

See how he fares. [Exit Attendant.] -- Fie, fie! no thought of him:

The very thought of my revenges that way Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty, And in his parties, his alliance; --- let him be, Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,

Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sor-

They should not laugh, if I could reach them;

Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 Lord. You must not enter. Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas, Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent

More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough, 1 Atten. Madain, he hath not slept to-night; commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir: I come to bring him sleep. "T is such as you,....

That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh

At each his needless heavings, —such as you Nourish the game of his appaling: I

Nourish the cause of his awaking: 1 Do come with words as med'cinal as true,

Honest as either, to purge him of that humour,

That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference.

About some gossips for your highness.

Away with that audacious lady Autigonus, I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me:

I knew she would.

Ant. 1 told her so, my lord, On your displeasure's peril, and on mine, She should not visit you.

Leon. What! canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have
done,

Commit me for committing honour) trust it, He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now! you hear. When she will take the rein, I let her run; But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come, And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes Myself your loyal servant, your physician, Myour most obedient counsellor, yet that dares Less appear so in comforting your evils, Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come from your good queen.

Faul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I

And would by combat make her good, so

toan, the worst about you.

Force her hence. ®

first hand me. On mine own accord I'll off, but first I'll do my errand.—The good queen, or she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:

Iere t is; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the Child.

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'
door:

A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you

In so entitling me, and no less honest

Than you are mad: which is enough, I'll warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest,

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—

[To Antigonus.] Thou, dotard, thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard:

Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness Which he has put upon 't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then 't were past all doubt

You'd call your children yours,

Leon. A nest of traitors! s.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

But one that's here, and that's himself; for

The sacred honour of himself, his queen's, His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and will not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse He cannot be compell'd to 't) once remove The root of his opinion, which is rotten As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon.

A callat,
Of boundless tongue, who late hath bent her
husband,

And now baits me!—This brat is none or mine:

It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it; and, together with the dam, Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of 's frown, his forehead; may, the
vallev.

smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, fin-

And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all

No vellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does, Her children not her husband's.

A gross hag! And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd. That wilt not stay her tongue.

Hang all the husbands That cannot do that feat, you'll leave your-! self

Hardly one subject.

Can do no more,

I'll have thee burn'd. Leon. Paul. I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,

Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you! Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live: tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen Not able to produce more accusation Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you, Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance, Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,

Where were her life? she durst not call me so, If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be ! gone.

Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send her

A better guiding spirit!—What needs these hands ?-

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies, Will never do him-good, not one of you.

So, so :—farewell; we are gone. Exit. Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.-

My child? away with't!—even thou, that

A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence, And see it instantly consum'd with fire: Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up

straight. Within this hour bring me word 't is done (And by good testimony), or I'll seize thy life, With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his | And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so; The bastard brains with these my proper hands

> Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire, For thou sett'st on thy wife.

I did not, sir: 140 These lords, my noble fellows, if they please, Can clear me in 't.

l Lord. We can: my royal liege, He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit.

We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg (As recompense of our dear services,

Past, and to come), that you do change this purpose;

Once more, take her hence. 110 Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must 150 Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord. Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel. Leon. 1 am's feather for each wind that

> Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel And call me father? Better burn it now, It shall not neither. — [ To Antigonus.] You, sir, come you hither ;

> You, that have been so tenderly officious With Lady Margery, your midwife, there, To save this bastard's life,—for 't is a bastard. So sure as this beard's grey, --- what will you adventure

To save this brat's life?

Anything, my lord, That my ability may undergo,

And nobleness impose: at least, thus much: I'll pawn the little blood which I have left, To save the innocent: anything possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

I will, my lord. Leon. Mark, and perform it, seest thou! for the fail

Of any point in 't shall not only be

Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued

Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin

As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it

To some remote and desert place, quite out Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it.

Without more mercy, to its own protection, And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune

It came to us, I do in justice charge thre, On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture, That thou commend it strangely to some Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present

Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,

To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they

Casting their savageness aside, have done Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous In more than this deed doth require!—And blessing

Against this cruelty fight on thy side, Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

Exit with the Child.

No; I'll not rear Lcon.

Another's issue. 1 Atten.

Please your highness, post From those you sent to the oracle are come An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion, Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are botlanded.

Hasting to the court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed Hath been beyond account.

Twenty-three days Leon. They have been absent: 't is good speed, foretells,

The great Apollo suddenly will have The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords: Summon a session, that we may arraign Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have A just and open trial. While she lives, My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me, And think upon my bidding. Exeunt.

#### AUT III.

Scene I.—The Same. A Street in some Town.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most

Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report, For most it caught me, the celestial habits (Methinks, I so should term them), and the reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice! How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly It was i' the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle, Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense, That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so !--

As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy, The time is worth the use on 't.

Great Apollo, Furn all to the best! These proclamations, So forcing faults upon Hermione, I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it Will clear, or end, the business: when the

(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)

Shall the contents discover, something rare x Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go, fresh horses ;-

And gracious be the issue!

Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Same. A Court of Justice.

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)

Even pyshes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,

The daughter of a king, our wife, and one Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd Of being tyrannous, since we so openly Proceed in justice, which shall have due

course, Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—-

Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the

Appear in person here in court.—Sikence! 19

Enter Hermione, guarded; 'Paulina and Ludies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night."

At all acknowledge. (With whom I am according to the love of the laid and them are in the law of the laid and them are in the laid acknowledge. (With whom I am according to the laid acknowledge. (With whom I am according to the laid acknowledge.)

I lov'd him, as in hom with such a kind of I am according to the laid acknowledge. (With whom I am according to the laid acknowledge.)

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that

Which contradicts my accusation, and The testimony on my part no other But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me

To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus:—if powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best
know,

(Who least will seem to do so) my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devis'd And play'd to take spectators. For behold me, A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,

The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore a Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it

As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for

'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he caine,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot

Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jobeyond

The bound of honour, or, in act or will,

The bound of honour, or, in act or will, That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin Cry "Fie!" upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That 's true enough; Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of Which comes to me in name of fault, 1 must not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes
(With whom I am accused), I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think, had been in

Both disobedience and ingratitude To you, and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,

Even since it could speak from an infant, freely

That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy, I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd For me to try how: all I know of it Is, that Camillo was an honest man; And why he left your court, the gods themselves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know

What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not: My life stands in the level of your dreams, a Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams: You had a bastard by Polixenes, And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame,

(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth, Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it), so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose casiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats: The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek

To me can life be no commodity:

The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,

I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third
comfort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, Me The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth, Haled out to murder: myself on every post Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred, The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried Here to this place, i' the open air, before I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive, That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.

But yet hear this; mistake me not;—no life,

I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour (Which I would free), if I shall be condemn'd Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else But what your jealousies awake, I tell you, "T is rigour, and not law. Your honours all, I do refer me to the oracle:

Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request 1s altogether just. Therefore, bring torth, And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Excunt several Officers.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:

O! that he were alive, and here beholding 120 His daughter's trial; that he did but see The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought

This scal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then, You have not dar'd to break the holy scal, Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo., Dion. All this we swear. Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. [Reads.] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found!"

Lords. Now, blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hust thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle.

The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

### Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!
Leon. What is the business?
Serv. O sir! I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear

Of the queen's speed, is gone. • Leon. How! gone?

Serv.

Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves

Do strike at my injustice. [Hermione faints.]
How now there

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.

Look down,

And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence: Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will re-

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

'Besecch you, tenderly apply to her Some remedies for life.—

[Execunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.

Apollo, pardou
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!---

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command, though I with death and with

Reward did threaten and encourage him, Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here, Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

#### . Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while! O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it, Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast
for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling,

And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's
honour,

To have him kill a king; poor trespasses, 100

More monstrous standing by! whereof I
reckon

The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter, To be or none, or little, though a devil Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't: Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death

Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts

(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the

That could conceive a gross and foolish sire Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no, Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords! When I have said, cry "woe!"—the queen,

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for 't

Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid! Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see. If you can brin Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye, Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you

As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!

Do not repent these things, for they are
heavier

Than all thy woes can stir; therefore, betake thee

To nothing but despair. A thousand knees Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting, Upon a barren mountain, and still winter, In storm perpetual, could not move the gods To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on;
Thou canst not speak too much: I have
deserv'd

All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord. Say no more: Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault

I'the boldness of your speech.

Part. 1 am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,"

I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much The rashness of a woman. He is touch'd To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,

Should be past grief: do not receive affliction

At my petition; I beseech you rather, Let me be punish'd, that have minded you Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your
children;

I'll not remember you of my own lord, Who is lost too. Take your patience to you, And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well.
When most the truth, which I receive much better.

Than to be pitied of thee. Prythee, bring me To the dead bodies of my queen, and son. One grave shall be for both: upon them shall. The causes of their death appear, unto

Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there

Shall be my recreation: so long as nature Will bear up with this exercise, so long I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me To these sorrows.

[Execunt.]

Scene 111.—Bohemia. A Desert Country near the Sea.

Enter Antigonus, with the Babe; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon

The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,

And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,

The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,

And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;

Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not to 'Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;

Besides, this place is famous for the creatures Of prey that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away :

I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.

Ant. Come, poor babe:—

I have heard (but not believ'd), the spirits o' the dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy

Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was

So like a waking. To me comes a creature, Sometimes her head on one side, some another;

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow, So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes.

Like very sanctity, she did approach My cabin where I lay, thrice bow'd before me, And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon Did this break from her :-- "Good Antigonus, Since fate, against thy better disposition, Hath made thy person for the thrower-out Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, ao Places remote enough are in Bokemia, There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe

Is counted lost for ever, Perdita, I pr'ythee, call 't: for this ungentle business, Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see Thy wife Paulina more:"--and so, with shrieks,

She melted into air. Affrighted much, I did in time collect myself, and thought This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are

Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, I will be squar'd by this. I do believe. Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that Apollo would, this being indeed the issue Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid, Either for life or death, upon the earth Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee

well! Laying down the Babe. There lie; and there thy character: there Laying down a bundle. these.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,

And still rest thinc. The storm begins.-Poor wretch!

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd so To loss, and what may follow.-Weep I can-

But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I, To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell! The day frowns more and more: thou art like to have

A lullaby too rough. I never saw The heavens so dim by day. A savage cla-

Well may I get aboard !- This is the chase;

Enter an Old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is no thing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting .- Hark you now !- Would any but these boiled-brains of nineteen, and two-andtwenty, hunt this weather! They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, 1 fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master: if anywhere I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will !-- What have we here? [Taking up the Babe.] Mercy on 's, a barn; a very pretty barn! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come: he hollaed but even now.—Whos, ho hoa!

Clo. [Without.] Hillon, loa! Shep. What! art so near? If thou 'It see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.

### Enter Clown.

What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land-but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it? Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service :—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman.—But to make an end of the ship :--- to see how the sea flap-dragoned it ;---

roaring louder than the sea or weather. Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy? Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear. I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold

but, first, how the poor souls roared, and thes

sea mocked them ;--and how the poor gentle-

man roared, and the bear mocked him, both

under water, nor the bear half-dined on the gentleman: he 's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have

helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship's side, to have he ped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things newborn. Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling. -Open 't: what 's within, boy? Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins

of your youth are forgiven you, you're well

to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with 't, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. -Let my sheep go. -Come, good boy, the next way home

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are If there be any of him left, I'll hungry.

bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to

put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on 't. Exeunt.

#### ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,

Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error : --

Now take upon me, in the name of Time, To use my wings. Impute it not a crime To me, or my swift passage, that I slide O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth un-

Of that wide gap; since it is in my power To o'erthrow law, and in one-self-born hour To plant and o'erwhelm custom.

pass

The same I am, ere ancient'st order was, Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to The times that brought them in; so shall I do To the freshest things now reigning, and make

The glistering of this present, as my tale Now seems to it. Your patience this allow

I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,

As you had slept between. Leontes leav-

The effects of his fend jealousies so grieving, That He shuts up himself; -imagine me, Gentle spectators, that I now may be In fair Bohemia; and remember well, I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel I now name to you; and with speed so pace To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace Equal with wondering: what of her ensues,

I list not prophecy; but let Time's news Be known, when 'tis brought forth: a shepherd's daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows

Is the argument of Time. Of this allow, If ever you have spent time worse ere

If never, yet that Time himself doth say, He wishes carnestly you never may.

Scene I .-- Bohemia, A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee anything, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is lifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my muster, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so,—which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses, which none without there can sufficiently manage, must either stay to

execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered (as too much I cannot), to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel, my son? are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises

than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more that can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence, but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise arselves.

[Excunt.

Scene II.—The Same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With, heigh! the doxy over the dule,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year:
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pule.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they
sing!-

Doth set my prugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chands,—
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and
the jay,

Are summer songs for me and my aunts, While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night;

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live, And bear the sow-skin budget, Then my account I well may give, And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolyeus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drub, I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hauging, are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

#### Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to?

Aut. [Aside.] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? "Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice,"—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers; three-man songmen all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hompipes. I must have suffron, to colour the warden pies; mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my note: "nutmegs, seven: a race or two of ginger;" but that I may beg:—"four



J. D. WATSON, PINNE.

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.

Florizel. These your unusual weeds to each part of you Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora Peering in April's front.

sound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun."

Aug. O, that ever I was born!

Grovelling on the ground.

Clo. I' the name of me,-

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

· Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have

Aut. O, sir! the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have redelved, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating

may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a foot-

man ?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend'me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. | Helping him up.

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir; softly, good sir. I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir: [picks his pocket] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

· Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little

money for thee.

Aut. No, good, sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past threequarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you! that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that

robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court. 11

. Clo. His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no

more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-

baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no: fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thec well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [Exit Cloum.] -Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheepshearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the ... book of virtue!

> Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way, And merrily hent the stile-a: A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a. Exit.

Scene III.—The Same. A Lawn before a Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora Peering in April's front. This your sheep-

shearing Is as a meeting of the petty gods,

And you the queen on 't.

Sir, my gracious lord,

To chide at your extremes it not becomes me: O! pardon, that I name them.—Your high

The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd

With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid.

Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feants

In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attired, swoon, I think, To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time, When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.

Per. Now, Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your
greatness

Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble

To think, your father, by some accident, Should pass this way, as you did. O, the Fates!

How would be look, to see his work, so noble, Vilely bound up? What would be say? Or how

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold

The sternness of his presence!

Plo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green
Neptune

A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god, Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, As I seem now. Their transformations Were never for a piece of beauty rarer, Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O! but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the
king.

One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speak,—that you must change this purpose,

Or I my life.

With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not

The mirth o' the feast: or I 'll be thine, my fair, Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming:

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptial, which We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O•Lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach and Address yourself to entertain them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes and Camillo, disguised; Clown, Mopse, Dorcas, and others.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook; Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd

Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,

At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle; On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire on With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,

She would to each one sip. You are retir'd, As if you were a feasted one, and not The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is

A way to make us better friends, more known. Come; quench your blushes, and present yourself

That which you are, mistress o' the feast:

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing, As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [To Polixenes.] Sir, welcome, 79
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [To Camillo.]
You're welcome, sir.—

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas,--Reverend sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep Seeming and savour all the winter long: Grace, and remembrance, be to you both, And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess (A fair one are you), well you fit our ages With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'
the season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly vors, Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind

Our rustic garden's barren and I care not To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maideu, Do you neglect them !

Per. For I have heard it said, There is an art which, in their piedness, shares With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;

Yet nature is made better by no mean, But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art, Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art or That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry A gentler scion to the wildest stock. And make conceive a bark of baser kind By bud of noble race: this is an art Which does mend nature,—change it rather; The art itself is nature. Per. So it is. Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors, And do not call them bustards. I'll not put The dibble in earth to set one slip of them: No more than, were I painted, I would wish This youth should say, 't were well, and only therefore Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you; Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram; The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun. And with him rises weeping: these are flowers Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given To men of middle age. You are very welcome. Cam. 1 should leave grazing, were I of your flock, And only live by gazing. Out, alas You'd be so lean, that blasts of January Would blow you through and through.-- Now, my fair'st friend, I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might Become your time of day; and yours, and That wear upon your virgin branches yet Your maidenheads growing :- O Proscrpina! For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall From Dis's waggon! daffodils, That come before the swallow dares, and take The winds of March with beauty; violets But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses, That die unmarried ere they can behold Bright Phæbus in his strength, a malady Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds, The flower-de-luce being one. O, these I lack, To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,

To strew him o'er and o'er.

What, like a corse?

Flo.

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on, Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried, But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers. Methinks, I play as I have seen them do In Whitsun-pastorals: sure, this robe of mine Does change my disposition. What you do Still betters what is done. When you speak, I'd have you do it ever: when you sing, I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms; Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs, To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do Nothing but that; move still, still so, And own no other function: each your doing, So singular in each particular, Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds, That all your acts are queens. O Doricles! Your praises are too large; but that your And the true blood, which peeps fairly through Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd, With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, You woo'd me the false way. ! think, you have As little skill to fear, as I have purpose To put you to 't. But, come; our dance, I Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair, That never mean to part. I'll swear for 'em. Per. Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or But smacks of something greater than herself; Too noble for this place. He tells her something. That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is The queen of curds and cream. Come on, strike up. Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry. garlic, To mend her kissing with! Now, in good time! Clo. Not a word, a word: we stand upo: our manners.-Music. Come, strike up. [Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

is this,

Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself

To have a worthy feeding; but I have it Upon his own report, and I believe it: He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my daughter:

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read, As 't were, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,

I think, there is not half a kiss to choose Who loves another best.

She dances featly. Shep. So she does anything, though I report

That should be silent. If young Doric Do light upon her, she shall bring him that Which he not dreams of,

#### Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master! if you did but hear the pedlarat the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he usters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Scrv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes: no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest lovesongs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of "dildos" and "fadings," "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambries, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses. You would think a smock were a she-angel.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him

approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurri-Exit Servant. lous words in 's tunes.

Clo. You have of the pedlars, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

## Enter Autolycus, singing.

Laurn, as white as driven snow; ('uprus, black as e'er was crow; Gloves, as sweet as damask roses, Masks for faces, and for noses; Buyle-bracelet, necklace-amber, Perfume for a lady's chamber: Golden quoifs, and stomachers, For my lads to give their dears ; Pins and poking-sticks of steel; What maids lack from head to heel: Come, buy of me, come; come buy, buy :

Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: Come, buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces ! Is there not milkingtime, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? well they are whispering. Clamour vour tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money!

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

(%). What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a

balled in print, o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of

twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to est adders' heads, and toad carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fethom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that | loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you!

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man." There's scarce a maid westward but | she sings it: 't is in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: If thou It bear; a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 't is my occupation : have at it with you.

## Song.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go, Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whither?

Mop. 0! whither?

Dor. Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well, Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too: let me go thither.

Mop. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill.

Dor. If to either, thou dost ill.

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What, neither?

Aut. Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be. Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me: Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. [Aside.] And you shall pay well for

em.

Will you buy any tape, Or lace for your cape, My dainty duck, my dear-a? Any silk, any thread, Any toys for your head, Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a? Come to the pedlar; Money's a medler, That doth utter all men's ware-a. [ Execut Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Morsa.

#### Re-cuter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair: they call themselves Saltiers; and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already.-- l

know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serr. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleased, let them come in: but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exernt.

Pol. O father! you'll know more of that hereafter.--

Is it not too far gone !-T is time to part them. -

He is simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd

Your heart is full of something, that de take

ACT IV. Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your lass Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply, at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her. Old sir, I know 260 She prizes not such trifles as these are. The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd Up in my heart, which I have given already, But not deliver'd, O! hear me breathe my Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this As soft as dove's down, and as white as it, Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er. Pol. What follows this !--How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand, was fair before !- I have put you But, to your protestation: let me hear What you profess. Flo. Do, and be witness to 't. Pol. And this my neighbour too? And he, and more Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all; That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch. Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth That ever made eye swerve, had force, and knowledge More than was ever man's, I would not prize Without her love: for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemn them to her service, Or to their own perdition.

Take hands; a bargain; ---Shep.And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't: I give my daughter to him, and will make Her portion equal his. O! dat must be Flo. I' the virtue of your daughter: one being I shall have more than you can dream of yet; Enough then for your wonder. But, come Contract us 'fore these witnesses. Come, your hand; Shep. And, daughter, yours. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you. Have you a father? I have; but what of him? Pol. Knows he of this? Flo. He neither does, or shall. Pol. Methinks, a father Is at the nuptial of his son a guest That best becomes the table. Pray you, once Is not your father grown incapable Of reasonable affairs i is he not stupid With age, and altering rheums? can he speak? hear? Know man from nan! dispute his own estate? Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing. But what he did being childish? No, good sir : He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed. Than most have of his age. By my white beard, You offer him, if this be so, a wrong Something unfilial. Reason, my son, Should choose himself a wife; but as good The father (all whose joy is nothing else But fair posterity) should hold some counsel In such a business. Flo. I yield all this; But for some other reasons, my grave sir, Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint My father of this business, o Let him know 't. Flo. He shall not. Pol. Pr'ythee, let him. No, he must not. Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve At knowing of thy choice. Flo. Come, come, he must not. Mark our contract. Mark your divorce, young sir, 😄 Discovering himself.

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base

Fairly offer'd.

I cannot speak

But, my daughter,

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut

Say you the like to him !

out

The purity of his.

Acr IV. To be acknowledged. Thou a sceptre's heir, traitor. I am sorry, that by hanging thee I can but Shorten thy life me week. -And thou, fresh piece Of excellent witcheraft, who, of force, must The royal fool thon cop'st with, O, my heart! Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratched with briers, and made More homely than thy state. - For thee, fond If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh, That thou no more shalt see this knack (as ; I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from succession : Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin, Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words: Follow us to the court. Thou, churl, for this time, Though full of our displeasure, yet we free From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment, --Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him, too, That makes himself, but for our honour How often said, my dignity would last therein, Unworthy thee, if ever henceforth thou These rural latches to his entrance open, Or hoop his body more with thy embraces, I will devise a death as crucl for thee, "As thou art tender to 't. Exit. Per. Even here undone! I was not much afeard; for once, or twice,

I was about to speak, and tell him plainly, The selfsame sun that shines upon his court, Hides not his visage from our cottage, but to Looks on alike. - [To Florized.] Will't please you, sir, be gone ! I told you what would come of this. 'Be- If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madseech you, Of your own state take care: this dream of Do bid it welcome. Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch fur-

But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father ! Speak, ere thou diest.

I cannot speak, nor think. Nor dare to know that which I know. | To FLORIZEL. O sir!

You have undone a man of fourscore-three, That thought to fill his grave in quiet : yea, To die upon the bed my father died,

To lie close by his honest bones; but now That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lav me

Where no priest shovels in dust. - | To Per-DITA. O cursed wretch!

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure

To mingle faith with him, Undone! undone!

If I might die within this hour. I have liv'd To die when I desire.

Why look you so upon me! I am but sorry, not afear'd : delay'd, But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am: More straining on, for plucking back; not following

My leash unwillingly.

Gracious my lord, w You know your father's temper: at this time He will allow no speech (which, I do guess, You do not purpose to him), and as hardly Will be endure your sight as yet, I fear: Then, till the fury of his highness settle, Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo ?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you't would be thus!

But till 't were known!

It cannot fail, but by The violation of my faith; and then,

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,

And mar the seeds within! -- Lift up thy looks:---

From my succession wipe me, father; 1 Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. 1 am; and by my fancy: if my

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

Cam. This is desperate, sir. Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow. I needs must think it honesty. Camillo, Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees, or The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide

In unknown fathoms, will I break my cath To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray

As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,

When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not To see him any more), east your good counsels Upon his passion: let myself and fortune Tug for the time to come. This you may know,

And so deliver. I am put to sea With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore: And, most opportune to our need, I have A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd For this design. What course I mean to hold, Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord! I would your spirit were easier for advice, & Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdira. | Takes her aside. | To Camillo. | I'll hear you by and by. Cam. | He's arremovable, Resolved for flight. | Now were I happy, if

His going I could frame to serve my turn, Save him from danger, do Ikm love and honour,

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia, And that unhappy king, my master, wh

And that unhappy king, my master, whom I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo, I am so fraught with curious business, that

I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,

You have heard of my poor services, i' the love That I have borne your father?

Flo.

Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care,
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

Cam.

Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And thorough him, what's nearest to him,

which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration), on mine honour,

I'll point you where you shall have such receiving

As shall become your highness; where you

Enjoy your mistress (from the whom, I see, There's no disjunction to be made, but by, As heavens forfend, your ruin); marry her; And (with my best endeavours in your absence)

Your discontenting father strive to qualify, And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

That I may call thee something more than man,

And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on A place whereto you'll go !
Flo. Not any yet;
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty

To what we wildly do, so we profess Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me;

This follows: if you will not change your purpose,

But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia, And there present yourself, and your fair princess

(For so, 4 see, she must be, 'fore Leontes: 550 She shall be habited, as it becomes

The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,

As t were i' the father's person; kisses the hands

Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides bisn

Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: the one

He chides to hell, and bids the other grow Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo, What colour for my visitation shall I 110ld up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king, your father, To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir, The manner of your bearing towards him, with

What you, as from your father, shall deliver, Things known betwixt us three, I'll write? you down:

The which shall point you forth at every sitting

What you must say; that he shall not perceive,

But that you have your father's bosom there, And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you. There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising

Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most

To unpath d waters, undream'd shores; most certain,

To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But, as you shake off one, to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you
know,

Prosperity's the very bond of love,

Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,

Going.

Affliction alters.

One of these is true: I think affliction may subdue the cheek, But not take in the mind.

Yea, say you so! There shall not, at your father's house, these seven veni

Be born another such.

My good Camillo, She is as forward of her breeding, as

She is i' the rear our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 't is pity She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress 1 To most that teach.

Your pardon, sir; for this I'll blush you thanks.

My prettiest Perdita! Flo. But, O, the thorns we stand upon! -- Camillo, Preserver of my father, now of me, The medicipe of our house, how shall we do! We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son, Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord, Fear none of this. I think, you know, my fortunes

Do all lie there: it shall be so my care To have you royally appointed, as if The scene you play were mine. For instance,

That you may know you shall not want, one word. They talk uside.

#### Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture, and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, with all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 't was nothing to geld a codpicce of a purse: I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing. no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it; so that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a | That I must bear a part.

whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff. I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Happy be you! All that you speak shows fair,

Cam. [Seeing APTOLYCUS.] Who have we here! -

We'll make an instrument of this: omit (3) Nothing, may give us aid,

. Ant. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so !

Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee; yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore, disease thee instantly (thou must think, there's a necessity in 't) and change garments with this gentleman, Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot,

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [Aside.] know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in carnest, sir !- [Aside.] 1 smell the trick of it.

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.---

| Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.

Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy Come home to you!) you must retire your-

Into some covert: take your sweet heart's

And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your

Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken The truth of your own seeming, that you may (For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard 🐠 Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies, \*\*Cam. No remedy.---:
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.—Come, hady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Adicu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!

Pray you, a word. [They converse apart. Cam. What I do next shall be to tell the king.

Of this escape, and whither they are bound; Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail, 65 To force him after: in whose company I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us! Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.
Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[ Exernit Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo. Int. I understand the business; I hear it: To have an open car, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession. Aside, aside: -here is more matter for a hot Every lane's end, every shop, church, brain. session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

# Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Clo. See, see, what a man you are now! There is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me. Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then,

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, Shep. yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may nor hen.

say, is no honest man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Ant. [Aside.] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Ant. [Aside.] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Ant. [Aside.] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [Takes off his false beard.] How now, rustics t whither are you bound t

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Ant. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that faight, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Ant. A lie: you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel: therefore, they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir t

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courties. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court! receives not thy nose court-odonr from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt! Think'st thou, for that I insimuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.
Ant. What advocate hast thou to him?
Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir: I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are. Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garment are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there! what 's i' the fardel! Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir ?

Ant. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So't is said, sir: about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter,

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir!

Aut. Not be alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheepcote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too

Clo. Has the old man c'er a son, sir, do you

hear, an 't like you sir ?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three-quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitae, or some other; hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hettest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitory rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you

seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king? being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned, and flayed

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep., Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. -- Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O! that's the case of the shepherd's son.— Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights; he must know, 't is none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Ant. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side: go on the right hand; b will but look upon the hedge, and follow

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say; even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good.

Exerent Shepherd and Clown. Ant. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune\_would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion-gold, and a means, to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement! I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing. let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't, To him will I present them: there may be matter in it.

Exit.

# ACT V.

SCENE 1.---Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Léontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down

More penitence than done trespass. At the last,

Do, as the heavens have done, forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

Leon, Whilst I remember

Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er
man

Bred his hopes out of.

Finel. True, too true, my lord:
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd! She I kill'd! I did so; but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,

Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady: 20 You might have spoken a thousand things that would

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindness better.

Paul, You are one of those, Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so, You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign name, consider little, What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue, May drop upon his kingdom, and devour Incertain lookers on. What were more holy Than to rejoice the former queen is well \(\ell \) as What holier than for royalty's repair, For present comfort, and for future good,—To bless the bed of majesty again With a sweet fellow to 't \(\ell \).

Paul. There is none worthy. Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods

Will have fulfill'd their sectet purposes; For has not the divine Apollo said, Is 't not the tenor of his oracle, That King Leontes shall not have an heir, Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,

Is all as monstrous to our human reason,

As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. "T is your coun-

My lord should to the heavens be contrary, Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

The crown will find an heir: great Alexander, Left his to the worthiest, so his successor Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, ...O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even
how.

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,

Have taken treasure from her lips,

Paul. And left them More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one

And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit

Again possess her corse, and on the stage (Where we offenders now) appear, soul-vex'd,

And begin, "Why to me?"

Paul. Had she such power, ••

She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:

Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark

Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears

Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd

Should be, "Remember mine."

Leon.

Stars, stars!

And all eyes else dead coals.—Fear thou no

wife; I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never. Paulina: so be bless'd my Will have your tongue too. This is a creaspirit!

his oath.

Cles. You tent pt him overmuch.

As like Hermiotie as is her picture,

Affront his eye.

Good madam, -Cleo.

I have done. Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,-if you will,

No remedy, but you will, -- give me the office To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young

As was your former; but she shall be such As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy

To see her in your arms.

My true Paulina, Leon.

We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Shall be when your first queen's again in breath:

Never till then.

#### Enter a Gentleman.

Gent, One that gives out himself Prince Florizel.

Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she The fairest I have yet beheld), desires access To your high presence.

What with him? he comes not Leon. Like to his father's greatness; his approach, So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 20 'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd By need and accident. What train !

But few. Gent.

And those but mean,

His princess, say you, with him Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think.

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

O Hermione! As every present time doth boast itself Above a better, gone, so must thy grave Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your-

Have said and writ so, but your writing now Is colder than that theme, - "She had not

Nor was not to be equall'd ; "- thus your verse Flow'd with her beauty once; 't is shrewdly ebb'd,

To say you have seen a better.

The one I have almost forgot (your pardon); The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to; Would she begin a sect, might quench the

Of all professors else, make proselytes

Unless another, | Of whom she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not women ! Gent. Women will love her, that she is a

More worth than any man; men, that she is The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomencs;

Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends, Bring them to our embracement.—Still 't is strange.

Execut Cheomenes, Lords, and Gentleman. He thus should steal upon us.

Had our prince (Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd

Well with this lord; there was not full a month

Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more: cease! thou know'st,

He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure, we When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches Will bring me to consider that which may Unfurnish me of reason. -They are come. --

# Reenter Cleomenes, with Florizel, Perdita, and others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;

For she did print your royal father off. Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one, Your father's image is so hit in you, His very air, that I should call you brother, As I did him; and speak of something, wildly By us perform'd before. Most dearly wel-

And your fair princess, goddess! O, alas! I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth Might thus have stood, begetting wonder as You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost (All mine own folly) the society,

Amity too, of your brave father; whom, Though bearing misery, I desire my life Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend, Can send his brother; and, but infirmity in (Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd

Pardon, madam: His wish'd ability, he had himself

his

Measur'd to look upon you, whom he loves (He bade me say so) more than all the scep- A shepherd's daughter. tres

And those that bear them living.

O my brother! Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee

Afresh within me; and these thy offices, So rarely kind, are as interpreters

Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,

As is the spring to the earth. And bath be too

Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage (At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune, To greet a man not worth her pains, much

The adventure of her person?

Good my lord,

She came from Libva.

Where the warlike Smalus, That noble, honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd? Flo, Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: ·

(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me, For visiting your highness. My best train I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd,

Who for Bohemia bend, to signify Not only my success in Libya, sir,

But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety Here, where we are,

The blessed gods Purge all infection from our air, whilst you Do climate here! You have a holy father, to A graceful gentleman, against whose person, So sacred as it is, I have done sin;

For which the heavens, taking angry note, Have left me issueless; and your father's

(As he from heaven merits it) with you, Worthy his goodness. What might I have

Might I a son and daughter now have look'd

Such goodly things as you!

#### Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir, That which I shall report will bear no credit, Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir. Boliemia greets you from himself by me;

Desires you to attach his son, who has (His dignity and duty both cast off)

Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with

Where's Bohemia? speak. Leon. Lord. Here in your city; I now came from

I speak amazedly, and it becomes

My marvel, and my message. To your court Whiles he was hastening (in the chase, it

Of this fair couple), meets he on the way 190 The father of this seeming lady, and

Her brother, having both their country quitted With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me, Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now Endur'd all weathers.

Lord.Lay 't so to his charge: He's with the king your father.

Who? Camillo? Lord. Camillo, sir: I spake with him, who

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth,

Forswear themselves as often as they speak: Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father! --The heaven sets spies upon us, will not

Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married? Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to

The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first: The odds for high and low's alike.

My lord,

Is this the daughter of a king?

She is,

When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed, Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,

Most sorry, you have broken from his liking, Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry, Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,

That you might well enjoy her. Dear, l**e**ok up :

Though Fortune, visible an enemy,

Should chase us with my father, power no jot

Hath she to change our loves.—'Besetch you,

Remember since you ow'd no more to time Than I do now; with thought of such affec-

Step forth mine advocate: at your request, My father will grant precious things as trifles. cious mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

Sir, my liege,

'Fore'your queen's died, she was more worth such gazes

Than what you look on now.

I thought of her, Leon. Even in these looks I made.—[ To FLORIZEL.] But your petition

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father: Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,

I am friend to them and you; upon which errand

I now go toward him. Therefore, follow

And mark what way I make: come, good | my lord. Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation !

1 Gent, I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child. Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language | in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy or sorrow, but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

#### Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more. The news, Rogero !

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: master's death, and in the view of the shepsuch a deal of wonder is broken out within 'herd: so that all the instruments, which this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able aided to expose the child, were even then

Leon. Would be do so, I'd beg your pre- to express it. Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more,

#### Enter a third Gentleman.

Your eye hath loo much youth in 't: not a | How goes it now, sir ? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in The mantle of Queen Herthe proofs. mione; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character; -- the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother: -- the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings ?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then you have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers ?

3 Gent. Wracked, the same instant of their

lost, when it was round. But, O! the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't (bravely confessed and lamented by the king), how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an alas! I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed; if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court !

3 Gent. No; the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, -a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfeetly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. 1 thought, she had some great matter there in hand, for she bath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 Gent. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born; our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. along. Execut Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over fond of the shepherd: daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much sea-sick, and himsel

little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But't is all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.-Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossors of their fortune.

# Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Shep. Come, boy: I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; —but I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king's son too!; me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many

(%). Ay, or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Prythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship,

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it,

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend; —and I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be In thy not chiding, for she was as tender. drunk: but I'll swear it, and I would thou ! As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina, wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power. 168 Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not .- Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

Exeunt.

#### Scene III. —The Same. A Chapel in PAULINA'S House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PER-DITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Ation dants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

ACT V.

What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well. All my ser-

You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd

With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit.

It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

O Paulina! We honour you with trouble. But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery 10. Have we pass'd through, not without much content

In many singularities, but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

As she liv'd peerless, Pant. So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever Still 'sleep mock'd death : behold! and say, 't is well.

[Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers HERMIONE as a statue.

 I like your silence: it the more shows off Your wonder; but yet speak:—first you, my liege.

Comes it not something near?

Her natural posture! -Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she

Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing

So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O! not by much. Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;

Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her

As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is

Now piercing to my soul. O! thus she stood,

Even with such life of majesty (warm life,

As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd

I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it? -O royal piece!

There is magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee.

And give me leave, And do not say 't is superstition, that I kneel, and then implore her blessing .---Lady,

Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

O, patience! The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on.

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, 50 So many summers dry; scarce any joy

Did ever so long live: no sorrow, But kill'd itself much sooner.

Dear my brother, Let him that was the cause of this have power To take off so much grief from you, as he Will piece up in himself.

Indeed, my lord, If I had thought, the sight of my poor image Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine),

I'd not have show'd it.

Do not draw the curtain. Paul. No longer shall you gaze on t, lest your fancy

May think anon it moves.

Let be, let be Would I were dead, but that, methinks, atready

What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,

those veins

Did verily bear blood?

Masterly done: The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion

As we are mock'd with art.

I'll draw the curtain. My lord's almost so far transported, that He'll think anon it lives.

O sweet Paulina! 50 Make me to think so twenty years together: No settled senses of the world can match The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but

I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina; For this affliction has a taste as sweet As any cordial comfort. --Still, methinks, There is an air comes from her: what fine

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,

For I will kiss her.

Good my lord, forbear. The ruddiness upon her lip is wet:

You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own Shall I draw the With oily painting. curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Stand by, a looker-on.

Either forbear, Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you For more amazement. If you can behold it, I'll make the statue move indeed, descend And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,

(Which I protest against) I am assisted By wicked powers.

What you can make her do, I am content to look on: what to speak, I am content to hear; for 't is as easy

To make her speak, as move.

It is requir'd, You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still;

Or those that think it is unlawful business I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:

No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her, strike! Music. T is time; descend; be stone no more; ap-

Strike all that look upon with marvel. Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent, Come: 100 As I by thine a wife: this is a match,

Would you not deem it breath'd, and that [1'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away:

Bequeath to death your numbress, for from

Dear life redeems you. You perceive, she stirs.

[HERMIONE descends from the pedestal.

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun

Until you see her die again, for then

You kill her double. Nay, present your

When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,

Is she become the suitor!

Leon. [Embracing her.] O! she's warm. If this be magic, let it be an art Lawful as eating.

She embraces him. Pol.

Cam. She hangs about his neck.

If she pertain to life, let her speak too. Pol. Ay; and make it manifest where she has liv'd,

Or, how stol'n from the dead.

That she is living, Were it but told you, should be hooted at Like an old tale; but it appears she lives, Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while,

Please you to interpose, fair madain: kneel, And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady ;

Our Perdita is found,

PERDITA kneels to HERMIONE. You gods, look down, 121 And from your sacred vials pour your graces Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine

Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that

Knowing by Paulina that the oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd Myself to see the issue.

There's time enough for that, Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble Your joys with like relation. - Go together, You precious winners all: your exultation 🙉 Partake to every one. 1, an old turtle, Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and

there My mate, that's never to be found again,

Lament till I am lost. O, peace, Paulina!



# HERMIONE AND LEONTES,

Pantina.

When she was young you woo'd her; now in more.

Engraved by SWAIN,

And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;

But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her, As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many •

A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far (For him, I pretly know his mind), to find

An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,

And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,

Is richly noted, and here justified

By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. place. -

What! Look upon my brother: both gour pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks My ill suspicion. This' your son-in-law, And son unto the king, whom heavens direct-

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,

Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely Each one demand, and answer to his part Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first

Exeunt

# CYMBELINE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONE.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain. CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband. Cornelius, a Physician. Leonatus Posthumus, Husband to Imogen. Belautus, a banished Lord, disquised under Two Gaolers.

the name of Margan.

Sons to Cymbeline, disguised and Cadwal, supposed sons to Arviragus, Belarius.

PHILARIO. Friend to Posthumus, \ Italians. IACHIMO, Friend to Philario, A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario. Caids Lucius, General of the Roman Forces. A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

Pisanio, Screant to Posthamus.

Two Gentlemen.

QUEEN, Wife to Cymbeline.

under the names of Polydore Amogen, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

HELEN, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE- Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

# ACT L

Scene I. — Britain. The Garden of Cymbeline's Palace.

#### Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers Still seem as does the king.

2 Gent. But what's the matter!

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow, That late he married,) hath referr'd herselt Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the king Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king! 1 Gent. He that hath lost her, too; so is

the queen, That most desir'd the match: but not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowl at

2 Gent.

1 Gent. He that hath missed the princess is a thing

Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her (I mean, that married her, - alack, good

And therefore banish'd) is a creature such As, to seek through the regions of the earth For one his like, there would be something failing

In him that should compare. I do not think, So fair an outward, and such stuff within, Endows a man but he.

You speak him far.

1 Gent. I do extend him, sir, within him-

Crush him together, rather than unfold His measure duly.

2 Gent. What's his name, and birth? 1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root.

His father 11 Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour

Against the Romans with Cassibelan, But had his titles by Tenantius, whom He serv'd with glory and admir'd success; So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:

. And had, besides this gentleman in question, And why so! Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,

Died with their swords in hand; for which 1 their father (Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow, That he quit being; and his gentle lady, Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd As he was bord. The king, he takes the To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus; Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber; Puts to him all the learnings that his Could make him the receiver of; which he As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd, And in's spring became a harvest; liv'd in (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd; A sample to the youngest, to the more mature A glass that feated them; and to the graver A child that guided dotards: to his mistress, For whom he now is banish'd, - her own Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue; By her election may be truly read What kind of man he is, 2 Gent. I honour him Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me, Is she sole child to the king! 1 Gent. His only child. hearing, Mark it:) the eldest of them at three years

· He had two sons: (if this be worth your

I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their

Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in knowledge

Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago !

I Gent. Some twenty years.

2 Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow, That could not trace them!

. Howsoe'er 't is strange, Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd

Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you. 1 Gent. We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman,

The queen, and princess.

Exerunt.

Scene II. The Same.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assurd, you shall not find me, daughter,

After the slander of most stepmothers,

Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys

That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus.

So soon as I can win the offended king,

I will be known your advocate: marry, yet The tire of rage is in him: and 't were good, You lean'd unto his sentence, with what pa-

Your wisdom may inform you.

Please your highness,

I will from hence to-day.

You know the peril :--I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying B The pangs of barr'd affections; though the

Hath charg'd you should not speak together. Exit.

Imo. Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant

Can tickle where she wounds !- My dearest husband,

I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing

(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what His rage can do on me. You must be gone; And I shall here abide the hourly shot Of angry eyes; not comforted to live, But that there is this jewel in the world, That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress! O lady! weep no more, lest I give cause To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man. I will remain The loyal'st husband that did c'er plight troth.

My residence in Rome, at one Philario's; Who to my father was a friend, to me Known but by letter: thither write, my queen, And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,

Though ink be made of gall.

#### Re-enter QUEEN.

Be brief, I pray you: Queen. If the king come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure, [Aside.] Yet I'll move him

To walk this way. I never do him wrong, But he does buy my injuries to be friends, Pays dear for my offences. Exit. Post.

As long a term as yet we have to live,

Imo. Nay, stay a little.

heart;

But keep it till you woo another wife, When Imogen is dead. How! how! another?--You gentle gods, give me but this I have, And sear up my embracements from a next With bonds of death! [Putting on the ring.]; Remain, remain thou here While sense can keep it on. fairest, As I my poor self did exchange for you, To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles I still win of you: for my sake, wear this: It is a manacle of love; I'll place it Upon this fairest prisoner. Putting a bracelet on her arm. O, the gods! When shall we see again? Enter Cymbeline and Lords. Alack, the king! Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from | my sight! If after this command thou fraught the court With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away! Thou 'rt poison to my blood. The gods protect you, And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone, Exit. Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death More sharp than this is. O disloyal thing, a That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st A year's age on me. I beseech you, sir. Imo, Harm not yourself with your vexation: I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more Subdues all pangs, all fears. Past grace? obedience! Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace. Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen! Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle, And did avoid a puttock. Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne A seat for baseness,

No; I rather added 🚜 Should we be taking leave Imo. A lustre to it. O thou vile one! The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu! Cym. Imo. Sir, Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 40 | It is your fault that I have dov'd Posthumus: Such parting were too petty. Look here, You bred him as my playfellow; and he is A man worth any woman ; overbuys me This diamond was my mother's: take it, Almost the sum he pays. What! art thou mad? Cym. Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me! -'Would I were A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus Our neighbour shepherd's son! Thou foolish thing !--Cym.Re-enter QUEEN. And, sweetest, | To the QUEEN. They were again together: you have done Not after our command. Away with her, And pen her up. 'Beseech your patience, --- Peace !. Queen. Dear lady daughter, peace !—Sweet sovereign, Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort Out of your best advice. Cym.Nay, let her languish A drop of blood a day; and, being aged, Die of this folly! Event CYMBELINE and Lords. Enter Pisanio. Fie!—you must give way. Here is your servant.—How now, sir? Whate Pis. My lord your son drew on my master, Queen. Ha! 90 No harm, I trust, is done? There might have been, But that my master rather play'd than fought, And had no help of anger: they were parted By gentlemen at hand. Queen. I am very glad on 't. Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.-To draw upon an exile! O brave sir! I would they were in Afric both together, Myself by with a needle, that I might prick The goer-back,—Why came you from your master? Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me To bring him to the haven; left these notes Of what commands I should be subject to, When 't please you to employ me. This hath been

Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,

He will remain so.



# IMOGEN AND POSTHUMUS.

Posthumms. For my sake wear this;

It is a manacle of love. I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

About some half-hour hence, Pray you, speak with me. You shall, at least.

Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leav me. Exeunt.

# Scene III.—A Public Place. Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action bath made you reck as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift

Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. [Aside.] No, faith; not so much as

his patience.

Lord. Hurt him ! his body 's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. [Aside.] His steel was in debt; it

went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. [Aside.] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 Lord. [Aside.] As many inches as you

have oceans.—Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us. 2 Lord. [Aside.] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. [Aside.] If it be a sin to make a

true election, she is damned.

- 1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.
- 2 Lord. [Aside.] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. [Aside.] wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Cho. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship. Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord.

Exeunt.

Scene IV. -- A Room in Cymbeline's Palace

#### Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,

And I not have it, 't were a paper lost, As offer'd mercy is. What was the last That he spake to thee?

It was, his queen, his queen! Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief ?

And kiss'd it, madam. Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than

And that was all ?

No, madam; for so long As he could make me with this eye or ear Distinguish him from others, he did keep The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief, Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,

How swift his ship.

Thou shouldst have made him As little as a crow, or less, ere left To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but

To look upon him, till the diminution Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from The smallness of a gnat to air; and then Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio.

When shall we hear from him?

Be assur'd, madam.

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but

Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell

How I would think on him, at certain hours, Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear

The shes of Italy should not betray

Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

To encounter me with orisons, for then I am in heaven for him; or ere I could Give him that parting kiss, which I had set Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father.

And, like the tyrannous breathing of th north,

Shakes all our buds from good and

# Enter a Lady.

The queen, madam Lady. Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get then lespatch'd.-

I will attend the queen.

Pis.

Madam, I shall. \* Exeunt

SCENE V .- Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House.

Enter Philario, Iachino, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Jach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own) words him, I loubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment--Tach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance ?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

#### Enter Posthumus.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is, I dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in

1 Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you: it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether; slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the trement of swords; and by such two that would by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

lach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think. 'T was a contenion in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; his gentleman at that time vouching (and ipon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, ualified, and less attemptable, than any the west of our ladies in France.

Jach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind. Jach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore. ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abute her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend. n

Inch. As fair, and as good, (a kind of handin-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany, If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Inch. What do you esteem it at? Post. More than the world enjoys.

lach. Either your unparagoned mistress is

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you? - 88 Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep. Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, your brace of unprizable estimations; the one is but frail, and the other casual; a

cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of

first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No. no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something, but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more, -- a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I | Pray, let us follow'em.

have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to *lach.*Yours; whom in constancy you think

stands so safe: I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

Inch. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

*lach.* I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till you return. Let there be covenants drawn between's. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match! Here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony, that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold, are yours ;- provided, I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

Execut Posthumus and Inchimo. French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior lachimo will not from it. Exeunt.

Scene VI. — Britain. A Room in Cym-BELINE'S Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers: Make haste. Who has the note of them !-

1 Lady. 1, madam.

Queen. Despatch.— [Excunt Ladies.

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam;

[Presenting a small box.
But I beseech your grace, without offence,
(My conscience bids me ask,) wherefore you

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death; But, though slow, deadly?

Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been

Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,

(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is 't not meet

That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none
human),

To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:

Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O! content thee.—

# Enter Pisanio.

[Aside.] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him

Will I first work: he's for his master, And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio!— Doctor, your service for this time is ended; at Take your own way.

Cor. [Aside.] I do suspect you, madam; But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [To PISANIO.] Hark thee, a word.— Lin. [Liside.] I do not like her. She doth think she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has

Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;

Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,

Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor, Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit. Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter

Where folly now possesses? Do thou work: When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,

I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then so As great as is thy master; greater; for His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor Continue where he is: to shift his being Is to exchange one misery with another; And every day that comes, comes to decay A day's work in him. What shalt thou ex-

To be depender on a thing that leans;
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?
[The Queen drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.
Thou tak'st up

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:

It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not

What is more cordial:—nay, I pr'ythee, take it;

It is an earnest of a further good

That I enean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her: do't as from thyself.

Think what a chance thou changest on; but think

Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,

Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king

To any shape of thy preference, such As thou 'It desire; and then myself, I chiefly, That set thee on to this desert, am bound To load thy merit richly. Call my women: Think on my words. [Exit Pisanio.]—A

sly and constant knave, Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,

And the remembrancer of her, to hold

The hand-fast to her lord.—I have given him that,

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her Of leigers for her sweet; and which she after,

Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd To taste of too.

# Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so;—well done, well done. The violets, cowslips, and the primroses, Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio; Think on my words.

[Excent Queen and Ladies.

Pis. And shall do;
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you.

[Exit.

Scene VII.— Another Room in the Same.

#### Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;

A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,

That hath her husband bandsh'd:—O, that husband!

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated

Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen, As my two brothers, happy! but most miser-

Is the desire that 's glorious: blessed be those, How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills.

Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be?

#### Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 10 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam? The worthy Leonatus is in safety, And greets your highness dearly.

| Presents a letter.
| Imo. | Thanks, good sir:

You are kindly welcome.

Iach. [Aside.] All of her that is out of door, most rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,

The is alone the Arabian bird, and I Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend! Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!

Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; Pather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely

tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust-- Leonatus."

So far I read aloud;

But even the very middle of my heart Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I Have words to bid you; and shall find it so so In all that I can do.

lach. Thanks, fairest lady.—What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt

The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones Upon the number'd beach, and can we not Partition make with spectacles so precious "Twixt fair and foul?"

Into. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,

Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and

Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judgment;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite; Sluttery, to such next excellence oppos'd, Should make desire vomit emptiness, Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Inch. The cloyed will,

(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening

The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,

Thus raps you? Are you well?

Inch. Thanks, madam, well.—
[To Pisanio.] 'Beseech you, sir, &
Desire my man's abode where I did leave

him;

He's strange and peevish.

Pis. 1 was going, sir,

To give him welcome. [Exit.

Imo. Continues well my lord his health,

'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there

So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here, He did incline to sadness; and oft-times Not knowing why.

Ĭach. I never saw him sad. There is a Frenchman his companion, one An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton (Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, "O! Can my sides hold, to think that man, -who By history, report, or his own proof, What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose But must be, -- will his free hours languish for Assur'd bondage?" Will my lord say so ? Imo. Inch. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter. It is a recreation to be by, And hear him mock the Frenchman: but, heavens know, Some men are much to blame. Not he, I hope. Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might Be us'd more thankfully. much; In you,—which I account his beyond all talents,-Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound To pity too. What do you pity, sir? Imo. lach. Two creatures, heartily. Am I one, sir? You look on me. What wreck discern you in me, Deserves your pity? Tach. Lamentable! what! To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace I' the dungeon by a snuff'? I pray you, sir, Deliver with more openness your answers To my demands. Why do you pity me! *Iach.* That others do, I was about to say, enjoy your-But It is an office of the gods to venge it, Not mine to speak on 't. Imo.You do seem to know Something of me, or what concerns me: 'pray (Since doubting things go ill often hurts more Than to be sure they do; for certainties Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing The remedy then born,) discover to me What both you spur and stop. Had I this check To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,

To the oath of loyalty; this object, which Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine Fixing it only here; should I (damn'd then) Slaver with lips as common as the stairs That mount the Capitol; join gripes with Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood With labour); then by-peeping in an eye Base and inlustrous as the smoky light That's fed with stinking tallow: it were: That all the plagues of hell should at one time Encounter such revolt. My lord, I fear, Imo. Has forgot Britain. And himself. Not I, Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces In himself, 't is | That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue, Charms this report out. Let me hear no more. lach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd With tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures, That play with all infirmities for gold Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff, As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd: Or she that bore you was no queen, and Recoil from your great stock. Reveng'd! How should I be reveng'd? If this be true, (As I have such a heart, that both mine Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true, How should I be revengd? Should he make me Live like Diana's priest, betwikt cold sheets, Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps, In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure, 180 | More noble than that runagate to your bed;

Whose every touch, would force the feeler's

And will continue fast to your affection, Still close, as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that hav

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,

Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not

For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far From thy report, as thou from honour; and Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains

Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho, Pisamo

The king my father shall be made acquainted Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,

A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
 The credit, that thy lady lath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness

Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long!

A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever

Country call'd his; and you his mistress,
only

For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord

That which he is, new o'er: and he is

The truest-manner'd; such a holy witch, That he enchants societies into him; Half all men's hearts are his.

Ino. You make amends.
Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god :

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,

More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,

Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd

To try your taking of a false report; which
hath

Honourd with confirmation your great judgment

In the election of a sir so rare,

Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him

Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My hunrble thanks. I had almost forgot

To entreat your grace but in a small request,

And yet of moment too, for it concerns

Your lord; myself, and other noble friends, Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't !

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your
lord

(The best feather of our wing), have mingled sums

To buy a present for the emperor;

Which I, the factor for the rest, have done

In France: 't is plate of rare device, and jewels

Of rich and exquisite form; their value's great;

And I am something curious, being strange, To have them in safe stowage. May it please

To take them in protection?

Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety:

My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them

In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men; I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night:
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O! no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,

By lengthening my return. From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise

To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains: But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O! I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you
please

To greet your lord with writing, do 't tonight:

I have outstood my time, which is material To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me: it shall safe be

And truly yielded you. You are very welcome. [Exeunt.

#### ACT II.

Scene I.—Court before Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have

broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. [Aside.] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; [aside] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. [Aside.] To have smelt like a fool. Clo. I am not vexed more at anything in the earth.—A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every

Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody

can match.

2 Lord. [Aside.] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb

Clo. Sayest thou?

2 Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertuke every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only. Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

2 Lord. [Aside.] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and,'t is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages, Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't? 1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord. (Io. Not easily, 1 think.

2 Lord. [Aside.] You are t. fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night

of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.—
[Exeunt Cloten and first Lord.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that

Bears all down with her brain; and this her

Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess!

Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;

A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer

More hateful than the foul expulsion is

Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act

Of the divorce he 'demake! The heavens hold

firm

The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,

To enjoy thy banished lord, and this great land! [Exit.

Scene II.—A Bedchamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine
eyes are weak;

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me
wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods! From fairies, and the tempters of the flight, Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. Inchimo comes from the trunk. Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!

But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd, How dearly they do 't!—"I is her breathin that

Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'the taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep he lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied Under these windows, white and azure

With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design!

To note the chamber, I will write all down:—
Such and such pictures;—there the window
—such

The adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures, Why, such, and such;—and the contents o' the story.—

Ah! but some natural notes about her body, Above ten thousand meaner movables

Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. a O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!

And be her sense but as a monument,

Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;— [Taking off her bracelet.

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—

'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the conscience does within,

To the madding of her lord.—On her left
breast.

A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher Stronger than ever law could make; this secret

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?

Why should I write this down, that 's riveted, Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down.

Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear; Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

Cne, two, three,—time, time!

[Clock strikes.]

[Clock strikes.]

[Clock strikes.]

The scene closes.

Scene 111.—An Ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.

#### Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

# Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

#### Song.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phubus'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buls begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and calves guts, nor the voice of unpaved cunuch to boot, can never amend.

| Excunt Musicians.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that's he reason I was up so early: he cannot shoose but take this service I have done, intherly.

# Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king, Who lets go by no vantages that may Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly solicits, and be friended With aptness of the season: make denials 50 Increase your services: so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismission tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

# Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome:

The one is Caius Lucius.

A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receive | Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,

According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself, his goodness forespent

We must extend our notice.—Our dear son, When you have given good morning to your

Attend the queen and us; we shall have

To employ you towards this Roman.- Come, our queen. [Excunt all but Cloten.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if

Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, Knocks.

I know her women are about her. If I do line one of their hands? "I is gold Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea,

and makes Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true What man.

Can it not do, and undo? I will make One of her women lawyer to me; for I yet not understand the case myself. By your leave. \ Knocks.

# Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

A gentleman. Clo. No more?

Lady. Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

L'That's more -0 Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,

Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready? Lady.

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report.

What I shall think is good?—The princess!— Exit.

#### Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out toomuch pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I

And scarce can spare them.

Still, I swear, I love you. Imo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me:

If you swear still, your recompense is still. That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

. Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,

I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your hest kindness. One of your great. knowing

Should learn, being taught, forbearance. Clo. To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin:

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad; That cures us both. I the much sorry,

You put me to forget a lady's manners, By being so verbal: and learn now, for all, That I, which know my heart, do here pro-

By the very truth of it, I care not for you; And am so near the lack of charity,

(To accuse myself,) I hate you; which I hat rather

You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against Obedience, which you owe your father. For The contract you pretend with that base wretch,

(One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes.

With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties, (Yet who than he more mean!) to knit their souls

(On whom there is no more dependency But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot, Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave, A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,

A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 't were made 120
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and

The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated

For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance,
than come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,

That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer In my respect, than all the hairs above thee, Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio!

#### Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—
Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee
presently.—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool; 141
Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my
woman

Search for a jewel, that too casually

Hath left mine &rm: it was thy master's;

"shrew me.

of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Leat night't was on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss ought but he.

Pis. T will not be loste to Imo. I hope so: go, and search.

[Exit Pisanio.

Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment!

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.
(%). I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too: She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope, But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir, To the worst of discontent. | Exit.

Clo. 1'll be reveng'd.— His meanest garment !—Well. [Exit.

# Scene IV.—Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure

To win the king, as I am bold her honour Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;

Quake in the present winter's state, and wish That warmer days would come. In these sear'd hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing, I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,

O'erpays all 1 can do. By this, your king 10 Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius Will do's commission throughly; and, I think, He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages, Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance

Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall
hear

The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius
Caerar

Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage

Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make
known

To their approvers, they are people such That mend upon the world.

#### Enter IACHIMO.

See! Iachimo! Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails.

To make your vessel nimble.

Welcome, sir. Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer

The speediness of your return.

Your lady Iach. Is one of the fairest that I have look'd

Post, And therewithal the best; or let her

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,

And be false with them.

Here are letters for you. Post. Their tenor good, I trust!

Tis very like. Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain

court. When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,

But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.— Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't

Too dull for your good wearing? Iach.

If I have lost it, I should have lost the worth of it in gold. I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy A second night of such sweet shortness,

which Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by. Iach. Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

Make not, sir,

Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we

Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must, If you keep covenant. Had I not brought 50 The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant We were to question further; but I now Profess myself the winner of her honour, Together with your ring; and not the wronger •

Of her, or you, having proceeded but

By both your wills,

If you can make t apparent That you have tasted her in bed, my hand, And ring, is yours: if not, the foul opinion You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,

Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves

To who shall find them.

Sir, my circumstances, Being so near the truth as I will make them, Must first induce you to believe: whose strength

I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not, You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find

You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

First, her bedchamber, Iach. Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess, Had that was well worth watching,) it was hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver; the story Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, 70 And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive In workmanship, and value; which I wonder'd

Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,

Since the true life on 't was-

This is true; And this you might have heard of here, by me,

Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars Must justify my knowledge.

So they must, Or do your honour injury.

The chimney so Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,

Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures So likely to report themselves; the cutter Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her, Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing Which you might from relation likewise reap, Being, as it is, much spoke of.

The roof o' the chamber Iach, With golden cherubins is fretted: her and-

(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids. Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely w Depending on their brands.

This is her honour!— Let it be granted you have seen all this (and

Be given to your remembrance), the descrip-

Of what is in her chamber nothing saves • The wager you have laid.

Then, if you can, Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; Pulling out the bracelet.

And now 't is up again: it must be married To that your diamond; I'll keep them. Jove !-Post. Once more let me behold it. Is it that Which I left with her? Sir, (I thank her,) that: She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet; Her pretty action did outsell her gift, And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, And said, she priz'd it once. Post. May be, she pluck'd it off, To send it me. Iach. She writes so to you, doth she? Post. O! no, no, no; 't is true. Here, take this too; Giving the ring. It is a basilisk unto mine eye, Kills me to look on 't.—Let there be no honour, Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love, Where there's another man: the vows of women Of no more bondage be to where they are Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing .--O, above measure false! Have patience, sir, And take your ring again; 't is not yet won: It may be probable she lost it; or, Who knows, if one of her women, being corrupted, Hath stol'n it from her? Very true; And so, I hope, he came by 't.- Back my Render to me some corporal sign about her, More evident this; for this was stolen. , Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm. Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he "T is true ;—nay, keep the ring,—'t is true, I am sure She would not lose it: her attendants are All sworn, and honourable :- they induc'd to steal it!

And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:

Is this:—she hath bought the name of whore

There, take thy fire; and all the fiends of

Sir, be patient.

Never talk on 't;

The cognisance of her incontinency

thus dearly. --

Of one persuaded well of-

She hath been colted by him.

Divide themselves between you!

This is not strong enough to be believ'd

Iach. If you seek For further satisfying, under her breast (Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud Of that most delicate lodging: by my life, I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger To feed again, though full. You do remem-This stain upon her? Ay, and it doth confirm Another stain, as big as hell can hold, Were there no more but it. Will you hear more? Iach. Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns; Once, and a million! Iach. I'll be sworn,— Post. No swearing. If you will swear you have not done't, you And I will kill thee, if thou dost dony Thou'st made me cuckold. 1 will deny nothing. Iach. Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal! I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before Her father.—I'll do something— [Exit. Quite besides The government of patience !- You have

Let's follow him, and pervert the present

wrath He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. Exeunt.

Scene V.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

#### Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women

Must be half-workers? We are all bastards; And that most venerable man, which I Did call my father, was I know not where When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools

Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd

The Dian of that time; so doth my wife The nonpareil of this .- O, vengeance, vengeance!

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd, And prayed me oft forbearance; did it with 16 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her

A# chaste as unsunn'd snow:--O, all the Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, devils !---

This yellow lachimo, in an hour, - was 't

Or less, --at first; perchance he spoke not,

Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one, Cried, "O!" and mounted; found no opposition

But what he look'd for should oppose, and

Should from encounter guard. Could I find

The woman's part in me! For there's no motion

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;

hers;

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain.

Nice longing, slanders, mutability,

All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell-

Why, hers, in part or all: but rather, all; For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still so One vice but of a minute old, for one

Not half so old as that. I'll write against

Detest them, curse them. -- Yet 't is greater:

In a true hate, to pray they have their will:

The very devils cannot plague them better.

Exit.

#### ACT III.

Scene I .-- Britain. A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Casar with us !

Luc, When Julius Casar (whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues

Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain.

And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, (Famous in Casar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it,) for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately

Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Casars, Ere such another Julius Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay For wearing our own noses,

Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from's, to

We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors, together with stands

As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters; so With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,

But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his

Of "came, and saw, and overcame:" with . shame

(The first that ever touch'd him) he was car-

From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,

(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas. Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof, The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point so (O giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword, Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright, And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end. Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute! If Cæsar can The natural bravery of your isle, which hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him

tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,

Till the injurious Romans did extort

This tribute from us, we were free; Cæsar's ambition,

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch

The sides o' the world,) against all colour,

Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake

Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar, Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good

Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put His brows within a golden crown, and call'd m Himself a king.

I am sorry, Cymbeline, That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants,

Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.

Receive it from me, then :-war, and confusion,

In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied, I thank thee for myself.

Thou art welcome, Caius. Cym. Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent Much under him; of him I gathered honour; Which he to seek of me again, perforce, Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent, Which not to read would show the Britons cold:

So Cæsar shall not find them.

Let proof speak. Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours. If you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:

All the remain is, welcome.

Scene II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Pisanio, reading a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not

What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus! O-master! what a strange infection Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian (As poisonous tongued as handed) hath prevail'd

On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No: She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes, More goddess-like than wife-like, assaults

As would take in some virtue.—O my master!

Thy mind to her is now as low, as were Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I Have made to thy command ! ... I, her !- her blood?

If it be so to do good service, never Let me be counted serviceable. How look I, That I should seem to lack humanity, So much as this fact comes to !-- "Do't. letter

That I have sent her, by her own command Shall give thre opportunity."—O damn'd paper!

Black as the ink that's on thee. Senseless bauble,

Art thou a feedary for this act, and look'st So virgin-like without ! Lo! here she comes. I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

#### Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio !

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord. Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord: Leonatus.

O! learn'd indeed were that astronomer, That knew the stars as I his characters; He'd lay the future open.—You good gods. Let what is here contain'd relish of love, Of my lord's health, of his content. yet not, That we two are asunder, let that grieve

Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of

For it doth physic love: of his content, All but in that! Good wax, thy leave .-Bless'd be

You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike: [Exeunt. | Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet

You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news,

Act III.

[Reads.] "Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not 1 — a Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—

O, let me 'bate!—but not like me;—yet long'st,—.

But in a fainter kind:---O! not like me, For mine's beyond beyond) say, and speak

(Love's counseller should fill the bores of hearing,

To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is To this same blessed Milford: and, by the

Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as <sup>60</sup> To inherit such a haven: but, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the

That we shall make in time, from our hence-

And our return, to excuse: - but first, how get hence.

Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee,
speak,

How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man.

Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands

That run i' the clock's behalf.—But this is foolery.—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit A franklin's housewife. Pis. Madam, you're best consider.Imo. I see before me, man;—nor here, nor here.

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That 1 cannot look through. Away, I
pr'ythee:

Do as I bid thee. There's to more to say; Accessible is none but Milford way. [Execut.

Scene III.—Wales. A Mountainous Country, with a Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such

Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you

To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs

Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through

And keep their impious turbans on, without Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!

We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly

As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport. Up to
you hill:

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have
told you

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O! this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes em fine
Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to
ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not What air's from home. Haply this life best,

If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,

That have a sharper known; well corresponding

With your stiff age : but unto us it is

A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;

A prison for a debtor, that not dares

To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen
nothing:

We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey; Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat; a Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird, And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak! Did you but know the city's usuries,

And felt them knowingly: the art o' the

As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb

Is certain falling, or so slippery, that The fear's as bad as falling: the toil o' the

A pain that only seems to seek out danger so I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure.—O boys! this
story

The world may read in me: my body's mark'd

With Roman swords, and my report was once First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;

And when a soldier was the theme, my

Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in
one night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will, Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves.

And left me bare to weather.

• Gui. • Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd

Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline, I was confederate with the Romans: so, • Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years

This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world, 70

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid More pious debts to heaven, than in all

The fore-end of my time,---But, up to the mountains!

This is not hunters' language.—He that strikes

The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast; To him the other two shall minister;

And we will fear no poison, which attends In place of greater state. I'll meet you in

the valleys.

[Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus. How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature! These boys know little they are sons to the king;

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. They think they are mine: and, though train'd

up thus meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit

The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,

In simple and low things, to prince it much Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove! When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell

The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out

Into my story: say,---"Thus mine enemy fell;

And thus I set my foot on's neck,"—even then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,

Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,

(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,

Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more

His own conceiving. Hurk! the game is rous'd.—

O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows.

Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon 100 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes,

Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for
their mother,

And every day do honour to her grave: Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd, They take for natural father. -The game is Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie Exit.

#### Scene IV .- Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Inogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place

Was near at hand. - Ne'er long'd my mother

To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio!

Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind, That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh

From the inward of thee? One, but painted

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd Beyond self-explication: put thyself Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness Vanquish my staider senses. What's the

matter? Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with A look untender? If it be summer news, Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st

But keep that countenance still .- My husband's hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him, And he's at some hard point.--Speak, man: thy tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read Would be even mortal to me.

Please you, read; And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing

The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No; 't is slander.

Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath

All corners of the world : kings, queens, and

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the

This viperous slander enters .-- What cheer, madam ?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false ?

To lie in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness, Iachimo :

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;

Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,

Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of

Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls.

I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—0! Men's vows are women's traitors. All good seeming,

By thy revolt, O husband! shall be thought. Put on for villainy; not born wher't grows, But worn, a bait for ladies.

Good madam, hear me. Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,

Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity From most true wretchedness: so thou, Post-

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men:

Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,

From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:

Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou scest him,

A little witness my obedience : look ื I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.

Fear not; 't is empty of all things but grief:

Thy master is not there, who was, indeed, The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.

Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause, But now thou seem'st a coward.

Hence, vile instrument

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Why, I must di-And if I do not by thy hand, thou art

No servant of thy master's. Against selfslaughter

There is a prohibition so divine,

That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart:

Something's afore't:-soft, soft! we'll no defence :

Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here? The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus, All turned to heresy? Away, away, Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more

Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools

Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up My disobedience 'gainst the king my father, And make me put into contempt the suits of Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find It is no act of common passage, but A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,

To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, des-

patch: The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,

When I desire it too. O gracious lady! Since I receiv'd command to do this business,

I have not slept one wink. Do't, and to bed then. Imo. Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Wherefore then Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd So many miles with a pretence? this place? Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?

The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court, For my being absent; whereunto I never 108 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far, To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand, The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time, To lose so bad employment; in the which I have consider'd of a course. Good lady, Hear me with patience.

Talk thy tongue weary; speak: I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear, | You must forget to be a woman; change

Therein false struck, can take no greater wound.

Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.

Then, madam, I thought you would not back again.

Most like,

Bringing me here to kill me.

Not so, neither:

But if I were as wise as honest, then My purpose would prove well. It cannot be. But that my master is abus'd:

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,

Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan ?

No, on my life. I'll give but notice you are dead, and send

Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded I should do so: you shall be missed at court, And that will well confirm it.

Why, good fellow, What shall I do the while? where bide? how

Or in my life what comfort, when I am Dead to my husband?

Pis.If you'll back to the court,— Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado With that harsh, noble, simple nothing, That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me As fearful as a siege.

If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.

Where then I Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day,

Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't; 140 In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think

There's livers out of Britain.

I am most glad You think of other place. The ambassador, Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise That which, to appear itself, must not yet be, But by self-danger, you should tread a course Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near 160 The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least, That, though his actions were not visible, yet Report should render him hourly to your ear, As truly as he moves.

O, for such means, Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't, I would adventure.

Well then, here's the point:

Command into obedience; fear, and nice-

(The handmaids of all women, or more truly, Woman its pretty self,) into a waggish courage;

Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and As quarrellous as the weasel: nay, you

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek, Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart! Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch Of common-kissing Titan; and forget Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein You made great June angry.

Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost

A man already.

ACT III.

First, make yourself but like one. Forethinking this, I have already fit (T is in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all That answer to them: would you, in their serving,

And with what imitation you can borrow From youth of such a season, 'fore noble

Present yourself, desire his service, tell

Wherein you're happy, (which you'll make him know,

If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,

You have me, rich; and I will never fail 180 Beginning nor supplyment.

Thou art all the comfort Imo.The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away: There's more to be consider'd, but we'll

All that good time will give us. This attempt I'm soldier to, and will abide it with

A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee. Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short

farewell.

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress.

Here is a box; I had it from the queen: 190 What's in't is precious; if you are sick at

Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of

Will drive away distemper.—To some shade, And fit you to your manhood. May the gods

Direct you to the best!

Scene V. -A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius. Lords, and Attendants.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Thanks, royal sir. My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence; And am right sorry that I must report ye

My master's enemy. Our subjects, sir, Cym.

Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself To show less sovereignty than they, must needs

Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.— Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;

The due of honour in no point omit.

So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Your hand, my lord. Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth .

I wear it as your enemy.

Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well. Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,

Till he have crossed the Severn.—Happiness! [Exeunt Lucius and Lords.

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,

That we have given him cause.

"I is all the better: Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20 Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the

How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely, Our chariots and our horsemen be in readi-

The powers that he already hath in Gallia Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves

His war for Britain.

"T is not sleepy business, Queen. But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly. Cym. Our expectation that it would be

Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen.

Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd

Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd The duty of the day. She looks us like Amen. I thank thee. [Excunt. | A thing more made of malice, than of duty: We have noted it. —Call her before us, for We have been too slight in sufferance.

Exit an Attendant.

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my
lord,

T is time must do. 'Beseech your majesty, Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes, And strokes death to her.

## Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir t How Can her contempt be answer'd t

Atten. Please you, sir, Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer

That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close; Whereto constrained by her infirmity, She should that duty leave unpaid to you, Which daily she was bound to proffer: this She wish'd me to make known, but our great court

Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?

Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which
I fear

Prove false! [Exit. Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,

I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. -- [Exit CLOTEN. Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthu-

He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes It is a thing most precious. But for her, Where is she gone? Haply, despair has seiz'd

Or, winged with tervour of her love, she's flown

To her desired Posthumus. Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being
down.

I have the placing of the British crown.

## Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'T is certain, she is fled.
Go in, and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [Aside.] All the better: may • This night forestall him of the coming day!

Clo. I love, and hate her, for she's fair and royal,

And that she has all courtly parts, more exquisite

Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one The best she hath, and she, of all compounded, Outsells them all. I love her therefore. But, Disdaining me, and throwing favours on

The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,

That what's else rare is chok'd; and, in that point,

I will conclude to hatcher: nay, indeed, To be reveng'd upon her: for, when fools Shall—

#### Enter Pisasio.

Who is here! What! are you packingsirrah?

Come hither, Ah, you precious pander! Villain,

Where is thy lady t In a word, or else

Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady t or, by Jupiter,

I will not ask again. Close villain, I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip

Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?

From whose so many weights of baseness cannot

A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord!
How can she be with him! When was shemiss'd?

He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir! Come nearer; No further halting: satisfy me home, What is become of her!

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is, at once,

At the next word:—no more of worthy lord! --

Speak, or thy silence on the instant is Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge

This paper is the history of my knowledge Touching her flight. | Presenting a letter.

Clo. Let's see 't. I will pursue her Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [Aside.] Or this, or perish. on She's far enough; and what he learns by this,

May prove his travel, not her danger.

Hum! Clo.

Pis. [Aside]. I'll write to my lord she's O Imogen,

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. -Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soc'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, -I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy pre-

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service;

Pis. I shall, my lord.

E.rit. Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon. -Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee .- I would these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground; my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust lath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments? Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven!

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

(%). Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.— My revenge is now at Milford: 'would I had wings to follow it.—Come, and be true.

Pis. Then bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,

Were to prove false, which I will never be To him that is most true. -To Milford go, 160 And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow,

You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's

Be cross'd with slowness: labour be his meed! Exit.

Scene V1. -- Before the Cave of Belanius.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tird myself, and for two nights together

Have made the ground my bed: I should be

But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd

Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think, Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, . Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,

I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is w A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in

Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear

Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,

My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to sink for food.—But what is this? Here is a path to 't: 't is some savage hold: I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine.

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.

Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness

Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! Who's here?

If anything that 's civil, speak; if savage, Take, or lend. -- Ho! No answer! then, I'll | Have died, had I not made it. enter.

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on 't.

Such a foe, good heavens!

Enters the care.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman, and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I, Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match:

The sweat of industry would dry, and die, But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs

Will make what's homely, savoury: weari-

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth Finds the down pillow hard .-- Now, peace be here,

Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

I am thoroughly weary. Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave: we'll browse on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. [Looking into the cace.] Stay: come not

But that it eats our victuals, I should think Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir? Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not, An earthly paragon! Behold divineness No elder than a boy!

#### Re-enter I MOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not: Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought To have begg'd, or bought what I have took. Good troth,

I have stol'n nought; nor would not, though I had found

Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:

I would have have left it on the board, so

As I had made my meal, and parted

With prayers for the provider.

Money, youth? Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !

As't is no better reckon'd, but of those Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you're angry. Know, if you kill me for my fault, I shoulde

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

What's your name? Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman, who Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford; To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,

I am fall'n in this offence.

Prythee, fair youth, Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds

By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!

'T is almost night: you shall have better

Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.-

Boys, bid him welcome.

Were you a woman, youth, I should woo hard, but be your groom. In honesty,

I bid for you, as I do buy.

I'll make't my comfort, He is a man: I'll love him as my brother; And such a welcome as I'd give to him After long absence, such is yours.--Most welcome!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

'Mongst friends! [Aside.] If brothers! 'Would it had been so, that they

Had been my father's sons: then had my prize

Been less; and so more equal ballasting To thee, Posthumus.

He wrings at some distress. Gui. 'Would I could free 't!

Or I: whate'er it be, What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

Hark, boys. [Whispering. Imo. Great men,

That had a court no bigger than this cave, That did attend themselves, and had the

virtue Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by

That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)

Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them. Since Leonatus' false.

Bel.It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd

So far as thou wilt speak it.

Pray, draw near. Gui. Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

I pray, draw near. [Execut.] Arv.

Scene VII.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's

That since the common men are now in

'Cainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story, so And that the legions now in Gallia are Full weak to undertake our wars against 'he fall'n off Britons, that we do incite 'he gentry to this business. He creates meius proconsul: and to you, the tribunes, For this immediate levy, he commends His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar! Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces? Аy.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

With those legions 1 Sen. Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy

Must be suppliant: the words of your com-

Will tie you to the numbers, and the

Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.

#### ACT IV.

Scene I .- The Forest, near the Cave Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 't is said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber,) I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall, within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage, but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meetingplace; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

Scene II. .. Before the Cave.

Enter, from the cave, Belanius, Guidenius, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. [To IMOGEN.] You are not well: remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. | To IMOGEN.] Brother, stay here: Are we not brothers?

So man and man should be; But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick. Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well; But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick. So please you, leave me;

Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom

I am ill; but your being Is breach of all. by me

Cannot amend me: society is no comfort To one not sociable. I am not very sick, Since I can reason of it : pray you, trust me here ;

I'll rob none but myself; and let me die, • Stealing so poorly.

I love thee; I have spoke it; How much the quantity, the weight as much, As I do love my father.

What! how? how? Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me

In my good brother's fault: I know not why! That grief and patience, rooted in him both, I love this youth; and I have heard you say, Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door. · And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say, My father, not this youth. Bel. [Aside.] O noble strain! O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness! Cowards father cowards, and base things sire Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and

grace. I'm not their father; yet who this should be,

Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.

'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.

Brother, farewell. > *Imo.* I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health, - So please you, sir. Imo. [Aside.] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court: Experience, O! thou disprov'st report.

The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish. I am sick still; heart-sick .--- Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. [Swallows some. Gui. I could not stir him:

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate; Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter

I might know more.

To the field, to the field !---We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest. Arv. We'll not be long away.

Pray, be not sick, For you must be our housewife.

Imo. I am bound to you.

And shalt be ever. | Exit IMOGEN. This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had

Good ancestors.

How angel-like he sings! Arn. Gui. But his neat cookery! He cuts our

In characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,

And he her dieter. \*

Nobly he yokes Arv.A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh Was that it was, for not being such a smile; The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly From so divine a temple, to commix With winds that sailors rail at. Gui. I do note,

Mingle their spurs together.

Grow, patience! And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come away!-Who's there?

#### Enter CLOTEN.

(%. I cannot find those runagates: that

Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates! Means he not us? I partly know him; 't is Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some

I saw him not these many years, and yet

I know 't is he. We are held as outlaws :--

Gui. He is but one. You and my brother

What companies are near; pray you, away; Let me alone with him.

Execut Belarius and Arviragus. Clo. Soft! What are you w That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers? I have heard of such.—What slave art thou? A thing

More slavish did I ne'er than answering A slave without a knock.

Thou art a robber, A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thicf. Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big? Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear

My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou

M

Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,

Know'st me not by my clothes?

No, nor thy tailor, rascal, Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes.

Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,

My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;

I am loath to beat thee.

Thou injurious thief, Hear but my name, and tremble.

What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,

Well, or ill,

beannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider.

'T would move me sooner.

To thy further fear, on Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know I'm son to the queen.

I am sorry for 't; not seeming

So worthy as thy birth.

Art not afeard? Clo. Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Die the death. When I have slain thee with my proper hand, I'll follow those that even now fled hence, And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads. Yield, rustic mountaineer. [ Exenut, fighting.

#### Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No companies abroad !

Arv. None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw

But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour

Which then he wore: the snatches in his

And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute,

'T was very Cloten.

In this place we left them: I wish my brother make good time with him, You say he is so fell.

Being scarce made up, I mean, to man, he had not apprehension 110 Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius with Cloten's head.

Cui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,

There was no money in 't. Not Hercules Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none;

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne My head, as I do his.

What hast thou done? Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;

Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and

With his own single hand he'd take us in, Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone. Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,

But, that he swore to take, our lives? The

Protects not us: then, why should we be \* tender,

To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us; Play judge, and executioner, all himself, For we do fear the law? What company Discover you abroad?

No single soul Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason He must have some attendants. Though his

Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not Absolute madness, could so far have rav'd, To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps, It may be heard at court, that such as we Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in

May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,

(As it is like him,) might break out, and

He'd fetch us in ; yet is 't not probable To come alone, either he so undertaking, Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear.

If we do fear this body hath a tail More perilous than the head.

Let ordinance Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,

My brother hath done well.

I had no mind To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness Did make my way long forth.

With his own sword, Which he did wave against my throat, I have

His head from him: I'll throw 't into the

Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,

And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:

That's all I reck. Exit. I fear, 't will be reveng'd. Bel.

'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not "done 't; though valour

Becomes thee well enough

'Would I had done 't, So the revenge alone pursu'd me !-Polydom, I love thee brotherly, but envy much

Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges, .

That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 't is done. We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for dan-

Where there's no profit. I privilee, to our rock:

You and Fidele play the cooks; I'll stay Till hasty Polydon return, and bring him To dinner presently.

Poor sick Fidele! I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour, I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood, And praise myself for charity. Exit.

O thou goddess, Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st In these two princely boys! They are as

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet, Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,

Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind, That by the top doth take the mountain pine, And make him stoop to the vale. "I is won-

That an invisible instinct should frame them To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught, Civility not seen from other, valour That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange, What Cloten's being here to us portends, Or what his death will bring us.

#### Re-enter Guiderius.

Where's my brother? I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream, In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage For his return. Solemn music.

 $\it Bel.$ My ingenious instrument! Hark, Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ! Hark! Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now. Gui. What does he mean I since death of my dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things Should answer solemn accidents. The matter? Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys, Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.

Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter Arviragus, bearing Imogen as dead in his arms.

Bel. • Look! here he comes, And brings the dire occasion in his arms, Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead. That we have made so much on. I had rather Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,

To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch, Than have seen this.

O sweetest, fairest lily! My brother wears thee not the one half so well, As when thou grow'st thyself.

O melancholy! Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ! find

The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish

Might easiliest harbour in !—Thou blessed thing!

Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.— How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see: Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,

Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; bis right check

Reposing on a cushion.

Where ? Gui.

Arv. O' the floor; His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept,

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Why, he but sleeps; If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed: With female fairies will his tomb be haunted, And worms will not come to thee.

With fairest flowers, Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele, I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose,

The azur'd hard-bell, like thy veins; no, nor The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander, Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would.

With charitable bill, (O bill, sore-shaming Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie Without a menument!) bring thee all this; Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers

are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Pr'ythee, have done; And do not play in wench-like words with

Which is so serious. Let us bury him, And not protract with admiration what Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him? Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Be 't so: And let us, Polydore, though now our voices

Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,

As once our mother; use like note, and words, Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

ACT IV.

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;

For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse 20 Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less;
for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys; And, though he came our enemy, remember, He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence (That angel of the world) doth make distinction Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely,

And though you took his life, as being our foe, Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax, 252
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him, We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin. [Exit Belanius.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;

My father has a reason for 't.

Arv. T is true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So.—Begin.

#### Song.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the fucious winter's rayes;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art yone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gni. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gni. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arr. Nothiny ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have;

And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,

Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.—

Come on, away; apart upon our knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them again:

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Excunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Imo. [Awaking.] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way !—

I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?— I have gone all night.—'Faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow.--O gods and goddesses! [Seeing the body of CLOTEN. These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man, the care on 't.—I hope, I 'dream;

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures; but it is not so:
"I was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very
eyes

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

I tremble still with fear: but if there be Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it! The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is

Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt. A headless man!—The garment of Posthumus! I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand. His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; so The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face.—Murder in heaven?—How?—"T is gone.—Pisanio.

All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks, And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,

Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten, Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read Be henceforth treacherous !—Damn'd Pisanio Hath with his forged letters, — damn'd Pisanio-

From this most bravest vessel of the world Struck the main-top !-- O Posthumus! alas, Where is thy head? where 's that? Ah me! where 's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart, And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?

Tis he, and Cloten: Malice and lucre in them

Have laid this woe here. O! 't is pregnant, pregnant.

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it Murderous to the senses? That confirms it

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!— Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, That we the horrider may seem to those Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my [Falls on the body. lord!

Enter Lucius, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,

After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending

You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships: They are in readiness.

But what from Rome? Luc. Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the con-

And gentlemen of Italy: most willing spirits, That promise noble service, and they come Under the conduct of bold lachimo, Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them? Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't.-Now, sir,

What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) thus :-

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman cagle, wing'd From the spungy south to this part of the west,

There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends

(Unless my sins abuse my divination)

Success to the Roman host.

Dream often so, And never false .- Soft, ho! what trunk is

Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime

It was a worthy building.—How! a page!— Or dead, or sleeping on him ! But dead, rather;

For nature doth abhor to make his bed With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.— Let's see the boy's face.

He's alive, my lord. Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.— Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems They crave to be demanded. Who is this, Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ! Or who was

That, otherwise than noble nature did,

Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest

In this sad wrack? How came it? Who is it !

What art thou?

I am nothing : or if not, Nothing to be were better. This was my . master,

A very valiant Briton and a good,

That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas! There is no more such masters: I may

From east to occident, cry out for service, Try many, all good, serve truly, never Find such another master.

Lack, good youth! Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining,

Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. (Aside.) If I do lie, and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name? RH()

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very

Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith thy

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not

Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure, No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,

Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner, Than thine own worth, prefer thee. Go with me. Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep 200 As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha'strew'd his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers, Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh; And, leaving so his service, follow you, So please you cutertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth; And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: let Find out the prettiest daisied spot we can, 400 And make him with our pikes and partisans A grave: come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd

By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd, As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:

Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[Excunt.

# Scene III.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, and Attendants.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how't is with her. [Exit an Attendant.

A fever with the absence of her son; A madness, of which her life's in danger.—

Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me!
Imagen,

The great part of my comfort, gone; my

Upon a desperate bed, and in a time

When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,

So needful for this present: it strikes me, past

The hope of comfort.— But for thee, fellow, Who needs must know of her departure, and Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee

By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my
mistress,

I nothing know where she remains, why gone, Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness.

Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liego.
The day that she was missing he was here.
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform.
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,

There wants no diligence in seeking him, and will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.

[To Pisanio.] We'll slip you for a season; but
our jealousy

Does yet depend.

1 Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cum. Now for the counsel of my son and

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!

I am amaz'd with matter.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you're ready. 20
The want is, but to put those powers in

motion, That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw, And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear

What can from Italy annoy us, but We grieve at chances here.—Away!

[Execut all but PISANIO.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master,
since

I wrote him Imogen was slain: 't is strange: Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise To yield me often tidings; neither know I What is betid to Cloten; but remain Perplex'd in all: the heavens still must work. Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,

Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[Exit.

#### SCENE IV .- Before the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel.

Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to

From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us For barbarous and unnatural revolts During their use, and slay us after. Sons. Bel.

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure

To the king's party there 's no going: newness Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render Where we have liv'd; and so extort from's

Which we have done, whose answer would be death

Drawn on with torture.

This is, sir, a doubt, Gui. In such a time nothing becoming you.

Nor satisfying us.

It is not likely, Arv.

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh, Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now, That they will waste their time upon our

To know from whence we are.

O, I am known Bel. Of many in the army: many years,

Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king

Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your

Who find in my exile the want of breeding. The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless To have the courtesy your cradle promis'de But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so, Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army: I and my brother are not known; yourself, So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown, Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines. I'll thither: what thing is it, that I never Did see man die? scarce ever looked on blood,

But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?

Never bestrid a horse, save one that had A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel, Nor iron, on his heel ! I am asham'd To look upon the holy sun, to have The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining So long a poor unknown.

By heavens, I'll go. If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave, I'll take the better care; but if you will not, The hazard therefore due fall on me by The hands of Romans.

So say I. Amen. Arv. Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you

So slight a valuation, should reserve My crack'd one to more care. you, boys.

If in your country wars you chance to die, That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie: Lead, lead.—[Aside.] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,

Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

Exeunt.

#### ACT V.

Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post, Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd

Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married

If each of you should take this course, how

Mast murder wives much better than themselves.

For wrying but a little !—O Pisanio! Every good servant does not all commands: No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you | Among the Italian gentry, and to fight

Scene I.—A Field between the British and | Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I

Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved The noble Imagen to repent, and struck Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack!

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,

To have them fall no more: you some permit To second ills with ills, each elder worse, And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift. But Imogen is your own: do your best wills, And make me bless'd to obey !—I am brought hither 🔸

Against my lady's kingdom: 't is enough That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress. Peace!

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight Against the part I come with; so I'll die For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life

Is, every breath, a death; and thus, unknown,

Pitled nor hated, to the face of peril Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men

More valour in me, than my habits show. 20 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me! To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin

The fashion, less without, and more within.

## Exit.

### SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter, at one side, Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army: at the other side, the British Army: LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alurums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my

Takes off my manhood: I have belied a

The princess of this country, and the air on 't Revengingly enfeebles me. Or could this

A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me In my profession? Knighthoods and honours,

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. If that thy gentry, Britain, go before This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. Exit.

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but The villainy of our fears.

Gui., Arv.

Re-enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons; they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then re-enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such

As war were hood-wink'd.

'T is their fresh supplies. lach. Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely : or betimes

Let's re-enforce, or fly.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did: Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was

But that the heavens fought. The king him-

Of his wings destitute, the army broken, And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted, Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having

More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck

Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling Merely through fear; that the strait pass

was damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards liging

To die with lengthen'd shame.

Where was this lane? Lord. Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,— An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd So long a breeding, as his white beard came to, In doing this for's country;—athwart the

He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run The country base, than to commit such slaughter;

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,) Made good the passage; cried to those that

Stand, stand, and fight! "Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:

To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards.

Or we are Romans, and will give you that Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save.

But to look back in frown: stand, stand!"—
These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many, (For three performers are the file, when all zo The rest do nothing,) with this word, "Stand, stand!"

Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness (which could have
turn'd

A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks, Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward

But by example, (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then begun
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly.
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;
slaves,

The strides they victors unde. And now our cowards

(Like fragments in hard voyages) became The life o' the need: having found the backdoor open

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!

Some slain before; some dying; some, their friends,

O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:

Those that would die or ere resist, are grown | The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made

Rather to wonder et the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery! Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans'
bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;

For if he'll do, as he is made to do, I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too. You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you're angry. [Exit.]

Post. Still going to This is a lord. O noble misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their
honours

To have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,

And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,

Could not find death, where 1 did hear him groan;

Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,

"I is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him;

For, being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the
slaughter is

Here made by the Roman; great the answer

Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death:

On either side I come to spend my breath; Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again, But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.

T is thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit.

That gave the affront with them.

1 Cap. So't is reported; But none of 'em can be found. -Stand! who, is there?

Post. A Roman,

Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds

Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; n dog! A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here. Ho brags his service

As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, attended; Belarius, Guidbrius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman. Captives. The Captains present Postitumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler; after which, all go out.

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#### Scene IV .-- A Prison.

## Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers.

1 Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n; you have locks upon you: So, graze as you find pasture.

2 Caol.

Ay, or a stomach. Exernit Gaolers.

Post. Most welcome, bondage, for thou art

I think, to liberty. Yet am I better

Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd By the sure physician, death, who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou

art fetter'd More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt; io Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry ?

;So children temporal fathers do appease; Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent? I cannot do it better than in gyves, Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy, If of my freedom 't is the main part, take No stricter render of me, than my all. I know, you are more element than vile men, Who of their broken debtors take a third, A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  $\sim$ On their abatement: that's not my desire. For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though

'is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it: Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's

You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life, And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen! I'll speak to thee in silence.

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, , and mother to Posthumus, with music be fore them. Then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to Post-HUMUS, with wounds as they died in the grars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

No more, thou thunder-master, show Thy spite on mortal flies:

With Mars fall out, with Juno

That thy adulteries Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well.

Whose face I never saw? I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd Attending nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report, Thou orphans' father art) Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him

From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid, But took me in my throes; That from me was Posthumus ript, Came crying 'mongst his foes, A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry, Moulded the stuff so fair, That he deserv'd the praise o' the world, As great Sicilius' heir.

1  $Br_{\mathcal{O}}$ . When once he was mature for man, In Britain where was he, That could stand up his parallel, Or fruitful object be In eye of Imogen, that best Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd. be exil'd, and thrown From Leonati's eat, and cast From her his dearest one, Sweet Imogen?

Sici Why did you suffer Iachimo, Slight thing of Italy, To taint his nobler heart and brain With needless jealousy; And to become the geck and scorn O' the other's villainy?

2 B.c. For this from stiller seats we came, Our parents, and us twain, That striking in our country's cause Fell bravely, and were slain; Our fealty, and Tenantius' right, With honour to maintain.

1 Bro Like hardiment Posthumus hath To Cymbeline perform'd: Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods, Why hast thou thus adjourn'd The graces for his merits due, Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out No longer exercise Upon a valiant race thy harsh

And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good, Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!

Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter! or we appeal, And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder bolt; the Ghosts full on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low.

Offend our hearing: hush!--How dare you ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know, Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts!

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of
flowers:

Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is, you know; 't is
ours.

Whom best 1 love, I cross; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content; Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift: His comforts thrive, his trials well are

spent.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married. Rise, and
fade!--

He shall be lord of Lady Imogen, - And happier much by his affiction made.

And so, away: no further with your din Express impatience, lest you stir up minc.—Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[Ascends. Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak.

As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter

Sici. The marble pavement closes; he is enter'd

His radiant roof. — Away! and, to be blest.

Let us with care perform his great behest, [The Ghosts vanish.

Post. [Waking.] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot

A father to me; and thou hast created

A mother, and two brothers. But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were
born:

And so I am awake. -- Poor wretches, that depend

On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;

Wake, and find nothing. - But, alas, 1 swerve:

Many dream not to find, neither deserve, And yet are steep d in favours; so am 1,

That have this golden chance, and know not why.

What fairies haunt this ground t A book t O rare one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers, As good as promise.

[Reads.] "Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to bimself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen

Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing:

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such As sense cannot untie. Be what it is, The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

#### Resenter Gaoler.

Guol. Come, sir, are you ready for death? Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which are Thanks, Jupiter!

of nirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink, sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have to past, is, and to come, the discharge.—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

### Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles: bring your prisoner to the king

Post. Thou bring'st good news. I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[Ecount Posthumus and Messenger. Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them, too, that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowsos! I speak against my present profit, but my wish bath a preferment in t.

#### Scene V.—Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast

Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:

He shall be happy that can find him, if

Our grace can make him so

Bel.

I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing;

Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought

But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? 10 Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom, I grant, she lives. "T is now the
time

To ask of whence you are: report it.

Bel. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen. Further to boast, were neither true nor

Unless I add, we are honest,

modest,

Cym. Bow your knees.

Arise, my knights o' the battle: I create

Companions to our person, and will fix you With dignities becoming your estates.

## Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly

Greet you our victory? y i look like Romans.

And not o' the court of Britair.

Cor. Hail, great king! To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician Would this report become ? But I consider, By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she? so

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;

[Exeunt. | Which, being cruel to the world, concluded

Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd, I will report, so please you: these her women Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd
you; only

Affected greatness got by you, not you: Married your royalty, was wife to your place; Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this; MAnd, but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

With such integrity, she did confess, Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,

But that her flight prevented it, she had Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend! Who is 't can read a woman!—Is there:

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took.

Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring

By inches waste you: in which time she pur-

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O'ercome you with her show; and in time (When she had fitted you with her craft) to work

Her son into the adoption of the crown: But failing of her end by his strange absence, Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented The evils she hatch'd were not effected: so, so Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, herowomen?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my
heart,

That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter! That it was folly in me, thou may'st say, And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Southsager, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; Posthumus behind; and Imogen.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute:

The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss

Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,

That their good souls may be appear'd with slaughter,

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:

So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the

Was yours by accident; had it gone with us, We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives we may be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth, A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer: Augustus lives to think on't; and so much For my peculiar care. This one thing only I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born, Let him be ransom'd: never master had A page so kind, so duteous, diligent, So tender over his occasions, true,

So tender over his occasions, true, So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness

Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm, Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him,

And spare no blood beside,

Cym. I have surely seen him: His favour is familiar to me.

Thou hast look'd thyself into ne grace,

And art mine own. -- I know not why, nor wherefore,

To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live,

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt, Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it; Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner, we The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good kid,

And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo.

No, no; alack!

There's other work in hand.—I see a thing

Bitter to me as death. Your life, good
master,

Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me, He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,

That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—

Why stands he so perplex'd!

Cym. What would'st thou, boy? I love thee more and more; think more and more

What's best to ask, Know'st him thou look'st on? speak;

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me, Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?
Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please

To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy
name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page; I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart, Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death? Are. One sand another

Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad, Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not: forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure

He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead. Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. [Aside.] It is my mistress! Since she is living, let the time run on

To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side: 150

Make thy demand aloud.—[To IACHIMO.]

Sir, step you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely; Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it, Which is one become hitten texture shall

Which is our honour, bitter torture shall Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render

Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [Aside.] What's that to him? Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say, How came it yours?

Inch. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that

Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Inch. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Which torments me to conceal. By villainy I got this ring: 't was Leonatus' jewel;

Whom thou didst banish; and swhich more may grieve thee,

As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd

"Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Inch. That paragon, thy daughter, For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits

Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will.

Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

Inch. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock

That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accursed

The mansion where!) 't was at a feast (O, 'would ...

Our viands had been poison'd, or at least

Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus

(What should I say? he was too good to be Where ill men were, and was the best of all an Amongst the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,

Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty, that made barren the swell'd suboast

Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,

Postures beyond brief nature; for condition, A shop of all the qualities that man

Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,

Fairness, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire.

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall, too Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthumus

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one That had a royal lover) took his hint; And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein

He was as calm as virtue,) he began

His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,

And then a mind put in 't, either our brags Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description

Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Nay, nay, to the purpose.  $C_{ijm}$ . lach. Your daughter's chastity-there it begins.

He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams, And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch, Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with

Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore

Upon his honour'd finger, to attain In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight, No lesser of her honour confident Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring; And would so, had it been a carbuncle 'Of Phæbus' wheel; and might so safely, had

Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain

Post I in this design. Well may you, sir, Remember me at court, where I was taught Of your chaste daughter the wide difference Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain 'Gan in your duller Britain operate Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent; And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd, 200 That I return'd with simular proof, enough To make the noble Leonatus mad, By wounding his belief in her renown With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes . A precious thing: I had it from the queen. Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her brace-

(O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks Of secret on her person, that he could not But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd, I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon, — Methinks, I see him now, -

Post. [Coming forward.] Ay, so thou dost,

Italian fiend !—Ah me! most credulous fool, Egregious murderer, thief, anything That's due to all the villains past, in being,

To come !--O, give me cord, or knife, or poi-

Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out For torturers ingenious: it is I

That sall the abhorred things o' the earth amend,

By being worse than they. I am Posthumus, That kill'd thy daughter :--villain-like, I lie; That caus'd a lesser villain than myself, A sacrilegious thief, to do 't:—the temple

Of virtue was she; yet, and she herself. Spit, and throw stones, east mire upon me;

The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain

Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and Be villainy less than 't was! O Imogen!

My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen, Imogen, Imogen!

Peace, my lord! hear, hear! Imo. Post. Shall's have a play of this! Thou scornful page,

There lie thy part. [Striking her; she full... O gentlemen! help Mine, and your mistress. -0, my Lord Posthumus!

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help !--

Mine honour'd lady!

Does the world go round? Cym.Post. How come these staggers on me? Wake, my mistress! Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to

strike me

To death with mortal joy.

How fares my mistress ! *Imo.* O! get thee from my sight;

Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!

Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen! Pis. Lady, The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if

That box I gave you was not thought by

Cym. New matter still !

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods! I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,

Which must approve thee honest: "If Pisanio

Have," said she, "given his mistress that confection

Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd As I would serve a rat."

Cym. What's this, Cornelius ! Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd

To temper poisons for her; still pretending The satisfaction of her knowledge, only In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose Was of more danger, did compound for her A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would

cease The present power of life; but, in short time. All offices of nature should again

Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead. Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele. 201 Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?

Think that you are upon a rock; and now Throw me again. [Embracing him. Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die!

How now, my flesh, my child! What! mak'st thou me a dullard in this act? Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. [Kneeling.] Your blessing, sir. Bel. [To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;

You had a motive for 't.

My tears, that fall, Cum. Prove holy water on thee! Imogen, Thy mother's dead.

I am sorry for 't, my lord. Imo. Cym. O! she was raught; and long of her it was,

That we meet here so strangely: but her son Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

My lord, Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore.

If I discover'd not which way she was gone, It was my instant death. By accident. I had a feigned letter of my master's Then in my pocket, which directed him To seek her on the mountains near to Mil-

Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments, Which he inforced from me, away he posts With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate

My lady's honour: what became of him, I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story: I slew him there.

Marry, the gods forfend! I would not thy good deeds should from my

Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,

Deny't again.

I have spoke it, and I did it. Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me

With language that would make me spurn the

If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head: And am right glad, he is not standing here To tell this tale of minc.

I am sorry for thee: By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and

Endure our law. Thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man I thought had been my lord.

Bind the offender, And take him from our presence.

Stay, sir king. This man is better than the man he slew, As well descended as thyself; and hath More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens Had ever scar for.—[To the Guard.] Let his arms alone ;

They were not born for bondage.

Why, old soldier. Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid

By tasting of our wrath ! How of descent As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far. Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

We will die all three: But I will prove that two on 's are as good As I have given out him. - My sons, I must For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech, Though, haply, well for you.

Arv.Your danger's ours. •

Gui. And our good his.

Have at it then .-- By leave; Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was call'd

Belarius.

Cym.What of him? he is

A banish'd traitor.

He it is that hath

Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man; 📨 I know not how a traitor.

 $C_{ijm}$ . Take him hence. The whole world shall not save him,

Not too hot: First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

And let it be confiscate all, so soon

As I have receiv'd it.

Nursing of my sons? Cym.Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy, liere's my knee:

Ere I arise I will prefer my sons; Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,

These two young gentlemen, that call mefather,

And think they are my sons, are none of ! It was wise nature's end in the donation,

They are the issue of your loins, my liege,

And blood of your begetting.

How! my issue? Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:

Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes (For such and so they are) these twenty years Have I train'd up; those arts they have, as I Could put into them: my breeding was, sir,

Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children

Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't; Having received the punishment before, For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty Excited me to treason. Their dear loss, The more of you't was felt, the more it shap'd Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious

Here are your sons again; and I must lose Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.-

The benediction of these covering heavens Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy

To inlay heaven with stars.

Thou weep'st and speak'st. The service, that you three have done, is more Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:

If these be they, I know not how to wish A pair of worthier sons.

Be pleas'd awhile. Bel. This gentleman, whom I call Polydore, Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius ;

This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, Your younger princely son: he, sir, was

In a most curious mantle, wrought by the

Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,

I can with ease produce.

Cijm. Guiderius had Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star: It was a mark of wonder.

This is he,

Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.

To be his evidence now.

O! what, am I A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother

Rejoic'd deliverance more.—Bless'd pray you That, after this strange starting from your

You may reign in them now.—O Imogen! Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

No, my lord; I have got two worlds by 't.-O my gentle brothers!

Have we thus met? O! never say hereafter, But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,

When I was but your sister; I you brothers, When ye were so indeed.

Did you e'er meet? Cym. Arr. Ay, my good lord.

And at first meeting lov'd; Continued so, until we thought he died. Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd. Cym.

O rare instinct! When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which Distinction should be rich in.—Where, how liv'd you t

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?

How parted with your brothers? how first met them!

Why fled you from the court, and whither? These,

And your three motives to the battle, with I know not how much more, should be demanded.

And all the other by-dependencies,

From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,

Will serve our long intergatories. Se

Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her

On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting Each object with a joy: the counterchange Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground, And smoke the temple with our sacrifices,—-

[To Belarius.] Thou art my brother: so we'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,

To see this gracious season.

All o'erjoy'd, Save these in bonds: let them be joyful

For they shall taste our comfort.

• Imo. My good master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought.

He would have well become'd this place, and grac'd

The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming: 't was a fitment for
The purpose 1 then follow'd.—That I was
he,

Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might Have made you finish.

Iach. [Kneeling.] I am down again; But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you.

Which I so often owe; but your ring first, And here the bracelet of the truest princess, That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare
you;

The malice towards you, to forgive you.

And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd. We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:

Pardon's the word to all.

Arc.

You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our heather:

As you did mean indeed to be our brother; Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer. As 1 slept, methought,

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lore

[Con.ing forward.
Luc. Read and declare the meaning.
Sooth. [Reads.] "Whenas a lion's whelp
shall, to himself unknown, without seeking
find, and be embraced by a piece of tender
air; and when from a stately cedar shall be
lopped branches, which, being dead many
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old
stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus
end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and
flourish in peace and plenty."

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
[To Cymbeline.] The piece of tender air, thy
virtuous daughter,

Which we call mollis aer; and mollis aer
We term it mulier: which mulier, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd
about

With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches.
point

Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen, For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,

To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin.—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her and
hers.)

Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above dotune

The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the
sun

So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,

The imperial Cesar, should again unite His favour with the radiant Cymbeline, Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Land we the gods; And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils

From our bless'd altars. Publish, we this peace

To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let A Roman and a British ensign wave Friendly together; so through Lad's town march:

And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there.—Never was a war did cease,
"he bloody hands were wash'd, with such a
peace.

Execute.

## THE TEMPEST.

## DRAMATIS PERSONE.

Alonso, King of Naples. Sebastian, his Brother.

PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.

Antonio, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.

FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples. Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor.

ADRIAN, Lords.

Francisco, Loras

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.

Trinculo, a Jester.

Stephano, a drunken Butler. Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.

MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.

Ariel, an airy Spirit.

Iris, Ceres,

Juno, Spirits.

Nymphs, Reapers,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an Island.

## ACT I.

Scene I.—On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain, severally.

. Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. | E.cit.

#### Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare. Take in the topsail; tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master l Play the men.

Boats: I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boson?

Boats. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Ggn. Nay, good, be patient.

Roats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gov. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say.

[Exit.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miscrable. [Excunt.

## Re-enter Boutswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast: yare; lower, lower. Bring her to try with main-course. [A cry withm.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown! Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Aut. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, in-

solent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench. Doats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses: off to sea again; lay her off.

### Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Exeunt.

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. 'The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Aut. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chopp'd rascal, — would, thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[A confused noise within.] Mercy on us:
--We split, we split! -- Furewell, my wife and
children!---Farewell, brother!--- We split, we
split, we split!---

Ant. Let's all sink wi' the king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

[Exit. Exit.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

# Scene II.—The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.

## Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking nitch.

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek.

Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer d With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel, Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,

Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and

The fraughting souls within her.

Pro.

No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart,

There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee, (Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!)

Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing

Of whence I am; nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20. And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. T is time I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:

| Lays down his mantle.

Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st

sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd, And left me to a bootless inquisition, Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast
not

Out three years old,

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or
person?

Of anything the image tell me, that Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. T is fa s off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance

And rather like a dream, than an assurance That my remembrance warrants. Had I not Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it,

In the dark backward and abysm of time? 50 If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st

How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

But that I do not. Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and

A prince of power.

Sir, are not you my father? Mira. Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and She said-thou wast my daughter; and thy father

Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir

A princess;—no worse issued.

O, the heavens! Mira,

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was 't, we did!

Both, both, my girl: By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence:

But blessedly holp hither.

O! my heart bleeds Mira.To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to, Which is from my remembrance. you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,-

I pray thee, mark me,- that a brother should Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself, Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put The manage of my state; as, at that time, we Through all the signiories it was the first, And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed

In dignity and, for the liberal arts, Without a parallel: those being all my study, The government I cast upon my brother, And to my state grew stranger, being trans-

ported, And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle -Dost thou attend, me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully. Pro. Being once perfected how to grant

How to deny them, who to advance, and who To trask for over-topping, new created The creatures that were mine, I say, or Chang'd them,

Or, else new rorm'd them: having both the

Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he

The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou And suck'd my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir! I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated To closeness, and the bettering of my mind w With that, which, but by being so retir'd, O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false

brother

Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust, Like a good parent, did beget of him A falsehood, in its contrary as great

As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit, A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,

Not only with what my revenue yielded, But what my power might else exact,—like

Who having, unto truth, by telling of it, Made such a sinner of his memory,

To credit his own lie,— he did believe

He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitu-

And executing the outward face of royalty, With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing, --

Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness. Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be Me, poor man, my library Absolute Milan. Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties

He thinks me now incapable; confederates (So dry he was for sway) wi'the King of Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage, Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!). To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me

If this might be a brother.

I should sin Mira. To think but nobly of my grandmother: Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Now the condition. This King of Naples, being an enemy To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit; Which was, that he in lieu of the premises, Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,

Should presently extirpate me and mine Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan, With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,

A creacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i'the dead of darkness,

(V) a init to find because a level of these

The ministers for the purpose hurried thence Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,

That wrings mine eyes to t.

Pro. Hear a little further, And then I'll bring thee to the present business

Which now's upon us; without the which this story

Were most impertment.

Mira. Wherefore did they not That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they
durst not,

So dear the love my people bore me, nor set A mark so bloody on the business; but With colours fairer painted their foul ends. In few, they hurried us aboard a bark, Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd, Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats Instinctively have quit it, there they hoist us, To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again, Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble

Was I then to you!

Pro. O, a cherubin Thou wast, that did preserve me. Thou didst smile.

Infused with a fortitude from heaven, When I have deck'd the sea with drops full

when t have deck a the sea with drops ful salt,

Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me

An undergoing stomach, to bear up Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water,

A noble Newpolitan, Gonzalo,

Out of his charity, (who being then appointed Master of this design) did give us; with Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries, Which since have steaded much: so, of his

gentleness, Cnowing I lov'd my books be furnish'

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me, From my own library, with volumes that I prize above my dukedom. Mira. 'Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise....

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. Here in this island we arriv'd; and here in Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princess' can, Chat have more time

For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,

For still 't is beating in my mind, your reason For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies Brought to this shore; and by my prescience I find my zenith doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more
questions.

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dullness,

And give it way: -I know thou canst not choose, - [Miranda sleeps.

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.

Approach, my Ariel: come!

#### Enter ARIEL

Ari. All haif, great master; grave sir, hail!

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, 190 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding

task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit, Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, I flam'd amazement: sometimes, I'd divide, And burn in many places; on the topmast,

The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, 200

Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,

Yes, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit! Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil

Would not infect his reason!

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd 199
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the
vessel,

Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, i'erdinand,

With hair upstaring (then like reeds, not hair),

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,

And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my spirit! But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe!

Ari. Not a hair perish'd; On their sustaining garments not a blemish, But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st

In troops I have dispers'd them bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself.
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,

In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,

His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd, And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once

Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dow From the still-vex'd Bermoothes; there she's hid:

The mariners all under hatches stowed: 44 Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,

I have left asleep: and for the rest of the fleet

Which I dispers'd, they all have met again, And are upon the Mediterranean flote, Bound sadly home for Naples,

Supposing that they saw the king's ship

wrack'd.

And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge Exactly is perform'd; but there 's more work. What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the and season.

Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,

Which is not yet perform'd me,

Pro. How now? moody?

What is 't thou canst demand !

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out I no more!

Ari. I pr'ythee,

Remember, I have done thee worthy service; Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd

Without or grudge, or grumblings. Thou didst promise

To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,

To run upon the sharp wind of the north, To do me business in the veins o' th' earth, When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast

thou forgot The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and

envy, Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.
Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born?

speak : tell me. Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O! was she so? I must, Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,

Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible To enter human hearing, from Argier,

Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,

They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-cy'd hag was hither brought with child,

And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine
thee

By help of her more potent ministers,

And in her most unmitigable rage, Into a cloven pine; within which rift Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain A dozen years; within which space she died, And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans, As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this

Acr I.

island

(Save for the son which she did litter here, A freekled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.

Pro. Dell thing, I say so; he, that Caliban, Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st

What torment I did find thee in: thy growns Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts

Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax Could not again undo: it was mine art, When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made

The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master. Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Pardon, master: I will be correspondent to command,

And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so, and after two days I will discharge th

Ari. That's my noble master! What shall I do? say what? what shall I do? Pro. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject

To no sight but thine and mine; invisible To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape, And hither come in 't : go, hence, with diligence. Exit ARIEL.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept vell;

Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off. Come on:

We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never Yields us kind answer.

T is a villain, sir, 310 Mira.

I do not love to look on.

But, as 't is, Pro.

We cannot miss him: he does make our fire, Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban! Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say, there's other business for thee:

Come, thou tortoise! when!

Re-enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,

Hark in thine car.

Exit. Ari. My lord, it shall be done. Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself

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Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

#### Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen, Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye, And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,

Side stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins

Shall forth, at vast of night, that they may

All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more stinging

Than bees that made them.

I must cat my dinner. This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,

Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me

Water with berries in 't; and teach me how To name the bigger light, and how the less,

That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,

And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle. The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile.

Cursed be I that did so !- -All the charms 20 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you! For I am all the subjects that you have,

Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me,

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me The rest o' the island.

Thou most lying slave, Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seeks to violate

The honour of my child.

Cal. O oh! O oh!—'would it had been done!

Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorr'd slave, Which any print of goodness wilt not take, Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour

One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,

Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes With words that made them known; but thy vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures

Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou

Deservedly confin'd into this rock,

Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language: and my profit on 't

Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you

For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou,
malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly

What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;

Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,

That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

[Aside.] I must obey: his art is of such power,

It would control my dam's god, Setebos, And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following him.

#### ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands, And then take hands:

Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist.—

Foot it featly here and there :

And, sweet sprites, the burden bear. Hank! hark!

\* Burden. Bewgh, wowyh. Whe watch-dogs bark:

Burden. Bowyh, wowgh. Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?--

It sounds no more :— and sure, it waits upon 250 Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank, Weeping again the king my father's wreck, This music crept by me upon the waters, Allaying both their fury, and my passion, With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it, Or it hath drawn me rather: but't is gone.— No, it begins again.

## ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies; Of his bones are coral made,

Those are pearls that were his eyes:

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange. Seanymphs hourly ring his knell:

[Burden. Ding-dong. Ifark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The detty does remember my drown'd father.—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound That the earth owes.—I hear it now above

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,

And say, what thou seest youd.

Mira. What is 't? a spirit? Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir, It carries a brave form:—but 't is a spirit.

Pro. No, wench: it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses

As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,

Was in the wrack; and but he's something stain'd

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows, And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him A thing divine, for nothing natural

1 ever saw so noble

Pro. [Asidr.] It goes on, 1 see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit!

I'll free thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my
prayer

May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instructions
give,

How I may bear me here; my prime request, Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder! If you be maid, or no?

No wonder, sir; Mira. But certainly a maid. My language! heavens!--- :50 I am the best of them that speak this speech, Were I but where 't is spoken. How! the best? What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear And that he does I weep: myself am Naples: Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, be-The king, my father, wrack'd. Alack, for mercy! Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan, And his brave son, being twain. The Duke of Milan, And his more braver daughter could control If now 't were fit to do 't .- | Aside. | At the first sight They have chang'd eyes :---delicate Ariel, I'll set thee free for this!-|To him.] A word, good sir; I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word. Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father To be inclin'd my way! O! if a virgin, And your affection not gone forth, I'll make The Queen of Naples. Soft, sir: one word more.--[Aside.] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business I must uneasy make, lest too light winning Make the prize light, [To him.] One word more: I charge thee, That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thy-Upon this island as a spy, to win it From me, the lord on 't. Fer. No, as I am a man. Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple: If the ill-spirit have so fair a house,

Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pro. [To FERD.] Follow me.—

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor .-Come. I'll manacle thy neck and feet together; Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow. No; I will resist such entertainment, till Mine enemy has more power. [He draws, and is charmed from moving. O, dear father Make not too rash a trial of him, for He's gentle, and not fearful. Pro. What! I say: My foot my tutor? -- Put thy sword up, traitor; Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward, For I can here disarm thee with this stick, And make thy weapon drop. 'Beseech you, father! Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments. Mira. Sir, have pity. I'll be his surety. Pro. Silence! one word more Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What! An advocate for an impostor? hush! Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he, Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench! To the most of men this is a Caliban, And they to him are angels. My affections Are then most humble: I have no ambition To see a goodlier man. Pro. [To FERD.] Come on; obey: Thy nerves are in their infancy again, And have no vigour in them. Fer. So they are: My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up. My father's loss, the weakness which I The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats, To whom I am subdued, are but light to me, Might I but through my prison once a day Behold this maid: all corners else o'the earth Let liberty make use of; space enough Have I in such a prisoft. It works.—Come on.— Thou hast done well, fine Ariel !-[ To FERD.] Follow me.— | [ To Ariel.] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mica. Be of comfort; As mountain winds; but then exactly do My father's of a better nature, sir, Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted, Which now came from him. Thou shalt be as free -Pro.

All points of my command. To the syllable. Pro. Come, follow.—Speak not for him. Excunt.

#### ACT 11.

Scene I. -Another part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Segastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Besech you, sir, be merry: you have

(So have we all) of joy, for our escape Is much beyond our loss.

Is common: every day, some sailor's wife, The master of some merchant, and the mer-

Have just our theme of woe; but for the sweetly. miracle,

I mean our preservation, few in millions Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh

Our sorrow with our comfort.

Pr'ythee, peace. Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge, Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit: by-and-by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,-

Seb. One:—tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's totally. offer'd.

Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Aut. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done. But yet-

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow !

Neb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Sec. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, -

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible. --

Seb. Yet -

Adr. Yet -

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and Our hint of delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as't were perfumed by a fen.

Gov. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Con. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new-dyed, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his re-

port. Gen. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter

Claribel to the King of Tunis. Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since Widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, Widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you! you make me study of that: she was of Carthage; not of

You. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage !

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Aut. What impossible matter will be make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there. Seb. Bate, I beseech you, Widow Dido.

Ant. Oh! Widow Dido; ay, Widow Dido. Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against

The stomach of my sense. 'Would I had

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy removed,

I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine

Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Sir, he may live. I saw him beat the surges under him,

And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis

As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt, 120 He came alive to land.

No, no; he's gone. Alon.

Sch. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter.

But rather lose her to an African;

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on t.

Prythee, peace.

Sch. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise

By all of us; and the fair soul herself

Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have More widows in them, of this business' making, Than we bring men to comfort them:

The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

My Lord Sebastian, The truth you speak doth lack some gentle-

And time to speak it in; you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaster.

Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,

When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul. Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord.-

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Or docks, or mallows. • Gon. And were the king on t, what would

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things, for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; riches, poverty, And use of service, none : contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none; No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:

No occupation, all men idle, all;

And women too, but innocent and pure; No sovereignty :---

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce,

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, Would I not have; but nature should bring

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance, To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern,

To excel the golden age.

Save his majesty! Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

And, do you mark me, sir !- . Alon. Pr'ythee; no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. T was you we laugh'd at.
Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given ! Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, invisible; solemn music playing.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Aut. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy? Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

All sleep but Alon., Seb., and ANT. Alon. What! all so soon asleep I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,

They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir, Do not admit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord, Will guard your person while you take your

And watch your safety.

Thank you. Wondrous heavy. Alon. Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel. Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses

Aut. It is the quality o' the climate.

Why •200 Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not Myself dispos'd to sle

Nor I: my spirits are nimble. They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

Worthy Schastian - O! what might -- no more :--

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,

What thou shouldst be. The occasion speaks thee, and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

What! art thou waking ! Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

I do; and, surely, It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st zu Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say ? This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Noble Sebastian, Ant.

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather; wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Thou dost snore distinctly: There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom:

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do, 220 Trebles thee o'er.

Well: I am standing water. Seb. Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Do so: to ebb Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant.

If you but knew, how you the purpose

cherish,

Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping

You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed, Most often do so near the bottom run By their own fear, or sloth.

Pr'ythec, say on. The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed, Which throes thee much to yield,

Ant. Thus, sir. Although this lord of weak remembrance,

Who shall be of as little memory,

When he is earth'd) hath here almost persnaded

(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only

Professes to persuade) the king, his son's

"I' is as impossible that he 's undrown'd, As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O! out of that no hope, What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is

Another way so high a hope, that even Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubts discovery there, Will you grant with me,

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Scb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples!

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post, (The man i' the moon's too slow) till newborn chins

Be rough and razorable; she, from whom—zo We all were sea-swallow'd, though some east again;

And by that destiny to perform an act, Whereof what's past is prologue, what to

In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this!--How say you! T is true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis, And let Sebastian wake!" -- Say, this were death

That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were

no worse Than now they are. There be that can rule

As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate

As amply and unnecessarily,

As this Gonzalo; I myself could make

A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore The mind that I do! what a sleep were this For your advancement! Do you understand me!

Scb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content Tender your own good fortune!

Seb. I remember, 250

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant.

True

And look how well my garments sit upon me; Much feater than before. My brother's servants

Were then my fellows, now they are my men. Sch. But, for your conscience ---

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that t if it were n kibe.

Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel

This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences.

That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied bethey,

And melt, ere they molest! Here lies you: brother,

No better than the earth he lies upon,

If he were that which now he's like, that's dead, -

Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,

Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,

To the perpetual wink for aye might put This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who Should not upbraid our course: for all the

They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk; They'll tell the clock to any business that We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend, as Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan, I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,

And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together; And when I rear my hand, do you the like, To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O! but one word. [They converse apart.

Music. Re-enter Ariel, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth

(For else his project dies) to keep them living.
[Sings in Gonzale's ear.

While you here do snoring lie, Open-ey'd Conspiracy His time doth take. If of life you keep a care Shake off slumber, and beware: Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

True: Preserve the king. Now, good angels,

are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

What's the matter! repose,

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellow-

Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?

It struck mine car most terribly.

I heard nothing. Ant. O! 't was a din to fright a monster's

To make an earthquake: sure, it was the

Of a whole herd of lions,

Heard you this, Gonzalo! Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a ! humming.

And that a strange one too, which did awake

I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,

I saw their weapons drawn. There was a

That's verity: 't is best we stand upon our zaard,

Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts, For he is, sure, i' the island.

Lead away. Execut. Ari. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Ecit.

Scene II.—Another Part of the Island.

Enter Calaban, with a burden of wood. A noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks

From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me, And yet I needs must curse; but they'll nor pinche

Fright me with urenin-shows, pitch me i the mire.

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but For every trifle are they set upon me:

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter a me,

> And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues

> Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now! lo! Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me, For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat: Perchance, he will not mind me.

#### Enter Trinculo.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: youd same black cloud, youd huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: youd same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. -- What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive! A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm; o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder bolt. [Thunder.] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, Here shall I die a-shore.--

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral.

Drinks. Well, here's my comfort.

The master, the snabber, the boatswain, and I, The gunner, and his mate,

Loc'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery, But none of us car'd for Kate; For she had a tongue with a tang, 50

Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:

She lov'd not the savour of tar, nor of pitch,

For a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she

did itch;

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. [Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils,

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Sta. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I'll

bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling:

now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils.

O I defend me!---

Ste. Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster. His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest State touch me, and speak to me, for Trinculo:—be not afeard,—thy good Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he was Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drowned Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? C Stephano! two Neapolitans scap'd.

Ste. Prythee, do not turn me about: my

stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear then how thou escap'dst. Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou caust swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano! hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid.

How now. moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven? Stc. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:

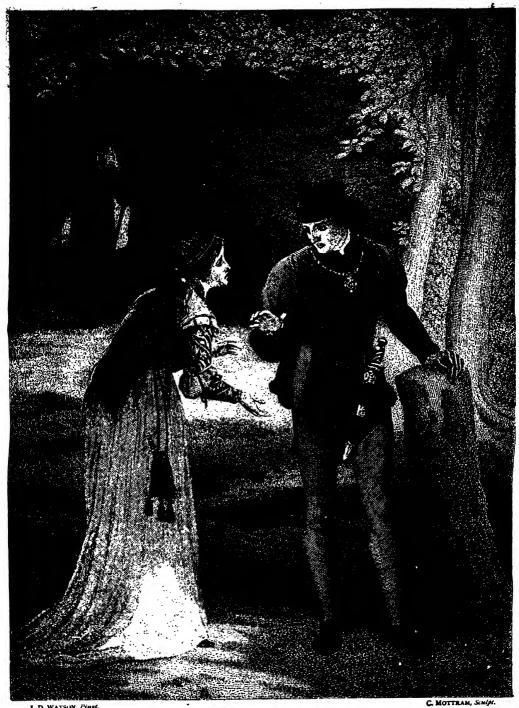
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afear'd of him!—a very weak monster.—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster.—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o

the island,



J. D. WATSON, Pinst.

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA.

Miranda. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while.

I will kiss thy foot. I prythee, be my god.

By this light, a most perfidious and whiten monster; when his god's asleep, it rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself

subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear. 151 Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster: I could find in my heart to beat him,-

🖰 Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in frink. An abominable monster!

· Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! [1] bear him no more sticks, but follow thee.

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make wonder of a poor drunkard!

crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct how

To snare the nimble marmoset: I'll bring

To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me ?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by-and-by again.

Cal. [Sings drunkenly.]

Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell. Trin. A howling monster, a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fieh'; Nor fetch in firing At requiring,

Nor scrupe trencher, nor wash dish; 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban Has a new master—get a new man.

Cal. I prythee, let me bring thee where Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way.

Exeunt.

#### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO'S Cell. Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of base-

Are nobly undergone; and most poor mat-

Point to rich ends. This my mean task Would be as heary to me, as odious; but The mistress which I serve quickens what's

And makes my labours pleasures; O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;

And he 's compos'd of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them

Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours :

Most busiest when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance.

Alas, now, pray you, Work not so hard: I would, the lightning

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.

Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,

Twill weep for having wearied you. father

Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself: 20 He's safe for these three hours.

O most dear mistress! The sun will set, before I shall discharge

What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that:

I'll carry it to the pile.

No. precious creature: Fer.

I fad rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me As well as it does you; and I should do it With much more ease, for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected: This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morn-

with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech

Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, What is your name?

Mira. Miranda—O my father!

I have broke your hest to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda? Indeed the top of admiration; worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a

I have ey'd with best regard; and many a

The harmony of their tongues bath into bond-

Brought my too diligent car: for several

Have I lik'd several women; never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd, And put it to the foil: but you, O you! So perfect, and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I
seen

More that I may call men, than thou, good friend,

And my dear father: how features are abroad, I am skill-less of; but, iy my modesty (The jewel in my dower), I would not wish Any companion in the world but you; Nor can in agination form a shape, Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle Something too wildly, and my father's precepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king: 
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
speak:

The very instant that I saw you, did

My heart fly to your service; there resides, To make me slave to it: and for your sake, Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me.

Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to
this sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event.

If I speak true; if hollowly, invert

What best is boded me, to mischief! I, Beyond all limit of what else i' the world, Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter of two most rare affections! Heavens rain

On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare
not offer

What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want. But this is
trifling,

And all the more it seeks to hide itself, where The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence! I am your wife, if you will marry me; If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow You may deny me; but I'll be your servant, Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,

And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then? Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't: and
now farewell,

Till half an hour hence.

Fer.

A thousand thousand!

[Execut Ferd. and Mira.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,

Who are surpris'd withal: but my rejoicing

Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my
book;

For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform Much business appertaining. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban with a bottle; Stephano and Trinculo following.

Ste. Tell not me:—when the butt is out, we will drink water: not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board'em.—Servantmonster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

See. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I

pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree! -The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it, I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

#### Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the dsland.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;

I would, my valiant master would destroy thec:

I do not lie.

in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more. [To CAL]

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it: if thy greatness will, Revenge it on him-for, I know, thou dar'st; But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's

He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did 1 ! I did nothing. I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so ! take thou that, [Strikes him.] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits, and hearing too !-- A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. - A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale, Pr'ythee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed. Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him

I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,

Having first seized his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remem-

First to possess his books; for without them Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more | He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burn but his books; He has brave utensils (for so he calls them), Which, when he has a house, he'll deck .. ithal :

And that most deeply to consider is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman, But only Sycorax my dam, and she;

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax, As great'st does least.

Is it so brave a lass? Ste. Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood. Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. -- Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo? Trin. Excellent.

Stc. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be steep;

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my muster.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let |Sings. , us sing.

Flout'em, and scout'em; and scout'em, and flowt 'em ;

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL plays the tune on a labor and mine.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played

by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee.-

Mercy upon us.

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hart not

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine cars; and sometime voices,

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, 140 Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open, and show

Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing. Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by-and-by: I remember

the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. Exeunt

Scene 111. Another Part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. By r lakin, I can go no further, sir ;

My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,

Through forth-rights and meanders! your patience,

I needs must rest me.

Old lord, I cannot llame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness,

To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it

No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,

Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him

Ant. [Aside to SEB.] I m right glad that he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. [Aside to Ant.] The next advantage Will we take throughly.

Ant. [Aside to SEB.] Let it be to-night; For, now they are oppressed with travel, they

Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance, As when they are fresh.

Seb. [Aside to Ant.] I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Thapes bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the KING, &c., to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will

That there are unicorns; that in Arabia There is one tree, the phænix' throne; one phœnix

At this hour reigning there.

I'll believe both; And what does else want credit, come to me, And I'll be sworn 't is true: travellers ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn them.

If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe

If I should say, I saw such islanders

(For, certes, these are people of the island), so Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note.

Their manners are more gentle-kind, than

Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. [Aside.] Honest lord. · Thou hast said well; for some of you there present

Are worse than devils.

I cannot too much muse, Alon. Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. [Aside.] Praise in departing. Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

No matter, since They have left their viands behind, for we

have stomachs,---Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I. Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaincers

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men, And a clear life ensuing.

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed, Although my last: no matter, since I feel w The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke, Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny

(That hath to instrument this lower world, And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea Hath caus'd to belch up you, and, on this

island Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

And even with such-like valour men hang and drown

Their proper serves,

[Seeing Alon., Sts., de., draw their swords. You tools! I and my fellows 60

Are ministers of fate: the elements, Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish One dowle that's in my plume: my fellowministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt, Your sword: are now too massy for your wengths,

And will not be uplift a. But, remember, (For that's my business to you) that you three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero; 70 Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it) Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures.

Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, They have bereft; and do pronounce by me: Lingering perdition (worse than any death Can be at once) shall step by step attend

You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

Upon your heads), is nothing, but heart's sorrow, .

· Spring come to you, at the furthest, In the very end of harvest! Scarcity and want shall shun jou, Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art I have from their confines call'd, to enact in My present fancies.

Let me live here ever: So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife, Makes this place Paradise.

> Juno and Ceres whisper, and send IRIS on employment.

Pro. Sweet, now, silence! June and Ceres whisper seriously;

There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute.

Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs; call'd Naiads, of the wandering brooks,

With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,

Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land

Answer your summons: Juno does command. Come, temperate nymphs, and help celebrate

A contract of true love : be not too late.

## Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burnt sicklemen, of August weary, Come hither from the furrow, and be merry. Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on, And these fresh nymphs encounter every one In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy

Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates, 140 Against my life; the minute of their plot Is almost come, —[To the Spirits.] Well done. -A void ;-no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion

That works him strongly.

Mira, Never till this day, Saw I him touched with anger so distemper'd. Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort, As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors. As I foretold you, were all spirits, and • 150 Are melted into air, into thin air: And, like the baseless fabric of this vision, The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff As dreams are made on, and our little life Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd: Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity. 160 If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell, And there repose: a turn or two l'll walk, To still my beating mind.

Fer., Mira.

We wish your peace. Exeunt. Pro. Come with a thought !—I thank thee.

-Ariel, come!

#### Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd, Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these variets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:

So full of valour, that they smote the air For breathing in their faces; beat the ground For kissing of their feet, yet always hending Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears.

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses, As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears. That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through

Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left

I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell, There dancing up to the chins, that the foul

O'erstunk their feet.

This was well done, my bird. Thy shape invisible retain thou still: The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither, For stale to catch these thieves.

I go, I go. [Exit. Ari.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; 190 And as with age his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers. I will plague them all, Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIKL, loaden with glistering apparel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I 'll bring thee to Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;

All 's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool.—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prythee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,

This is the mouth, o' the cell: no noise, and enter:

Do that good mischief, which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to

have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery:—O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone, And do the murder first: if he awake,

From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;

Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level," is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to: carry this.

to; carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about. PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver, there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[CAL, STE., and TRIN. are driven out. Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews 200

With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them,

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark! they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little Follow, and do me service. [Excunt

0.0 To a 14 2.

#### ACT V.

Scene I.—Before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes; and

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head: My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and

Goesupright with his carriage. How's theday? Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,

You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,

When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,

How fares the king and 's followers? Ari Confin'd together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge; Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,

In the line-grove which weather-fends your

They cannot budge till your release. The king, His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,

And the remainder mourning over them, Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly Him that you term'd, sir, the good old lord, Gonzalo:

His tears run down his beard, like winter's

From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit? Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

And mine shall. Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feel-

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art !

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury Do I take part. The rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further. Go, release them,

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll re-

And they shall be themselves.

I'll fetch them, sir. Ari. Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do ity

When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that

By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets. make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid ... (Weak masters though ye be) I have be-

The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder

Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promon-

Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd

The pine and cedar: graves, at my command, Have waked their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd a Some heavenly music (which even now I do), To work mine end upon their senses, that This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff, Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,

I'll drown my book. Solemn music. Re-enter ARIEL: after him, Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; SE-

BASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter

To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, Now useless, boiled within thy skull. There stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd.— Holy Gonzalo, honourable man, . Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine, Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves

apace;

V.

Mark as the morning steals upon the digital Marking the darkness, so their rising senses Bears to chase the ignorant fumes that manufacture clearer reason.—O good Gonsalo

To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
House, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—

Thon 'rt pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition, Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong).

Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,

Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding

Begins to swell; and the approaching tide will shortly fill the reasonable shores,

That now lie full and muddy. Not one of them,

That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [Exit ARIEL.

I will discase me, and myself present, As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit; Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs of the

bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so,

To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,

Being awake, enforce them to this place, And presently, I prythee.

Art I drink the air before me, and return Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit Ariel. Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us Out of this fearful country! The grouped Duke of Milat.

For more assurance that it in the local power of the local po

The affliction of my mind amends, with which I fear, a madness held me. This must crack (An if this be at all) a most strange story. Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat.

Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how shou Prospero

Be living, and be here?

Pro.

First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor

Cannot

Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be, Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let

Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends

[Aside to Sep. and Ant.] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,

And justify you traitors: at this time I will tell no tales.

Seb. [Asidr.] The devil speaks in him.
Pro. No.—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know, Thou must restore.

Alon. If then beest Prospero, Give us particulars of thy preservation: How then hast met us here, who three hours

since
Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have
lost

(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!) My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think, 141
You have not sought her help; of whose soft
grace

90

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid, And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss? Pro. As great to me, as late; and, support-

To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker

Than you may call to comfort you, for I Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in

The king and queen there! that they were, I

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords

At this encounter do so much admire, That they devour their reason, and scarce think Their eyes do offices of truth, their words Are natural breath: but howsoe'er you have Been justled from your senses, know for certain,

That I am Prospero, and that very duke Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely

Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,

To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this; For 't is a chronicle of day by day, Not a relation for a breakfast, nor Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir.;

This cell's my court: here have I few atten-And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.

My dukedom since you have given me again, I will requite you with as good a thing; At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false. Fer. No, my dearest love, I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,

And I would call it fair play. If this prove A vision of the island, one dear son Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle! Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:

I have curs'd them without cause.

Now, all the blessit Alon. Of a glad father compass thee about! Arise, and say how thou cam'st here, Arise, Mira. O wond

How many goodly creatures are there here! How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in 't!.

T is new to thee. Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us, And brought us thus together?

Sir, she is mortal; But, by immortal Providence, she's mine: I chose her, when I could not ask my father For his advice, nor thought I had one. Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan, Of whom so often I have heard renown, But never saw before; of whom I have Receiv'd a second life; and second father This lady makes him to me.

But O! how oddly will it sound, that I Must ask my child forgiveness.

There, sir, stop: Let us not burden our remembrances with A heaviness that 's gone.

I have inly wept, 200 Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown, For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way Which brought us hither!

Alon.I say, Amen, Gonzalo Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue

Should become kings of Naples? O! rejoice Beyond a common joy, and set it down With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;

And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife, 200 Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,

In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves, When no man was his own.

Alon. [To FERD. and MIR.] Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart That doth not wish you joy!

Be it so : Amen. Gon.

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boaiswain amazedly following.

O look, sir! look, sir! here is more of us. [FERD. kneels to ALON. | I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,

This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,

That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found

Our king, and company: the next, our ship, Which but three glasses since we gave out split,

Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when

We first put out to sea.

Ari. [Aside to Pro.] Sir, all this service Have I done since I went.

Pro. [Aside to ARI.] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen

From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,

And (how, we know not) all chapp'd under hatches,

Where, but even now, with strange and several noises.

Of roaring, shricking, howling, jingling chains,

And more diversity of sounds, all horrible, We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty: Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our

Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you, Even in a dream, were we divided from them, And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [Aside to Pro.] Was 't well done!

Pro. [Aside to Ari.] Bravely, my diligence!

Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;

And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of: some oracle Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd

leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you (Which to you shall seem probable) of every These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,

And think of each thing well.—[Aside to Ari.] Come hither, spirit:

Set Calibar and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [Exit Ariel.] How fares
my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but forture.—Coragio! bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed.

How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.

Seh. Ha, ha!

What things are these, my Lord Antonio? Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like: one of them Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say, if they be true.—This misshapen knave.

His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,

And deal in her command, without her power. These three have robb'd me; and this demidevil

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them

To take my life: two of these fellows you Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now; where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em ? How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one then,

Alon. [Pointing to CAL.] This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners

As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
The with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise

hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, And worship this dull fool!

nd worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[Execut Cal., STE., and TRIN. Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste

With such discourse, as, I not doubt, the make it

Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnised;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave,

Alon.
I long

Alon.

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements!
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you,
draw near.

[Exeunt.

## EPILOGUE

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 't is true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,

With the help of your good hands. Gentle breath of yours my sails Must fill, or clse my project fails, Which was to please. Now I want Spirits to enforce, art to enchant; And my ending is despair, Unless I be reliev'd by prayer, Which pierces so, that it assaults Mercy itself, and frees all faults. As you from crimes would pardon'd be, Let your indulgence set me free.

# KING HENRY VIII.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONE.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH. CARDINAL WOLSEY. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS. CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from Charles V. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. DUKE OF NORFOLK. DUKE OF SUFFOLK. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. EARL OF SURREY. Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor. GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester. BISHOP OF LINCOLN. LORD ABERGAVENNY. LORD SANDS. SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. SIR THOMAS LOVELL. SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey. GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine. Three other Gentlemen. Garter King-at-Arms. Doctor Butts, Physician to the King. Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham. Brandon, and a Serjeant-at-Arms. Door-keeper at the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man. Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry. Anne Bullen, her Maid of Honour. An Old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen. PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine. Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb-shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes. Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE--Chiefly in LONDON and WESTMINSTER; once, at KIMBOLTON.

#### PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things, Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know, That bear a weighty and a serious brow, Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe, Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow, We now present. Those that can pity, May, if they think it well, let fall a tear; The subject will deserve it. Such as give Their money out of hope they may believe, May here find truth too. Those that come to

Only a show or two, and so agree The play may pass, if they be still and willing, I "bundertake, may see away their shilling Richly in two short hours. Only they That come to hear a merry, bawdy play, A noise of targets, or to see a fellow In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,

To rank our chosen truth with such a show As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,

To make that only true we now intend, Will leave us never an understanding friend. Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known

The first and happiest hearers of the town, Be sad, as we would make ye: think, ye

The very persons of our noble story, As they were living; think, you see them great,

And follow'd with the general throng, and

Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see How soon this mightiness meets misery: And if you can be merry then, I'll say, A man may weep upon his wedding day.

#### ACT 1.

Scene I.—London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of Norrolk, at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,

Since last we saw in France !

Nor. I thank your grace, Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when Those suns of glory, those two lights of men, Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them safute on horse-

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung

In their embracement, as they grew together;

Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd

Such a compounded one !

Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now
married

To one above itself — Each following day Became the next day's master, till the last Made former wonders its. To-day the French All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods, Shone down the English; and to-morrow they

Made Britain, India: every man that stood Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were

As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too, Not us'd to toil, did almost swear to bear The pride upon them, that their very labour Was to them as a painting. Now this masque

Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing aight

Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings, Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst, As presence did present them; him in eye, Still him in praise; and, being present both, T was said, they saw but one, and no discerner

Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns

(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit, That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O! you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of everything would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal:

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd; Order gave each thing view, the office did Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide, I mean, who set the body and the limbs Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element In such a business.

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie
is freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder, That such a keech can with his very bulk Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun, And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to
these ends;

For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace

Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon For high feats done to the crown; neither allied

To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which
buys

A place next to the king.

Aber.

I cannot tell

What Harry help given him let get

What Heaven hath given him: let some graver eye

Pierce into that; but I can see his pride Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?



"HENRY VIII." Act I., Some I.

Woltey. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham Shall lessen this big look.

(From the Drawing in the Tyrnell Callantian)

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard, Or has given all before, and he begins · A new hell in himself.

Why the devil, Buck.

Upon this French going-out, took he upon

. Without the privity o' the king, t' appoint Who should attend on him? He makes up the file

Of all the gentry; for the most part such To whom as great a charge as little honour He meant to lay upon: and his own letter, The honourable board of council out, Must fetch him in he papers.

I do know so Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that

By this so sicken'd their estates, that never They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on them

For this great journey. What did this vanity.

But minister communication of

A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,

The peace between the French and us not

The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man, After the hideous storm that follow'd, was w A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest, Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded The sudden breach on 't.

Which is budded out: For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Is it therefore

The ambassador is silenc'd?

Marry, is t.

Aber., A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd

At a superfluous rate.

Why, all this business Buck. Our reverend cardinal carried.

Like it your grace, The state takes notice of the private differ-

Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you, (And take it from a heart that wishes to-wards you

Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read The cardinal's malice and his potency

Together: to consider further, that What his high hatred would effect wants not | And from a mouth of honour quite cry down

A minister in his power. You know his nature,

That he's revengeful; and, I know, his sword

Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and may be

It reaches far; and where 't will not extend, Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel, You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,

That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, (the purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckinghan, and Buckingham on him, both full of distain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor?

Where's his examination?

Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready !

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[Exenut Wolsey and Train. Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's

Outworths a noble's blood.

What! are you chaf'd? Nor. Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,

Which your disease requires.

I read in 's looks Matter against me; and his eye revil'd

Me, as his abject object: at this instant

He bores me with some trick. He's gone to the king:

I'll follow, and outstare him.

Stay, my lord, And let your reason with your choler question

What 't is you go about. To climb steep

Requires slow pace at first: anger is like A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his

Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England Can advise me like you: be to yourself

As you would to your friend. Buck. I'll to the king; This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim There's difference in no persons.

Nor.

Be advis'd;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot

That it do singe yourself. We may outrun

By violent swiftness that which we run at,

And lose by over-running. Know you not,

The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run

o'er,

In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:

I say again, there is no English soul More stronger to direct you than yourself, If with the sap of reason you would quench, Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud

Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but From sincere motions, by intelligence, And proofs as clear as founts in July, when We see each grain of gravel, I do know To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I 'll say 't, and make
my youch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox, Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous, As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief, 100 As able to perform 't, his mind and place Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally), Only to show his pomp as well in France As here at home, suggests the king, our master,

To this last costly treaty, the interview, That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

fellow,

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This
cunning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew

As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified, :n As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end.

As give a crutch to the dead. But our countcardinal

Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,

(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy To the old dam, treason,) Charles the emperor, Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt, (For 't was, indeed, his colour, but he came To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation: His fears were, that the interview betwixt 180 England and France might, through their amity,

Breed him some prejudice; for from this league

Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily.

Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow,—

Which I do wall: for I am sure the am-

Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor

Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted

Ere it was ask'd: but when the way was made,

And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd :--

That he would please to alter the king's course,

And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know 190

(As soon he shall by me), that thus the cardinal

Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases, And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable: I do pronounce him in that very shape, He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon; a Serjeant-at-Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, serjeant: execute it.
Sery. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I am
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck.

Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me: I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business, present. "T is his highness"
pleasure,

You shall to the Tower.

\*\*Buck: It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on

Which makes my whitest part black. The will of Heaven

Be done in this and all things.—I obey.— no O! my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—

[To ABERGAVENNY.] The king Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know

How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,

The will of Heaven be done, and the king's pleasure

By me obey'd,

Bran. Here is a warrant from The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,

One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,-So, so; Buck.

These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

O! Nicholas Hopkins? Buck. Bran.

Buck. My surveyor is false: the o'er-great cardinal

Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd already:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on, By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. Exeunt.

#### SCENE II.—The Council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, Cardinal Wolsey, the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,

Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the level

Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person I'll hear him his confessions justify,

And point by point the treasons of his master He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying " Room for the Queen!" Enter the QUEEN, ushered by the Dukes of Norfold and Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and places her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us.-Half your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power: The other moiety, ere you ask, is given; Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty. That you would love yourself, and in that love Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor

The dignity of your office, is the point Of my petition.

K. Hen.

Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few, And those of true condition, that your subjects

Are in great grievance. There have been commissions

Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart

Of all their loyalties: wherein, although, My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches

Most bitterly on you, as putter-on

Of these exactions, yet the king our master, Whose honour Heaven shield from soil! even he escapes not

Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks

The side of loyalty, and almost appears In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears, It doth appears, for upon these taxations, The clothiers all, not able to maintain The many to them 'longing, have put off' The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who, Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger And lack of other means, in desperate manner Daring the event to the teeth, are all in up-

And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation! Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,

Know you of this taxation?

Please you, sir, I know but of a single part, in aught Pertains to the state; and front but in that

Where others tell steps with me,

No, my lord, You know no more than others; but you frame

Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exac-

Whereof my sovereign would have note, they

Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear them.

The back is sacrifice to the load. They

They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction! The nature of it? In what kind, let's know, Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects'
grief

Comes through commissions, which compel from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied Without delay; and the pretence for this Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts

freeze
Allegiance in them: their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come
to pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave

To each incensed will. I would, your highness

Would give it quick consideration, for There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

Wol.

And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but 70
By learned approbation of the judges. If I
am

Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know

My faculties, nor person, yet will be The chronicles of my doing, let me say,

T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake

That virtue must go through. We must not stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further so
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd
at.

We should take root here, where we sit, or sit

State-statues only.

K. Hea. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from
fear;

Things done without example, in their issue Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent of this commission? I believe, not any. We must not rend our subjects from our laws,

And stick them in our will. Sixth part of

A trembling contribution! Why, we take From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber:

And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,

The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters,
with

Free pardon to each man that has denied the The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't; I put it to your care.

Wol. [To the Secretary.] A word with you. Let there be letters writ to every shire, Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd

commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,

That through our intercession this revokement And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

### Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham

Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many: 100
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker,

To nature none more bound; his training such That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,

And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,

When these so noble benefits shall prove Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more

Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we.

Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find His hour of speech a minute, he, my lady, 121 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces That once were his, and is become as black As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall

(This was his gentleman in trust) of him Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount The fore-recited practices; whereor

hear

We cannot feel too little, hear too much, Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected mo Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

Speak freely.

20

K. Hen.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every

It would infect his speech, that if the king Should without issue die, he'll carry it so To make the sceptre his. These very words I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,

Lord Aberga'ny, to whom by oath he menac'd

Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note This dangerous conception in this point. Not friended by his wish, to your high person His will is most malignant; and it stretches Beyond you, to your friends.

My learn'd lord cardinal, Q. Kath.

Deliver all with charity.

Speak on. K. Hen.

How grounded he his title to the crown, Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard

At any time speak aught?

He was brought to this By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins!

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar, His confessor: who fed him every minute

With words of sovereignty.

How know'st thou this? Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand What was the speech among the Londoners Concerning the French journey? I replied, Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious, To the king's danger. Presently the duke Said, 't was the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,

T would prove the verity of certain words Spoke by a holy monk: "that oft," says he. "Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit 161 John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour To hear from him a matter of some moment: Whom after, under the confession's scal,

He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke, My chaplain to no creature living, but

To me, should utter, with demure confidence This pausingly ensu'd,-Neither the king, nor his heirs,

(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive

To gain the love of the commonalty: the duke Shall govern England."

Q. Kuth. If I know you well, You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your

On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed,

You charge not in your spleen a noble person,

And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed; Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on.—

Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth. I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions

The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 't was dangerous for him

To runinate on this so far, until It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd.

It was much like to do. He answer'd, "Tush! It can do me no damage:" adding further, That had the king in his last sickness fail'd The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha! There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich, After your highness had reprov'd the duke

About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember Of such a time: being my sworn servant, The duke retain'd him his .- But on: what

hence? Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,

As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd

The part my father meant to act upon

The usurper Richard; who, being at Salis-

Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would Have put his knife into him."

K. Hen. A giant traitor! Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all! K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee: what say'st?

Surv. After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his

Another spread on his breast, mounting his

He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor

Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo His father, by as much as a performance Does an irresolute purpose.





There's his period, sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd; Call him to present trial: if he may Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none, Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night! He's traitor to the height. Exeunt.

Scene III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible, the spells of France should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?

New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English

Have got by the late voyage is but merely A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd

For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,

Their very noses had been counsellors

To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. to Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin

And springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Death! my lord, Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too, That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell ?

'Faith, my lord, I hear of none, but the new proclamation

That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

What is 't for? Cham. The reformation of our travell'd Lov.

gallants, That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad 't is there: now, I would pray our monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise.

And never see the Louvre.

They must either (For so run the conditions) leave those rem-

Of fool, and feather, that they got in France, With all their honourable points of ignorance Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks; Abusing better men than they can be, Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean

The faith they have in tennis and tall Short blister'd breeches, and those types of

travel,

And understand again like honest men Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take

They may, cum privilegio, wear away The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd

Sands. 'T is time to give 'em physic, their diseases

Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies

Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry, There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies; A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they're going,

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now. An honest country lord, as I am, beaten

A long time out of play, may bring his plain-

And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady, Held current music too.

Well said, Lord Sands: Cham.

Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;

Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Sir Thomas, Cham.

Whither were you a-going? To the cardinal's.

Your lordship is a guest too. Cham. O! 't is true:

This night he makes a supper, and a great

To many lords and ladies; there will be

The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you. Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us:

His dews fall everywhere. Cham. No doubt, he's noble;

He had a black mouth that said other of him. Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in him,

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:

Men of his way should be most liberal; They are set here for examples.

True, they are so; Cham. But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;

Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,

shall be late else; which I would not be, I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford, the night to be comptrollers. Sands.

I am your lordship's. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Presence-chamber in York . Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests; then enter Anne Bullen, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his

Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,

In all this noble bevy, has brought with her One care abroad: he would have all as merry As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome

Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

O, my lord! you are tardy; The very thought of this fair company Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guild-

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal • But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of

Should find a running banquet ere they

I think would better please 'em: by my life,

They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O! that your lordship were but now confessor

To one or two of these.

I would, I were; Sands.

They should find easy penance.

'Faith, how easy? Sands. As casy as a down-bed would afford

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sip Harry

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:

His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;

Two women plac'd together makes cold weather :--

My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith, And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN and another Lady.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me; I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir? Sands. O! very mad, exceeding mad; in love too;

But he would bite none: just as I do now.

He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

Kisses her.

Cham. Well said, my lord.-So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen, a The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,

Let me alone.

Hantboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, attended, and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,

Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;

And to you all good health. [Drinks. . Sands. Your grace is noble:

Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks.

And save me so much talking.

My Lord Sands, 40 I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.-

Ladies, you are not merry :--gentlemen,

Whose fault is this?

The red wine first must rise In their fair cheeks, my lord; then, we shall have 'em

Talk us to silence.

You are a merry gamester, Anne. My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play. Here's to your lordship; and pledge it,

madam. For 't is to such a thing,

You cannot show me. Anne. Sands. I told your grace, they would talk Drum and trumpets within ; anon.

chambers discharged.

What's that? Wol. Cham. Look out there, some of you. Exit a Servant.

Wol. What warlike voice,

And to what end is this — Nay, ladies, fear
not;

By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

#### Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers; For so they seem: they've left their barge,

and landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain, Go, give them welcome; you can speak the

French tongue:

And, pray, receive em nobly, and conduct em Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend

hun.— © [Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise,

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all; and, once

I shower a welcome on ye.-Welcome all.

Hantboys. Enter the Kina, and others, as Masguers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
they pray'd

To tell your grace: -- that, having heard by fame

Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less.

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty, But leave their flocks; and, under your fair

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain, They have done my poor house grace; for

which I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their
pleasures.

[Ladies chosen for the dance. The KING takes Anne Bullen.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd.
O beauty!

Till now I never knew thee. [Music. Dance. Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:

There should be one amongst them by person,

More worthy this place than myself;

If I but knew him, with my love and duty I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

Goes to the Masquers, and returns.
Wol. What say they?

Chum. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your
grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—
[Comes from his state.]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I 'll' make

My royal choice.

K. Hen. [Unmasking.] Ye have found him, cardinal.

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:

You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,

I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain, Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

Cham. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness women.

K. Hen. By Heaven, she is a dainty one.
—Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly to take you out,

And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen! Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready

I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord, In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—.
Sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry.
Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen
healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure."
To lead 'em once again; and then let's

Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it. [Exeunt, with trumpets.



A. HOPKINS, Pinut.

KING HENRY VIII AND ANNE BULLÉN.

G. GREATBACH, Sculpt,

King. Sweet partner, I must not yet forsake you.

### ACT II.

#### Scene I .- A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

Gent. Whither away so fast? Gent. O!—God save you to the hall, to hear what shall become O !-God save you. the great Duke of Buckingham. 1 Gent. I'll save you That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the

ceremony Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gent. Were you there?

"I Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

· 2 Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

1 Gent. You may guess quickly what. 2 Gent. Is he found guilty? 11 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 Gent. I am sorry for 't.

1 Gent. So are a number more.

2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke

\*Came to the bar; where to his accusations He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary,

Urgd on the examinations, proofs, fessions

Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd To have brought, viva voce, to his face:

At which appeared against him, his surveyor; Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,

Confessor to him; with that devil-monk, Hopkins, that made this mischief.

That was he That fed him with his prophecies?

The same. All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence, Have found him guilty of high treason.

Much He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all

Was either pitied in him, or forgotten. Gent. After all this, how did he bear

: himself? 1 Gent. When he was brought again to the

bar, to hear knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd

With such an agony, he sweat extremely,

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty: But he fell to himself again, and sweetly In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 Gent. I do not think, he fears death.

Sure, he does not: He was never so womanish; the cause

He may a little grieve at.

2 Gent. Certainly,

The cardinal is the end of this.

T is likely, o 1 Gent. By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder, Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd, Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste

Lest he should help his father.

2 Gent. That trick of state

Was a deep envious one.

At his return, 1 Gent.

No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted, And generally; whoever the king favours, The cardinal instantly will find employment,

And far enough from court too.

2 Gent. All the commons Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience, Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much

They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,

The mirror of all courtesy ---

1 Gent. Stay there, sir, And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment; tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side; accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, and common people.

2 Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him. . . All good people, You that thus far have come to pity me, Hear what I say, and then go home and lose

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,

And by that name must die: yet, Heaven bear witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me. • Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful. The law I bear no malice for my death, It has done upon the premises but justice; But those that sought it I could wish more

Christians: Be what they will, I heartily forgive them. Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,  Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;

For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have
mercies 70

More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham, His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave Is only bitter to him, only dying, Go with me, like good angels, to my end:

Go with me, like good angels, to my end; And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me, Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice, And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o'

God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart so
Were hid against me, now to forgive me
frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.

There cannot be those numberless offences
'(tainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
no black envy

Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him, You met him half in heaven. My vows and

prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years! of
Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;

Then, give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,

Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there, The duke is coming: see the barge be ready, And fit it with such furniture, as suits The greatness of his person.

Buck: Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,

And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers, That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;

And with that blood will make them one day groan for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard.

Flying for succour to his servant Banister, Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, And without trial fell: God's peace be with him!

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying My father's loss, like a most royal prince, Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins, Made my name once more noble. Now, his

Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all That made me happy, at one stroke has taken. For ever from the world. I had my trial, And, must needs say, a noble one; which

makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd
most:

A most unnatural and faithless service! Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,

This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and
counsels,

Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good
people,

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me. Farewell:

And when you would say something that is . sad,

Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[Execunt Buckingham and Train. 1 Gent. O! this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,

I fear, too many curses on their heads That were the authors.

2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless, "T is full of woe; yet I can give you inkling Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,"

Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be! You do not dealbt my faith, sir!

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 't will require

A strong faith to conceal it.

2 Gent.

Let me have it

1 Gent. I do not talk much.

I am confident:

You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear A buzzing of a separation

Between the king and Katherine?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held not: For when the king once heard it, out of anger

He sent command to the lord mayor straight To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues That durst disperse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir, Is found a truth now; for it grows again Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain, The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal.

Or some about him near, have, out of malice To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple.

That will undo her: to confirm this too, Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately, As all think, for this business.

'T is the cardinal; 1 Gent. And merely to revenge him on the emperor, For not bestowing on him, at his asking,

The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd. 2 Gent. I think, you have hit the mark: but is it not cruel,

That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

'T is woful. We are too open here to argue this;

Let's think in private more. Exeunt.

Scene II .- An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. "My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took them from me; with this reason,—his master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir."

I feer, he will, indeed. Well, let him have them:

He will have all. I think.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk. Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces. Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

What's the cause? Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

No; his conscience Suf.

Has crept too near another lady. Nor.

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal: That blind priest, like the eldest son of for-

Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. 'Pray God, he do : he 'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business,

And with what zeal! for now he has crack'd the league

Retween us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience, Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:

And out of all these to restore the king, He counsels a divorce; a loss of her, That like a jewel has hung twenty years About his neck, yet never lost her lustre; Of her, that loves him with that excellence That angels love good men with; even of her,

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls, Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! T is most true,

These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks them,

And every true heart weeps for 't. All, that dare

Look into these affairs, see this main end,-The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery. Nor. We had need pray,

And heartily, for our deliverance,

Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages. All men's honours Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords, Y love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed.

As I am made without him, so I'll stand, If the king please: his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike, they 're breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor.

Let's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much
upon him.—

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me; The king hath sent me otherwhere: besides, You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him. Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK opens a folding door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? ha!

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry. K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare

you thrust yourselves.

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha!

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,

Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this

Is business of estate; in which we come To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold. To Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business.

Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—

Enter Wolsey and Campeius.

Who 's there i my good lord cardinal i-O! my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience;

Thou art a cure fit for a king.—[To CAM-PEIUS.] You're welcome,

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us, and it.—[To WOLSEY.] My good lord,
have great care

I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. [To Norfolk and Suffolk.] We are busy: go.

Nor. [Aside to Suffolk.] This priest has no pride in him!

Suf. [Aside to Norrolk.] Not to speak of I would not be so sick though for his place: But this cannot continue.

Nor. [Aside to SUFFOLK.] If it do, I'll venture one have at-him.

Suf. [Aside to Norfolk.] I another.

[Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach
you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to

Must now confess, if they have any goodness, The trial just and noble. All the clerks, a I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,

Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,

Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I. bid him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves:

They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand I tender my commission, by whose virtue (The court of Rome commanding) you, my

lord Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,

In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted

Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her

So dear in heart, not to deny her that A woman of less place might ask by law, Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have;
and my favour

To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,

Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:

I find him a fit fellow. [Exit Wolsey.

Re-enter Wolsey with GARDINER.

Wol Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you:

You are the king's now.

Gard, But to be commanded For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They converse apart.
Cam. My lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace

in this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion

spread then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him,

And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,

Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,

That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!

That is Christian care enough: for living murmurers

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool, is For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment:

I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother.

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of, For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars:

There ye shall meet about this weighty business.

My. Wolsey, see it furnish'd:—O my lord! 140 Would it not grieve an able man, to leave So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—

O! 't is a tender place, and I must leave her. [Execut.

SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber in the QUEEN'S Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen and an Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither:—here's the pang that pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with herst

So good a lady, that no tongue could ever Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life, She never knew harm-doing,—O! now, after So many courses of the sun enthron'd, Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the

which To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than

'T is sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,

To give her the avaunt! it is a pity Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better, She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance, panging As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!

She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more Must pity drop upon her. Verily,

I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content

Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead, I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would, And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:

Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts

(Saving your mincing) the capacity Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive, If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,— Old L. Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'T is strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you, What think you of a duchess? have you limbs To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck
off a little:

Wol. Be patient yet. Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe, Induc'd by potent circumstances, that You are mine enemy; and make my challenge You shall not be my judge; for it is you Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, Which God's dew quench.—Therefore, I say

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,

Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not

At all a friend to truth. I do profess, You speak not like yourself; who ever yet Have stood to charity, and displayed the effects

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice For you, or any: how far I have proceeded, Or how far further shall, is warranted By a commission from the consistory, You Yea, the whole consistory of Rome.

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it. The king is present: if it be known to him, That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound, And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much As you have done my truth. If he know That I am free of your report, he knows, I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him 100 It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to Remove these thoughts from you: the which

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech You, gracious madam, to unthink your speak-

And to say so no more.

charge me.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord, I am a simple woman, much too weak To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and

humble-mouth'd: You sign your place and calling, in full seem-

With meekness and humility; but your

Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and

You have, by fortune and his highness' fa-

Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted

Where powers are your retainers, and your A royal lady, spake one the least word, that words,

Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,

You tender more your person's honour, than Your high profession spiritual; that again I do refuse you for my judge, and here, Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,

To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, 120 And to be judg'd by him.

She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart. The queen is obstinate, Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and Disdainful to be tried by it: 't is not well.

She's going away.

K. IIen. Call her again. Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Griffith. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord helr

They vex me past my patience.—Pray you, pass on:

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more, Upon this business, my appearance make In any of their courts.

Executt Queen and her Attendants. K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate: That man i' the world who shall report he

A better wife, let him in nought be trusted, For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone, (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,

Thy meckness saint-like, wife-like govern-.

Obeying in commanding, and thy parts Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)

The queen of earthly queens.—She's noble born;

And, like her true nobility, she has Carried herself towards me.

Most gracious sir, Wol. In humblest manner I require your highness, That it shall please you to declare, in hearing Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and

there

At once and fully satisfied,) whether ever I Did broach this business to your highness, or Laid any scruple in your way, which might 150 Induce you to the question on 't? or ever Have to you, but with thanks to God for such

might

Be to the prejudice of her present state, Or touch of her good person?

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of
these

The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business;
never

Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd,

The passages made toward it.—On my honour,

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point, And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't:

I will be bold with time, and your attention:—

Then, mark the inducement. Thus it came; —give heed to 't.

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,

Who had been hither sent on the debating A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he (I mean, the bishop) did require a respite, Wherein he might the king his lord advertise Whether our daughter were legitimate, Respecting this our marriage with the down

Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me, Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble

The region of my breast; which forc'd such way.

That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,

I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had Commanded nature, that my lady's womb, If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should Do no more offices of life to 't, than

The grave does to the dead; for her male |
• issue

Or died where they were made, or shortly after

This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,

This was a judgment on me; that my kin dom,

Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not

Be gladded in 't by me. Then follows,

I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in

in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer mo
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private

With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember

How under my oppression I did reck, When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself to say 210

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness, The question did at first so stagger me,—Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't, And consequence of dread,—that I committed The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt, And did entreat your highness to this course, Which you are running here.

K. Hen.

I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,

Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;

For no dislike i' the world against the person Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points

Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.

Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,

And kingly dignity, we are contented

To wear our mortal state to come with her,

Katharine our queen, before the primest

creature

That 's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness, The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness

That we adjourn this court till further day:

Meanwhile must be an earnest motion Made to the queen, to call back her appeal She intends unto his holiness.

K. Hen. [Aside.] Treese cardinals trifle with me : I abhor This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome. My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cran- I say, set on.

I may perceive, Prythee, return: with thy approach, I kan My comfort comes along. - Break up

Exeunt, in manner as they entered

#### ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Palace at Bridewell. Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen, and her Women, at Work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;

Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working.

#### Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees. And the mountain-tops that freeze, Bow themselves, when he did sing . To his music, plants, and flowers Ever sprung; as sun and showers There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play, Even the billows of the sea, Hung their heads, and then lay by. In sweet music is such art : Killing care and grief of heart Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

# Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now? Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals Wait in the presence.

Would they speak with me? Q. Kath. Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces To come near. [Exit Gentleman.] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?

I do not like their coming, now I think

They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;

But all hoods make not monks

# Enter Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness! Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here. There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience.

Deserves a corner: 'would all other women Could speak this with as free a soul as I do! My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy Above a number,) if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw

Envy and base opinion set against them, I know my life so even. If your business Seek me out, and that way I am wife in, Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erya te mentis integritas. regina serenissima,-

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin: I am not such a truant since my coming As not to know the language I have liv'd in: A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;

Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:

Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed May be absolv'd in English.

Noble lady, so I am sorry, my integrity should breed (And service to his majesty and you) So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant. We come not by the way of accusation, To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,

Nor to betray you any way to sorrow; You have too much, good lady; but to know How you stand minded in the weighty dif-

Between the king and you, and to deliver, Like free and honest men, our just opinions, And comforts to your cause.

Come. Most honour'd madam,

Ky Lord of York,—out of his noble nature,

Jest and obedience he still bore your grace,

Torgetting, like a good man, your late cen
sure

Both of his truth and him (which was too far,)—

Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,

His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [Aside.] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good
wills.

Ye speak like honest men; (pray God, ye prove so!)

But how to make you suddenly an answer, 70 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,

(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit, And to such men of gravity and learning, In truth, I know not. I was set at work

Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking "

Either for such men, or such business. For her sake that I have been, for I feel The last fit of my greatness, good your graces, Let me have time and counsel for my cause.

Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless. \*\*
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England But little for my profit. Can you think, lords.

That any Englishman dare give me counsel?

Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness'
pleasure,

(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,

They that must weigh out my afflictions,

They that my trust must grow to, live not here:

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence, In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main course into the kine's

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;

He's loving, and most gracious: 't will be much

Both for your honour better, and your cause; For if the trial of the law o'ertake you, You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,
—my ruin.

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon yell Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men
I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues; But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear

Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady? A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd? I will not wish ye half my miseries,

I have more charity; but say, I warn'd ye:
Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest
at once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;

You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe

upon yo,
And all such false professors! Would ye
have me

(If ye have any justice, any pity,

If ye be anything but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates
me?

Alas! has banish'd me his bed already; His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords, 120 And all the fellowship I hold now with him Is only my obedience. What can happen To me, above this wretchedness? all your

Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,

Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one?

A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory) Never yet branded with suspicion? Have I with all my full affections

Still met the king? lov'd him next Heaven?
obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him? Almost forgot my prayers to content him? And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords. Bring me a constant woman to her husband, One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,

And to that woman, when she has done most, Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty.

To give up willingly that noble title

Your master wed me to: nothing but death shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.
Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this
English earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it! Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?

I am the most unhappy woman living.—

[To her Women.] Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

Shipwrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,

No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me, Almost no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily, That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,

I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,

You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,

The way of our profession is against it:

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow
them

For goodness' sake, consider what you do; How you may hurt yourself, ay, utierly 160 Grow from the king's acquaintance by this carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and
servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,

As yours was put into you, ever casts 170 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;

Beware, you lose it not: for us, if you please To trust us in your business, we are ready To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly. You know, I am a woman, lacking wit To make a seemly answer to such persons. Pray, do my service to his majesty: He has my heart yet, and shall have my

prayers,

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers;

Bestow your counsels on me; she now begin, That little thought, when she set footing here, She should have bought her dignities to

Scene II.—Ante-chamber to the Kinds
Apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,

And force them with a constancy, the cardinal

Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,

With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least w Strangely neglected? when did he regard The stamp of nobleness in any person, Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures. What he deserves of you and me, I know ... What we can do to him, (though now the time

Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot Bar his access to the king, never attempt Anything on him, for he hath a witchcraft Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O! fear him not; His spell in that is out: the king hath found Matter against him, that for ever mars a The honey of his language. No, he's settled, Not to come off, in his displeasure.

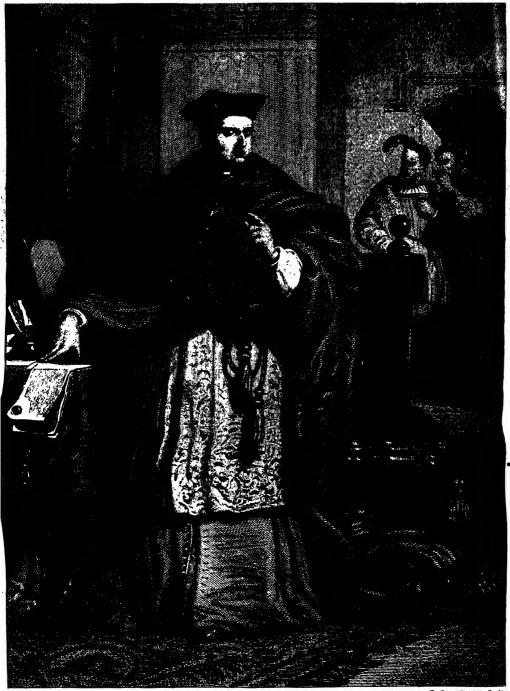
Sur. Sir, I should be glad to hear such news as this Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true. In the divorce, his contrary proceedings Are all unfolded; wherein he appears, As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O! how? how? Suf. The cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,



H. C. SELOUS, Pinst.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

G. GRHATBACH, Sculpt,

Wolsey. This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;

Then, out it goes.

Norfolk. He is vex'd at something.

Together with all famous colleges

ACT III. And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read, How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive, My king is tangled in affection to creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen." Sur. Has the king this? - Sw/: Believe it. Will this work? Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts, hedges, his own way. But in this point All his tricks founder, and he brings his After his patient's death: the king already Hath married the fair lady. 'Would he had! Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord: For, I profess, you have it. Now all my joy Trace the conjunction! Suf. My Amen to 't! Nor. All men's. Suf. There's order given for her coronation: Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left To some ears unrecounted .- But, my lords, She is a gallant creature, and complete In mind and feature: I persuade me, from Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall In it be memoris'd. Sur. But, will the king Digest this letter of the cardinal's? The Lord forbid! Nor. Marry, Amen! • No, no: There be moe wasps that buz about his nose, Will make this sting the sooner. Campeius Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave; Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal, To second all his plot. I do assure you, The king cried, ha! at this. · Cham. Now, God incense him,

And let him cry, ha! louder!

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which

Have satisfied the king for his divorce,

When returns Cranmer?

But, my lord,

Nor.

Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe His second marriage shall be publish'd, and Her coronation. Katharine no more Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager, And widow to Prince Arthur. This same Cranmer's A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain In the king's business. He has; and we shall see him For it an archbishop. So I hear. Nor. Suf. T is so. The cardinal-Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL Nor. Observe, observe; he's moody. Wol. The packet, Cromwell, Gave't you the king? Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber. Wol. Look'd life o' th' inside of the paper ? Presently Crom. He did unseal them, and the first he view'd. He did it with a serious mind; a heed Was in his countenance. You he bade Attend him here this morning. Wol. Is he ready To come abroad? I think, by this he is. Crom.Wol. Leave me awhile .-Exit Cromwell. It shall be to the Duchess of Alencon, The French king's sister: he shall marry Anne Bullen? No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him: There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen! No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke! Nor. He's discontented. May be, he hears the king Does whet his anger to him. Sur. Sharp enough, Lord, for thy justice! Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter, To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!-This candle burns not clear: 't is I must snuff Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous, And well deserving? yet I know her for A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung

up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king, And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Suf. I would, 't were something that would fret the string,

The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule; and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion! and what expense by the hour

Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,

Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords, Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts; Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground, Then lays his finger on his temple; straight, Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again, Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts His eye against the moon. In most strange postures

We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be:
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household,
which

I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will: Some spirit put this paper in the packet, To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think 120 His contemplation were above the earth, And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid, His thinkings are below the moon, not worth His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, who goes to WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me

Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the
inventory

Of your best graces in your mind, the which

You were now running o'er: you have scarce time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,

For holy offices I have a time; a time. To think upon the part of business, which I bear i'the state; and nature does require. Her times of preservation, which, perforced I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal. Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,

As I will lend you cause, my doing well with my well-saying!

K. Hen. 'T is well said again
And 't is a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father
lov'd you;

He said he did, and with his deed did crown His word upon you: since I had my office, I have kept you next my heart; have not alone

Employ'd you where high profits might come home,

But par'd my present havings, to bestow My bounties upon you.

Wol. [Aside.] What should this mean?
Sur. [Aside.] The Lord increase this
business!

K. Hen. Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you, telf

If what I now pronounce you have found '
true;

And, if you may confess it, say withal, If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol My sovereign, I confess, your royal

Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could

My studied purposes require; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they
pointed

To the good of your most sacred person, and The profit of the state. For your great graces Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I Can nothing render but allegiant thanks, My prayers to Heaven for you, my loyalty, Which ever has, and ever shall be growing, Till death, that winter, kill it.

paper;

together

Popedom,

I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so:

This paper has undone me !- "T is the account

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!

Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?

ACT III. I know 't will stir him strongly : yet I know K. Hen. Fairly answer'd: A loyal and obedient subject is A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune Will bring me off again. What's this —"To the Pope!" Therein illustrated. The honour of it Does pay the act of it, as, i' the contrary, The foulness is the punishment. I presume, That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you, My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more In you than any; so your hand, and heart, Your brain, and every function of your power, Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, As't were in love's particular, be more To me, your friend, than any. I do profess, That for your highness' good I ever labour'd More than mine own: that am, have, and will he-(Though all the world should crack their duty to you, And throw it from their soul; though perils Abound, as thick as thought could make them, Appear in forms more horrid) yet my duty, As doth a rock against the chiding flood, Should the approach of this wild river break, And stand unshaken yours K. Hen. 'T is nobly spoken. Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er Giving him papers. And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with What appetite you have. [Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey: the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering. Wol. What should this mean? What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd He parted frowning from me, as if ruin Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him, Then makes him nothing. I must read this

The letter, as I live, with all the business I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell! I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness; And, from that full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my setting: I shall fall Like a bright exhalation in the evening, And no man see me more. Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Cham-Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you To render up the great seal presently Into our hands, and to confine yourself To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's, Till you hear further from his highness. Wol. Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry Authority so weighty. Who dare cross them, Suf. Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly? Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it. (I mean your malice.) know, officious lords, I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy. How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin! Follow your envious courses, men of malice; You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt, In time will find their fit rewards. That seal, You ask with such a violence, the king (Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me; Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours, During my life; and, to confirm his goodness, Tied it by letters-patents. Now, who'll take it? Sur. The king that gave it. It must be himself then. Wol. Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest. Wol. Proud lord, thou liest: Within these forty hours, Surrey durst better Have burnt that tongue than said so. Sur. Thy ambition, Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law: The heads of all thy brother cardinals

• thee, and all thy best parts bound together)

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!

You sent me deputy for Ireland, 200 Far from his succour, from the king, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
Tanswer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lords, I should tell
you.

You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou
shouldst feel

My sword i'the life-blood of thee else.—My lords.

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?

And from this fellow! If we live thus tamely,

To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward, And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the Pope, against the king; your
goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—

My Lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble, As you respect the common good, the state Of our despis'd nobility, our issues (Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen), Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles

Collected from his life :—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer And spotless shall mine innocence arise, was When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you't thank my memory, I yet remember

Some of these articles; and out they shall.

Now, if you can blush, and cry suitar
cardinal.

You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on the I dare your worst objections: if I blush

It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, than any

head. Have at you.

First, that without the king's assent or knowledge

You wrought to be a legate; by which power You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else

To foreign princes, Ego et Rex meus
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the

To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge Either of king or council, when you went Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission so To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,

Without the king's will or the state's allowance,

A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have
caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious, so
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord!

Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue:

His faults lie open to the laws; let them,

Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to

see him

So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further
pleasure is,—

Because all those things, you have done of late

By your power legatine within this kingdom, Fall into the compass of a premunire,— sw That therefore such a writ be sued against

To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements, Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be

Out of the king's protection.—This is my

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations,

How to live better. For your stubborn

The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.

So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[Execut all but Wolsey.

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear mg.

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow
blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost; And;—when he thinks, good casy man, full surely

His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown
pride

At length broke under me, and now has left

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide mc. Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:

I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched

Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,

More pangs and fears than wars or women

have:

570

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, Never to hope again —

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder, A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,

I am fall'n indeed.

Wol. Why, well:

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell. I know myself now; and I feel within me A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,

I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy,—too much honour.
O! 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,

(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)

To endure more miseries, and greater far, Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. see What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst, Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol.

God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden; But he's a learned man. May he continue Long in his highness' favour, and do justice For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,

Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. 401
Wol. That's news indeed!

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne, Whom the king hath in secrecy long married, This day was view'd in open, as his queen, Going to chapel; and the voice is now Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell!

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited at
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me,
Oromwell;

am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now To be thy lord and master. Seek the king; (That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him What and how true thou art: he will advance thee. Some little memory of me will stir him, (I know his noble nature,) not to let Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell, Neglect him not; make use now, and provide For thine own future safety. ·· Crom. O my lord! Must I then leave you? must I needs forego 30 good, so noble, and so true a master? Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron, With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his The king shall have my service; but my prayers, for ever and for ever, shall be yours. Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a n all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell: And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be, And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour, Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise A sure and safe one, though thy master miss d Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition: By that sin fell the angels; how can man The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't'? Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that: hate thee; Corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not. Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell, Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king; And-Pry'theo lead me in: There take an inventory of all I have, To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe, And my integrity to Heaven, is all I dare now call my own. O Cromwell,

Cromwell!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

So I have. Farewell The hopes of court: my hopes in heaven do Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I .- A Street in Westminster.

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You're well met once again.

So are you.

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gent. T is all my business. At our last encounter.

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial. 1 Gent. 'T is very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

glory,

'T is well: the citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds.

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward

In celebration of this day with shows, Pageants, and sights of honour.

Never greater: 1 Gent.

Nor I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,

That paper in your hand?

• Yes; 't is the list 1 Gent. Of those that claim their offices this day, By custom of the coronation. • The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,

He to be earl marshal. You may read the

2 Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,

I should have been beholding to your paper. But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business? I Gent. That I can tell you too. Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned and reverend fathers of his order, Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which

She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:

And, to be short, for not-appearance, and The king's late scruple, by the main assent Of all these learned men she was divorc'd, And the late marriage made of none effect: Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton, Where she remains now, sick.

2 Gent. Alas, good lady !—[Trumpets. The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming. [Hauthoys.

# THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

# A lively flourish of trumpets.

1. Two Judges.

2. Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.

3. Choristers, singing.

Music. 4. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then, Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.

5. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold; on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars

6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

7. A Canopy borne by four of the Cinqueports; under it, the QUEEN in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of LONDON and WINCHES-

8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.

9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

2 Gent. A royal train, believe mc.—These I know ;--

Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 Gent. Marquess Dorset: And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be

The Duke of Suffolk.

1 Gent. T is the same; high-steward.

2 Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 Gent.

2 Gent. Heaven bless thee! [Looking on the QUEEN.

Yes.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms, And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

 Gent. They, that bear The cloth of honour over her, are four barons,

Of the Cinque-ports.

2 Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

1 Gent. It is; and all the rest are coun-

2 Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;

And sometimes falling ones.

No more of that. 1 Gent. Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.

# Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 Gent. You saw the ceremony?

3 Gent. That I did.

1 Gent. How was it?

3 Gent. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

3 Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off A distance from her; while her grace sat down

To rest awhile, some half an hour or so, In a rich chair of state, opposing freely The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman That ever lay by man: which when the peo-

Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their
faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost.

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams so
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man
living

Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven

So strangely in one piece.

2 Gent. But, what follow'd?

3 Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint-like

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people: When by the Archbishop of Canterbury % She had all the royal makings of a queen; As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems

Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the

With all the choicest music of the kingdom, logether sung Te Deum. So she parted, and with the same full state pac'd back

again Fo York Place, where the feast is held.

1 Gent.

Sir,
You must no more call it York Place, that

is past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost: 100
'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 Gent.

I know it;
But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 Gent. What two reverend bishops Were those that went on each side of the

3 Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,

Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary; The other, London.

2 Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the Archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

3 Gent. All the land knows that: 100

However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

3 Gent. Thomas Cromwell A man in much esteem with the king.

truly

A worthy friend.—The king

Has made him master of the jewel-house.

And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 Gent. He will deserve more.

3 Gent. Yes, without all doubt. Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:

Something I can command. As I walk thither,

I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [Exeunt.

# Scene II.—Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith and Patience.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith! sick to death: My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:—

So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,

Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,

Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how
he died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily, For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam: For after the stout Earl Northumberland

Arrested him at York, and brought him forward.

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer, He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill, He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
Leicester;

Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,

With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him:

To whom he gave these words,—"O father abbot.

An old man, broken with the storms of state, storme to lay his weary bones among ye; We him a little earth for charity!"

went to bed, where eagerly his sickness Farsu'd him still; and three nights after this,

Poetold should be his last, full of repentance, Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows, Re gave his honours to the world again, His blessed part to heaven, and slept in

peace.

Kath. So may he rest: his faults lie gently

on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,

And yet with charity.—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion

Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play; His own opinion was his law: i' the presence He would say untruths, and be ever double, Both in his words and meaning. He was never,

But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam, Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues

We write in water. May it please your highness

To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;

I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his
cradle.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one; Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading: Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not; But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer: \*

And though he were unsatisfied in getting, (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam, He was most princely. Ever witness for him

Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you, Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it; on The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous, So excellent in art, and still so rising, That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue. His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him; For then, and not till then, he felt himself, And found the blessedness of being littles. And, to add greater honours to his age. Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,

No other speaker of my living actions, 70 Keep mine honour from corruption, But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made

With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with
him!—

Patience, be nëar me still, and set me lower a

I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith.

Cause the musicians play me that sad note I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating On that celestial harmony I go to. So [Sad and solemn music.]

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,

For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden visards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ve?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kuth. It is not you I call for.

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun? They promis'd me eternal happiness,

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams

Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave, They are harsh and heavy to me.

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she
looks,

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her:

# Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,-

Kath. You are a saucy fellow: Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame, Knowing she will not lose her wonted great-

ness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying

A gentleman, sent from the king to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but
this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[Excunt Griffith and Messenger.

## Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not, You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord!

The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I
pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the
next,

The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by
me

Sends you his princely commendations, And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late;

T is like a pardon after execution.

That gentle physic, given in time, had cordine;

But now I am past all comforts here, turn prayers.

How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do; and ever flourish.

When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name

Banish'd the kingdom. — Patience, is that letter,

I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.
[Giving if to KATHARINE.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver

This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his
goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature; I hope, she will deserve well,—and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity Upon my wretched women, that so long Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow (And now I should not lie), but will deserve, For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty, and decent carriage,

A right good husband, let him be a noble; And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.

The last is, for my men:—they are the poorest, But poverty could never draw them from me:—

That they may have their wages duly paid them,

And something over to remember me by:

If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,

And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents:—and, good my
lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world, As you wish Christian peace to souls departed, Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king

To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will, Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remem-

In all humility unto his highness: Say, his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him.

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Ferewell,

My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience, You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;

Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,

Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over With maiden flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me, Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me. I can no more.—

[Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.

# ACT V.

SCENE I .- A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy.

It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,

Not for delights; times to repair our nature

With comforting repose, and not for us

To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir Thomas:

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord? Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero

With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too, Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave. Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's

the matter?

It seems you are in haste: an if there be No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend Some touch of your late business. Affairs

(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have In them a wilder nature, than the business That seeks deepetch by day

That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. "My lord, I love you,

And durst commend a secret to your ear Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd, She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with I pray for heartily, that it may find 21

Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could Cry the Amen; and yet my conscience says She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does Deserve our better wishes.

Gar.

Hear me, Sir Thomas: you are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and
she,

Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further sir.

Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments.

With which the time will lead him. The archbishor

Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak

One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd \*\*

To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,

Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is (For so I know he is, they know he is) A most arch heretic, a pestilence

That does infect the land with which they moved

Have broken with the king; who hath so far Given ear to our complaint, (of his great

And princely care, foreseeing those fell mis-

Our reasons laid before him,) hath commanded, To morrow morning to the council-board at He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas.

And we must root him out. From your affairs

I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant.

[Exeunt GARDINER and Page.

As LOVELL is going out, enter the King and the Duke of Suffolk.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more tonight:

My mind s not on 't; you are too hard for me. Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before. K. Hen. But little, Charles;

Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the

What you commanded me, but by her woman I sent your message; who return'd her thanks In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha! To pray for her? what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made

Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good Jady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden,

With gentle travail, to the gladding of Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. "T is midnight, Charles: Prythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember

The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;

For I must think of that, which company Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness A quiet night, and my good mistress will Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[Exit Suffolk.

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord archbishop,

As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'T is true: where is he, Denty, Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us. [Exit Denty, Lov. [Aside.] This is about that which the

bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

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K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[LOVELL seems to stay.

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!— [Execut LOVELL and DENNY, Cran. I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he thus?

'T is his aspect of terror: all 's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen.

'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together
I have news to tell you.

Come, come, give
me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak, And am right sorry to repeat what follows.

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord, Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall This morning come before us: where, I know, You cannot with such freedom purge yourself, But that, till further trial in those charges Which will require your answer, you must

Your patience to you, and be well contented To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness, And am right glad to catch this good occasion Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my

And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know, There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,

Than I myself, poor man.

Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury; truth, and thy integrity, is rooted us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:

ythee, let,'s walk. Now, by my holidame, manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd

You would have given me your petition, that I should have ta'en some pains to bring to-

Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,

Without endurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on, is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph der my person arbick I

Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not.

Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i'the world, with the
whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion: and not ever The justice and the truth o' the question carries

The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease Might corrupt minds procure knows as corrupt

To nween equiust you? much things have been done.

You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice Of as great size. Ween you of better luck, I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master. Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to:
You take a precipice for no leap of danger, 140

And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,

Protect mine innocence, or I fall into The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give

Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see You de appear before them. If they shall chance.

In charging you with matters, to commit

The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good
man weeps:

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!

I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [Exit ORANNER.]

—He has strangled His language in his tears.

Enter an Old Lady.

Gent. [Within.] Come back: what mean you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring

Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd? Say, ay; and of a boy.

Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'t is a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 't is as like

As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen Lovell's

Re enter Lovers...

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment: I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this, the girl was like to him? I will have more, or else unsay't; and now, While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

Exernt.

Scene II.—The Lobby before the Councilchamber.

Enter Cranmer; Servants, Door-keeper, &c., attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me

To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Hoa!

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

#### Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am

I came this way so happily: the king

Shall understand it presently. [Exit. Cran. [Aside.] 'T is Butts,

The king's physician. As he pass'd along, 10 How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.

'Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace!
For certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me, (God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)

To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,

'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest

sight,—
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord: The high promotion of his grace of Canter-

bury; 22
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursui-

vants, Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! T is he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

"T is well, there's one above them yet. had thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them

(At least good manners), as not thus to suffer A man of his place, and so near our favour, To dance attendance on their lordships'

pleasures, 20 And at the door too, like a post with packets. By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close; We shall hear more anon. [Execunt.

## The Council-chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side, CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:

Why are we met in council?

*Crom.* Please your honours, The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now. [CRANMER approaches the counsil-table. Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very

To sit here at this present, and behold That chair stand empty: but we all are

In our own natures frail, and capable

Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty,

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little, Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions, Divers and dangerous; which are heresies, And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,

My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses

Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,

Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sick-

Farewell all physic: and what follows then? Commotions, uproars, with a general taint Of the whole state: as, of late days, our

neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

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Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the However faulty, yet should find respect progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd, And with no little study, that my teaching, And the strong course of my authority, Might go one way, and safely, and the end 70 Was ever to do well: nor is there living (I speak it with a single heart, my lords) A man, that more detests, more stirs against, Both in his private conscience and his place, Defacers of a public peace, than I do. 'Pray Heaven, the king may never find a heart

With less allegiance in it! Men, that make Envy and crooked malice nourishment, Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lord-

ships.

That in this case of justice, my accusers, Be what they will, may stand forth face to

And freely urge against me.

Nay, my lord, That cannot be: you are a counsellor, And by that virtue no man dare accuse you. Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,

We will be short with you? 'T is his highness' pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you, From hence you be committed to the Tower: Where, being but a private man again, You shall know many dare accuse you boldly, More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah! my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;

You are always my good friend: if your will

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,

You are so merciful. I see your end: 'T is my undoing. Love and meekness, lord, Become a churchman better than ambition; Win straying souls with modesty again, Cast none away. That I shall clear myself, Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience, I make as little doubt, as you do conscience, In doing daily wrongs. I could say more, But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary; That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a

By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,

For what they have been: 't is a cruelty, 110 To load a falling man.

Good master secretary, I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst Of all this table, say so.

Why, my lord? Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer

Of this new sect? ye are not sound. Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

'Would you were half so honest; Crom.Men's prayers then would seek you, not their

Gar. I shall remember this bold language. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

This is too much; Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I. Chan. Then thus for you, my lord:—it stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner,

There to remain, till the king's further pleasure

Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to the Tower, my lords? What other Would you expect? You are strangely

troublesome.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

#### Enter Guard.

For me? Cran.

Must I go like a traitor thither? Receive him, 130

And see him safe i' the Tower

Stay, good my lords; I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords:

By virtue of that ring I take my cause Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'T is no counterfeit. Suf. 'T is the right ring, by Heaven! I

told ye all, When we first put this dangerous stone arolling,

T would fall upon ourselves.

Do you think, my lords, The king will suffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'T is now too certain:

How much more is his life in value with
him?

'Would I were fairly out on 't!

Crom. My mind gave me, In seeking tales and informations Against this man, whose honesty the devil And his disciples only envy at, Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have

at ve!

Enter the King, frowning on them; he takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to Heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince; Not only good and wise, but most religious: One that in all obedience makes the church The chief aim of his honour; and, to

strengthen
That holy duty, out o

That holy duty, out of dear respect, His royal self in judgment comes to hear The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not To hear such flattery now, and in my presence:

They are too thin and bare to hide offences.

To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I 'm sure, Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

[To CRANMER.] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at

thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee

Sur. May it please your grace,-

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me. I had thought, I had had men of some understanding

And wisdom of my council; but I find

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, This good man (few of you deserve that title), This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy At chamber-door? and one as great as you

why, what a shame was this! Did my commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye Power, as he was a counsellor to try him, Not as a groom. There 's some of ye, I see, More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live. \* ist.
Chan. Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,

And fair purgation to the world, than malice, I 'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect

Take him and use him well; he's worthy of it.

I will say thus much for him: if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:

Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My Lord of Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me; That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,

You must be god-father, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may

In such an honour! how may I deserve it,

That am a poor and humble subject to
you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons. You shall have 200 Two noble partners with you; the old Duchess

of Norfolk,

And Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you.

Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,

And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man! those joyful tears show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified

Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of Canterbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long

To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[Exceunt.

SCENE III .- The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascala. Do you take the court for Parisgarden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[Within.] Good master porter, I belong to

the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue!—Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 't is as much impossible,

Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,

To scatter them, as 't is to make them sleep On May-day morning; which will never be. We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not: how gets the tide

in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir. 20
Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor
Colbrand.

To mow them down before me; but if I spared

That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;

And that I would not for a cow, God save

[Within.] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand:

here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign

in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortarpiece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head. for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out: Clubs! when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here!

They grow still, too, from all parts they are coming,

As if we'kept a fair here! Where are these porters,

These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:

There is a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We
shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,

When they pass back from the christening.

Port.

An't please your honour,

We are but men; and what so many may do,

Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:

An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham.

As I live,

If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all

By the heels, and suddenly; and on your

heads
Clap round fines for neglect. You are lazy
knaves;

And here ye lie, baiting of bombards, when Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound; CThey're come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way
out

To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,

Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [Excunt.

## SCENE IV .- The Palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of Nobfolk, with his marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Nobfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray: All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop;

What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[The King kisses the Child.

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.

I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

Cran. Tet m

Cran. Let me speak, sir, For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter

Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.

This royal infant,—Heaven still move about her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises of Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be

(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,

And all that shall succeed: Saba was never More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue, Than this pure soul shall be all princely

Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, With all the virtues that attend the good, Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her;

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:

She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: her own shall bless her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her.

In her days, every man shall eat in safety Under his own vine what he plants; and sing

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.

God shall be truly known; and those about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phænix, Her ashes new create another heir,

As great in admiration as herself:

So shall she leave her blessedness to one, When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour, Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she

And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant, Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, so

His honour and the greatness of his name Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach hisbranches To all the plains about him. Our children's children

Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of
England,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

'Would I had known no more! but she must
die----

She must, the saints must have her—yet a virgin;

A most unspotted lily shall she pass

To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop!

Thou hast made me now a man: never, before

This happy child, did I get anything.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my
Maker.—

I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor. And your good brethren, I am much behold-

I have received much honour by your presence,

And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords:

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;

She will be sick else. This day, no man think

H'as business at his house, for all shall stay: This little one shall make it holiday.

[Exeunt.

# EPILOGUE.

T is ten to one, this play can never please All that are here. Some come to take their

And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear, We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 't is clear,

They'll say, 't is naught: others, to hear the city

Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—"That's witty!"

Which we have not done neither: that, I fear.

All the expected good we're like to hear For this play, at this time, is only in The merciful construction of good women; 10 For such a one we show'd them. If they smile,

And say, 't will do, I know, within a while All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap, If they hold, when their ladies bid them claps

# THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

# +DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
PIRITHOUS, an Athenian General.
ARTESIUS, an Athenian Captain.
PALAMON, \ Nephews to Creon, King Arcite, \ Thebes.
VALERIUS, a Theban Nobleman.
Six Knights.
Herald.
Gaoler.
Wooer to the Gaoler's Daughten.
Doctor.
Brother \ to the Gaoler.

Gentlemen.
GERROLD, a Schoolmaster.

HIPPOLYTA, an Amazon, Bride to Theorem. EMILIA, her Sister.

Three Queens.
Gaoler's Daughter.
Waiting-women to Emilia.
Countrymen, Messengers, a man personating
Hymen, Boy, Executioner, Guard, and
Attendants. Country wenches, and
women personating Nymphs.

SCENE—ATHENS and the Neighbourhood, except in part of the First Act, where it is

THEBES and the Neighbourhood.

#### PROLOGUE

# Flourish.

New plays and maidenheads are near akin; Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'en, If they stand sound and well: and a good play, Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-And shake to lose his honour, is like her That after holy tie and first night's stir, Yet still is modesty, and still retains More of the maid to sight than husband's pains. We pray our play may be so; for I'm sure It has a noble breeder and a pure, A learned, and a poet never went More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent: Chaucer, of all admir'd, the story gives; There constant to eternity it lives. If we let fall the nobleness of this, And the first sound this child hear be a How will it shake the bones of that good And make him cry from under ground, "O,

fan

From me the witless chaff of such a writer
That blasts my bays, and my fam'd works
makes lighter
Than Robin Hood!" This is the fear we

Than Robin Hood!" This is the fear we bring;

For, to say truth, it were an endless thing, And too ambitious, to aspire to him,

Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
In this deep water. Do but you hold out
†Your helping hands, and we shall tack
alout.

And something do to save us: you shall hear

Scenes, though below his art, may vet appear Worth two hours' travel. To his bones sweet sleep!

Content to you!—If this play do not keep A little dull time from us, we perceive Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave.

[Flourisk.]

Note.—The editor of this text has marked with an obelus (†) any noteworthy departure from the reading of the original text (Qo. 1634). This does not, except in a few important cases, refer to changes of punctuation, as old editions are of very small authority in such a matter. Metrical re-arrangements have not been indicated.

Mer Hymen with a torch burning in a schite robe, before, singing and broken forms; after Hymen, a Nymph mann forms; after Hymen, a Nymph mann formand; then Theseus, between two other Nymphs with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then Hippolyta, the bride tell by Trigginguage, and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging;

Song.

after her, EMILIA, holding up her train;

Music.

Roses, their sharp spines being gone, Not royal in their smells alone, But in their hue. Maiden pinks, of odour faint, Dairies smell-less, yet most quaint, And sweet thyme true.

ARTESIUS and, Attendants.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver, Merry spring-time's hartinger With her bells dim. Oxlips in their cradles growing, Marigolds on deathbeds blowing, Larks'-heels trim.

†All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [Strewing flowers.
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
†Bs absent hence!

The breen, the slanderous cuckoo, nor the boding raven, nor chough hoar Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bride-house perch or ling,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Anter three Queens, in black, with veils stained, and wearing imperial crowns. The first Queen, falls down at the foot of THESEUS; the second falls down at the foot of HIPPOLYTA; the third before EMILIA.

1 Queen. For pity's sake and true gen-

Hear and respect me

2 Queen. For your mother's sake, And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,

Hear, and respect me!

This good deed to be selected to be

The Balley Bay

Emi.
What woman I may stead that a fluctuaril

Does bind me to her.

Ther. What's your request deliver you for all.

1 Queen. We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before the wrath of cruel Creen; who endure the beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,

And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of
Thebes:

He will not suffer us to burn their bones, To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds With stench of our slain lords. O, pity, duke

With stench of our slain lords. O, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd
sword

That does good turns to the world; give us
the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them;
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some

That for our crowned heads we have no roof Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's, And vault to everything!

And vault to everything!

Thes. Pray you, theel not:

I was transported with your speech, and suf-

fer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I've heard
the fortunes

Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting

As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em. King Capaneus was your lord: the day That he should marry you, at such a season  $\infty$  As now it is with me, I met your groom By Mars's altar; you were that time fair.

Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses.

Nor in more bounty spread her; your wheaten wreath

Was then nor thrash'd nor blasted; Fortune at you

Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules

Then weaker than your sever laid by his Melts into drops; so correct tHe tumbled down upon his Remeat him to Emi.
And swore his sinewy thaw'd. O grief and your g time, Fearful consumers, you will all devoor! 1 10

1 Queen. Q, I hope some god,

Some god hath put his mercy in your man-

Whereto he ll infuse power, and press you forth

Our undertaker!

Thes. O, no knees, none, widow! Unto the helmeted Bellopa use them, And pray for me, your soldier.

2 Queen. Honour'd Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazoffin, that hast slain.
The scythe make dreads, that, with the sum
as subnered that, with the sum
As it is white, west wear to make the male of
To thy sex liptive, but that this thy lord—
Born to upper the state of the

Thy force and sin affection; soldieress, That equip remain poise sternness with

how, hast much more power on

Than e'er he had on thee; who ow'st his strength

And his late too, who is a servant for +The tenor of thy speech; dear glass of ladies, Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth scorch, <sup>91</sup> Under the shadow of his sword may cool us;

Require him he advance it o'er our heads; Specie, t in a woman's key, like such a woman As the of us three; weep ere you fail;

Lend to knee;

Lend the knee;

But the ground for us no longer time

That dove's motion when the head's

Lend'd off;

Tell himaif he i' the blood-siz'd field lay swoln, Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon, 's

What you would do!

Hip. . Poor lady, say no more : I had as dief trace this good action with you Poor lady, say no more: As that whereto I'm going, and nev'r yet Went I so willing, way. My lord is taken Heart-deep with your distress: let him consider;

I'll speak anon. 3 Queen. [To Enilia.] O, my petition was Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied,

our grief is written in your of & Queen.

You carinot read it there; thes

Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassic You may behold the Lady, lady, led He that will all the temper know what know the control to he that For matters minnow, lessing lead. ; he that to the one at my hear sundry that sharpens are a fool. sek one at my hear way part

Who rannot feel nor see the Thin. Knows neither wet nor dry,"

The ground-piece of some painter, buy you

I instruct me 'gainst a capital grief fade Such heart-piered demonstration !- but als Being a natural sister of our sex-Your serrow beats so ardently nature. That it shall make a counter-relied games. My brother's heart, and warm it as some pity; Though it were made of stone; pray good comfort,

Thes. Forward to th' temple! leave not gut

O' the sacred ceremony.

1 Queen. +Will longer last, and be more costly than Your suppliants' war! Remember the fame

Knolls in th'ear o' the world what you do quickly

Is not done rashly; your first thought is mi Than others' labour'd meditance a your put meditating

More than their actions; but O Jave !your actions,

†Soon as they move, as asprayes do the fish Subdue before they touch: think, dear dul think

What beds our slain kings have!

What griefs our beds 2 Queen. That our dear lords have none

None fit for the de 3 Queen. +Those that with cords, knives, drams, and cipitance.

Weary of this world's light, have selves

death's most horrid grace Affords them dust and should a ng fire the finiteing sun, ing set living. It is true;

give nou comfort,

ome work with Oreon.

And that work us self to the doing :

take form; the heats are gone

de to to the state of the state rown swest; now he is secure, our holy begging in our eyes,

Now you may take him his victory.

And his army full

and slotte Arresius, that best know'st care out fit to this enterprise 160 strange at for this proceeding, and the number

and a business; forth and levy properties instruments; whilst we despatch act of our life, this daring deed act in wedlock.

Titteen. Dowagers, take hands; the widows to our woes; delay

We come unseasonably; but the could grief

e time

best solicitation?

Why, good ladies, 170 service, whereto I am going, the actions that I have foregone, can cope.

The more proclaiming hall be neglected: when her arms, look Jove from a synod, shall

mercuting moonlight corslet thee, O, schaffing cherries shall their sweetness

the third lips, what wilt thou think the lines or blubber'd queens? what

thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st

mount with her, every hour in 't will the for a hundred, and

That the part bids thee to !

That the part bids thee to !

The Though much unlike [Kneeling.]
You should be so transported, as much sorry Lahould be such a suitor; yet I think, Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy, Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their

surfeit That craves a present medicine, I should pluck All ladies' scandal on me: therefore, sir, As I shall here make trial of my prayers, Either presuming them to have some force, Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb, Prorogue this business we are going about,

and hang

Your shield afore your heart, about that neck Which is my fee, and which I freely lend To do these poor queens service.

All Queens, [To Emilia.] O, help now!

Our cause cries for your knee.

... If you grant not [Kneeling. My sister her petition, in that force, With that celerity and nature, which She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare To ask you anything, nor be so hardy Ever to take a husband.

Pray, stand up: I am entreating of myself to do That which you kneel to have me. - Pirithous, Lead on the bride: get you and pray the gods For success and return; omit not anything In the pretended celebration.—Queens, †Follow your soldier.—[To ARTESIUS.] As

before, hence you, †And at the banks of Aulis meet us with The forces you can raise, where we shall find The moiety of a number, for a business More bigger look'd.—Since that our theme is

I stamp this kiss upon thy current lip;

Kisses HIPPOLYTA. Sweet, keep it as my token.—Set you forward; For I will see you gone.— [Exit ARTESIUS. Farewell, my beauteous sister.—Pirithous, Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on 't. '

Pir. Sir, 220 I'll follow you at heels: the feast's solemnity

Shall want till your return.

Cousin, I charge you Budge not from Athens; we shall be return-

Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray

Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all. 1 Queen. Thus dost thou still make good The tongue o' the world.

.... And earn'st a deity 2 Queen. Equal with Mars.



"Mannes, shall I have beautiful long hair like you when I grow up?" Certainly, my dear, if you use "Edward's Harleme"."

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The Very Finest Dressing, Specially Prepared and Perfumed, Fragrant and Refreshing.

A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.

# ARLENE"

PRODUCES LUXURIANT HAIR, PREVENTS IT FALLING OFF OR TURNING GREY.



Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache.

THE WORLD RENOWNED

## BALDNESS.

For Curing Weak and Thin Evalashes: Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair beautifully soft;



For Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOUR,

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Physicians and Analysis pronounce it to be devoid of any metallic or other injurious ingredients.

## WHY NEGLECT YOUR CHILDREN'S HAIR?

Edwards' "Harlene" Preserves. Strengthens, and Invigorates It.

Prevents and Cures all species of Scurf, Keeps the Scalp Clean, and Allays all Irritation.

#### Stopped the Hair Falling.

Miss Cooney, Basin View, Fair Hill, Galway, Ireland, is much pleased with the "Harlene", and has recommended it to her friends. It has quite stopped the falling of her hair. Please be prompt in sending present order.

#### Proved it Herself.

Dear Sir, - I am delighted to add my testimony to the wonderful efficacy of your hair tonic. I never could have credited the effects of "Harlene" had I not myself proved them. - I am, yours truly, Katherine Ramsey.

P. S. -- You may publish this, and I will slways recommend it if applied to.

#### Ouite Bald.

12, Grove-street, Retford. Dear Sir. - I have great pleasure in stating that your "Harlene" is the best I have ever used I have your "Hattene" is the best I have ever used I have tried swerpal other so-called refutorers, but to no pur-pose. I was quite bald on the top of my head, but, thanks to your wonderful "Harlene", I have a good head of hair now after six weeks' use. You may in-clude this with your other testimonials. — Yours respectfully, Aribur Blanchard.

Very Goed.
44, Third avenue, Queen's Park.
Dear Sir. — Mr. Holcombe has recommended me
to use the "Harlene." I had some from him for a
trial, and I think it is very good I have recommended it to my friends. Enclosed Postal Ofders for
14s. 6d. Please forward to Mrs. Rendall as above.

28. 6d., and (triple 2s. 6d. size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

'ARDS' "HARLENE" CO.,95 AND 96,HIGH HOLBORN, LONDO

3 Queen. If not above him; for Thou, being but mortal, mak'st affections bend To godlike honours; they themselves, some say,

Grean under such a mastery.

Thes. As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdu'd,
We lose our humane title. Good cheer,
ladies!

Now turn we towards your comforts.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

# Scene II.—†Thebes. The Court of the Palace.

#### Enter PALAMON and ARCITE.

.1rc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood.

And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in The crimes of nature; let us leave the city Thebes, and the temptings in 't, before we further

Sully our gloss of youth:

And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence; for not to swim
I' th' aid o' the current, were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream, 't would bring us to an
eddy

Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,

Our gain but life and weakness.

Pal. Your advice Is cried up with example: what strange

Since first we went to school, may we perceive Walking in Thebes! scars and bare weeds, The gain o' the martialist, who did propound To his bold ends honour and golden ingots, Which, though he won, he had not; and now flurted

By peace, for whom he fought! Who, then, shall offire

To Mars's so-scorn'd altar? I do bleed 20 When such I meet, and wish great Juno would

Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,

To get the soldier work, that peace might

For her repletion, and retain anew

Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher Than strife or war could be.

Arc. Are you not out?

Meet you no ruin but the soldier in

The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did

begin

As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity;
But the unconsider'd soldier?

Pal. Yes; I pity.
Decays where'er I find them; but such most.
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.

Arc. "T is not this I did, begin to speak of; this is virtue Of no respect in Thebes: I spake of Thebes, How dangerous, if we will keep our honours, It is for our residing; where every evil. Hath a good colour; where every seeming

good 's

A certain evil; where not to be even jump as they are here, were to be strangers, and †Such things to be, mere monsters.

'T is in our power-Pal. Unless we fear that apes can tutor's—to Be masters of our manners: what need I Affect another's gait, which it not catching Where there is faith? or to be fond upon Another's way of speech, when by mine own I may be reasonably conceiv'd, sav d too, Speaking it truly! why am I bound By any generous bond to follow him Follows his tailor, haply so long until The follow'd make pursuit? or let me know Why mine own barber is unblest, with him My poor chin too, for 't is not scissar'd just To such a favourite's glass? what canon is there

That does command my rapier from my hip,
To daugle 't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' the sequent trace. These poor
slight sores

Need not a plantain; that which rips my bosom,

Almostato th' heart, 's-

Arc. Our Uncle Creon. Pal. He,

A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes Make heaven unfear'd, and villainy assur'd †Beyond its power there's nothing; almost

Faith in a fever, and deifies alone

†Voluble chance; who only attributes The faculties of other instruments

To his own nerves and act; commands men service,

†And what they win in 't, boot and glory; one

That fears not to do harm: good, dares not: let

The blood of mine that's sibbe to him be suck'd

From me with leeches; let them break and fall

Off me with that corruption!

Arc. Clear-spirited cousin,
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing
share

Of his loud infamy; for our milk Will relish of the pasture, and we must Be vile or disobedient; not his kinsmen

In blood, unless in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer:
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd so
The ears of heavenly justice: widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have
not

Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

#### Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The king calls for you; yet be leadenfooted,

Till his great rage be off him: Phoebus when He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against

The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to The loudness of his fury.

Pal. Small winds shake him! But what's the matter?

Val. Theseus—who where he threats appals—hath sent

Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal The promise of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach: But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not A jot of terror to us: yet what man

Thirds his own worth—the case is each of ours—

When that his action's dregg'd with mind assur'd

'T is bad he goes about?

Pal. Leave that unreason'd;
Our services stand now for Thebes, not
Creon:

Yet, to be neutral to him were dishonour, 100 Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must With him stand to the mercy of our fate, Who hath bounded our last minute.

Arc. So we must.—
Is 't said this war 's afoot ? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?

Val. "T is in motion; Th' intelligence of state came in the instant With the defier.

Pal. Let's to the king; who, were he A quarter carrier of that honour which His enemy come in, the blood we venture Should be as for our health; which were not spent,

Rather laid out for purchase: but, alas! Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will

The fall q' the stroke do damage?

Arc.

Let th' event
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow

The becking of our chance.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—†Before the Gates of Athens.

| Enter Pirithous, Hippolyta, and Emilia.

Pir. No further!

Hip. Sir, farewell: repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish
him

Excess and overflow of power, an 't might be, †To dare ill-dealing fortune. Speed to him; Store never hurts good governors.

Pir. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. My precious
maid,

Those best affections that the heavens infuse In their best-temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd r

In your dear heart!

Emi. Thanks, sir. Remember me
To our all-royal brother; for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit; and
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advis'd she likes. Our
hearts

Are in his army, in his tent.

Hip. In's bosom.

We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep

When our friends don their helms, or put to
sea,

Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women 20

That have sod their infants in—and after eat them—

The brine they wept at killing 'em: then, if You stay to see of us such spinsters, we Should hold you here for ever.

Pir. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring. [Exit.

Emi. How his longing Follows his friend! since his depart, his sports,

Though craving seriousness and skill, pass'd slightly

His careless execution, where nor gain Made him regard, or loss consider; but †Playing one business in his hand, another Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal To these so differing twins. Have you observ'd him

Since our great lord departed

With much labour; And I did love him for t. They two have cabin'd

†In many as dangerous as poor a corner, †Peril and want contending; they have skiff'd Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power I' the least of these was dreadful; and they

Fought out together, where death's self was lodg'd;

Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love

"Fied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long And with a finger of so deep a cunning, May be out-worn, never undone. Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,

· Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing Each side like justice, which he loves best.

Emi.Doubtless There is a best, and reason has no manners To say it is not you. I was acquainted Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;

You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd, Who made too proud the bed, took leave of the moon --

Which then look'd pale at parting -when our count

†Was each eleven.

'T was Flavina. +// ip. Yes.

You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love: Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd.

More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs

The one or th' other may be said to water Their intertangled roots of love; but I, And she I sigh and spoke of, were things innocent.

Lov'd for we did, and like the elements That know not what nor why, yet do effect Rare issues by their operance, our souls Did so to one another: what she lik'd Was then of me approv'd; what not, con-

demn'd, No more arraignment; the flower that I would pluck

And put between my breasts, O-then but beginning

To swell about the blossom—she would long

Till she had such another, and commit it To the like innocent cradle, where, phænix-

They died in perfume; on my head no toy But was her pattern; her affections-pretty, +Though happily her carcless wear-I fol-

For my most serious decking; had mine

†Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd

From musical coinage, why, it was a note Whereon her spirits would sojourn, rather dwell on,---

And sing it in her slumbers: this rehearsal— †Which, every innocent wots well, comes in Like old importment's bastard—has this

That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be

†More than in sex dividual.

You're out of breath; And this high-speeded pace is but to say, That you shall never, like the maid Flavina, Love any that 's call'd man.

I'm sure I shall not. Emi.Hip. Now, alack, weak sister,

I must no more believe thee in this point-Though in 't I know thou dost believe thyself-

Than I will trust a sickly appetite,

That loathes even as it longs. But, sure, my

If I were ripe for your persuasion, you Have said enough to shake me from the

Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes I will now in and kneel, with great assurance That we, more than his Pirithous, possess The high throne in his heart.

Emi. I am not Against your faith; yet I continue mine. Cornets. Exeunt.

#### Scene IV.—+A Field before Thebes.

A battle struck within; then a retreat; † Then enter Theseus (victor), Hourish. Herald, and Attendants. The three Queens meet Theseus, and fall on their faces before

1 Queen. To thee no star be dark!

Both heaven and earth 2 Queen. Friend thee for ever!

3 Queen. All the good that may Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry Amen to '\$!

Thes. Th' impartial gods, who from the Prisoners to us than death. mounted heavens

View us their mortal herd, behold who

And in their time chastise. Go, and find

The bones of your dead lords, and honour

With treble ceremony: rather than a gap

+Should be in their dear rites, we would supply 't.

But those we will depute which shall invest 10 You in your dignities, and even each thing Our haste does leave imperfect. So, adieu, And heaven's good eyes look on you!

[Exeunt Queens.

+PALAMON and ARCITE borne in on hearses.

What are those t

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judg'd.

By their appointment; some of Thebes have told's

They're sisters' children, nephews to the

Thes. By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war-

+Like to a pair of lions smear'd with prey-Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my

Constantly on them; for they were a mark 20 +Worth a god's view. What was 't that prisoner told me

When I inquir'd their names?

" +Herald. We 'lieve, they're called Arcite and Palamon.

Thes. T is right; those, those.

They are not dead?

Herald. Nor in a state of life: had they been taken

When their last hurts were given, 't was possible

They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,

And have the name of men.

Then like men use 'em: The very less of such, millions of rates Exceed the wine of others: all our surgeons so Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,

Rather than niggard, waste: their lives concern us

Much more than Thebes is worth: rather than have 'em

Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,

Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead; But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have

Bear 'em speedily

From our kind air,—to them unkind,—and minister

What man to man may do; for our sake,

+Since I have known frights, fury, friends' behests.

†Love's provocations, zeal, a mistress' task,

Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,

†Hath set a mark-which nature could not reach to

Without some imposition, - sickness in will,

Or wrestling strength in reason. For our

And great Apollo's mercy, all our best

Their best skill tender!—Lead into the

Where, having bound things scatter'd, we will post

+To Athens 'fore our army.

[Flourish. Execut; Attendants carrying PALAMON and ARCITE.

Scene V.—†Another Part of the Same, more remote from Thebes.

Enter the Queens with the hearses of their Knights, in a funeral solemnity, &c.

#### SONG.

Urns and odours bring away! Vapours, sighs, darken the day!

Our dole more deadly looks than dying; Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers, Sacred vials fill'd with tears,

And clamours through the wild air flying!

Come, all sad and solemn shows, That are quick-ey'd pieasure's foes ! We convent naught else but woes; We convent, &c.

+3 Queen. This funeral path brings to your household's grave:

Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!

2 Queen. And this to yours.

1 Queen. Yours this way. Heavens lena A thousand differing ways to one sure

3 Queen. This world's a city full of straying streets,

And death's the market-place, where each one meets. [Execut severally.

#### ACT II.

Scene I.—†Athens. A Garden, with a Castle in the background.

#### Enter Gaoler and Wooer.

Gaoler. I may depart with little, while I live; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas! the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come: before one salmon, you shall take a number of minnows. I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to me report is a true speaker: I appear to me really that I am delivered to be. Marry, what I have—be it what it will —I will assure upon my daughter at the day of my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer; and I will estate your daughter in

what I have promised.

Gaoler. Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? when that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes.

#### Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Gaoler. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon the old business; but no more of that now: so soon as the courthurry is over, we will have an end of it: i' the meantime, look tenderly to the two prisoners; I can tell you they are princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. 'T is pity they are in prison, and 't were pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed: the prison itself is proud of 'cm; and they have all the world in their chamber.

Gaoler. They are famed to be a pair of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em; they stand a greise above the reach of report.

Gaoler. I heard them reported in the battle to be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they would have looked, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Guoler. Do they so?

Daugh. It seems to me they have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling

Athens: they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet sometime a divided sigh, martyred as 't were i' the deliverance, will break from one of them; when the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

Wooer. I never saw 'em.

Guoler. The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they: what the reason of it is, I know not.

Enter PALAMON and ARCITE, above.

Look, yonder they are! that's Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, sir, no; that's Palamon: Arcite is the lower of the twain; you may perceive a part of him.

Gaoler. Go to! leave your pointing: they would not make us their object: out of their sight!

Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them. Lord, the difference of men! [Execunt.

#### Scene II. -+The Same.

†Enter Palamon and Arcite, above.

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?

Arc. How do you, sir?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at
misery,

And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners

I fear for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it;

And to that destiny have patiently Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. O, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble

country?
Where are our friends and kindreds? Never

Must we behold those comforts: never see

The hardy youths strive for the games of
honour,

10

Hung with the painted favours of their ladies, Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em.

And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us

Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite, Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,

Outstripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,

Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O, never

Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour, Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses

Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now,—

†Better the red-ey'd god of war ne'er wore,— †Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust, And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;

These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,

To blast whole armies, more!

Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are,

And here the graces of our youths must wither, •

Like a too-timely spring; here age must find us,

And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried; The sweet embraces of a loving wife,

Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,

Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us,

No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see, To glad our age, and like young eagles teach

Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say "Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!"

The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banishments,

And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,

Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done

To youth and nature: this is all our world; \*\*
We shall know nothing here but one another;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our
woes:

The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;

Summer shall come, and with her all delights, But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

Pal. 'T is too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,

That shook the aged forest with their echoes, No more now must we holla; no more shake Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages, Struck with our well-steel'd darts: all valiant

The food and nourishment of noble minds—In us two here shall perish; we shall die—Which is the curse of honour—lastly, Children of grief and ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please, to hold here a brave
patience,

And the enjoying of our griefs tegether. Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish If I think this our prison!

Pal. Certainly

T is a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes

Were twinn'd together: 't is most true, two souls

Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer The gall of hazard, so they grow together, Will never sink; they must not, say they could:

A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,

That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle cousin? n Arc. Let's think this prison holy sanctuary.

To keep us from corruption of worse men:
We're young, and yet desire the ways of
honour;

That, liberty and common conversation,

The poison of pure spirits, might, like women, Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing

Can be, but our imaginations

May make it ours? and here being thus together,

We are an endless mine to one another;
We're one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we're father, friends, ac-

quaintance ; We are, in one another, families ;

I am your heir, and you are mine; this place Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor Dare take this from us: here, with a little

patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits
seek us;

The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty, A wife might part us lawfully, or business; Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men Crave our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,

Where you should never know it, and so perish

Without your noble hand to close mine eyes, Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances, Were we from hence, would sever us. You've made me-I thank you, cousin Arcite-almost wanton With my captivity: what a misery It is to live abroad, and everywhere! 'T is like a beast, methinks: I find the court I'm sure, a more content; and all those pleasures That woo the wills of men to vanity I see through now; and am sufficient To tell the world 't is but a gaudy shadow, That old Time, as he passes by, takes with What had we been, old in the court of Creon, Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Had not the loving gods found this place for us, We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept, And had their epitaphs, the people's curses. Shall I say more? Arc. I'd hear you still. Pal.Ye shall. Is there record of any two that lov'd Better than we do, Arcite! Sure, there cannot. Pal. I do not think it possible our friend-Should ever leave us. Till our deaths it cannot; And after death our spirits shall be led To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir. Enter Emilia and her Woman below. *Emi*. This garden has a world of pleasures in 't. What flower is this? 'T is call'd Narcissus, madam. Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a To love himself: were there not maids enough? Arc. Pray, forward. Pal. Yes. Or were they all hard-hearted? Emi. Wo. They could not be to one so fair. Thou wouldst not. Wo. I think I should not, madam. That's a good wench! But take heed to your kindness though! Wo. Why, madam? Emi. Men are mad things. Will ye go forward, cousin? Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in

silk, wench?

Wo. Yes. Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these; This is a pretty colour: will 't not do Rarely upon a skirt, wench? Wo. Dainty, madam. 300 Arc. Cousin, cousin! how do you, sir? why, Palamon! Pal. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite. Arc. Why, what's the matter, man? Behold, and wonder! By heaven, she is a goddess! Arc. Ha! Pal. Do reverence; She is a goddess, Arcite! Of all flowers, Methinks, a rose is best. Why, gentle madam ? *Emi*. It is the very emblem of a maid: For when the west wind courts her gently, How modestly she blows, and paints the sun With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near her, Rude and impatient, then, like chastity, She locks her beauties in her bud again, And leaves him to base briers. Yet, good madam, Sometimes her mollesty will blow so far She falls for it: a maid, If she have any honour, would be loath To take example by her. Thou art wanton. Emi.*Arc.* She 's wondrous fair! She's all the beauty extant! Emi. The sun grows high; let's walk in. Keep these flowers; We'll see how near art can come near their I'm wondrous merry-hearted; I could laugh Wo. I could lie down, I'm sure. And take one with you? Wo. That's as we bargain, madam. Well, agree then. Emi.Exeunt Emilia and Woman. Pal. What think you of this beauty? "T is a rare one. Pal. Is 't but a rare one?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I have,

Beshrew mine eyes for 't! Now I feel my shackles.

Pal. You love her, then?

Arc. Who would not?

Pal. And desire her?

Pal. Might not a man well lose himself,

and love her?

Yes, a matchless beauty.

Arc.

Arc. Before my liberty. Pal. I saw her first. Arc. That's nothing. But it shall be. Pal. Arc. I saw her too. Yes; but you must not love her. Pal. Arc. I will not, as you do, to worship her, As she is heavenly and a blessed goddess; I love her as a woman, to enjoy her: So both may love. You shall not love at all. Pal. Arc. Not love at all! who shall deny me? Pal. I, that first saw her; I, that took possession First with mine eye of all those beauties in Reveal'd to mankind. If thou lovest her, 170 Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes, Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow False as thy title to her: friendship, blood, And all the ties between us, I disclaim, If thou once think upon her! Yes, I love her; And if the lives of all my name lay on it, I must do so; I love her with my soul. If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon! I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain I am as worthy and as free a lover, And have as just a title to her beauty, As any Palamon, or any living That is a man's son. Pal. Have I call'd thee friend? Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you mov'd thus? Let me deal coldly with you: am not I †Part of your blood, part of your soul? you've told me That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite. Arc. Am not I liable to those affections, Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer? Pal. Ye may be. Arc. Why, then, would you deal so cunningly, So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman, To love alone? Speak truly; do you think Unworthy of her sight? No; but unjust If thou pursue that sight. Arc. Because another First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,

And let mine honour down, and never charge?

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Had rather combat me?

Arc.

Pal. Let that one say so, And use thy freedom: else, if thou pursu'st Be as that cursed man that hates his country, A branded villain. You are mad. Arc. I must be, Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me And, in this madness, if I hazard thee, And take thy life, I deal but truly. Fie, sir! You play the child extremely: I will love her, I must, I ought to do so, and I dare; And all this justly. O, that now, that now Thy false self and thy friend had but this To be one hour at liberty, and grasp Our good swords in our hands! I'd quickly teach thee What't were to filch affection from another! Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse: Put but thy head out of this window more, And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't! Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou art feeble: Put my head out! I'll throw my body out, And leap the garden, when I see her next, And pitch between her arms, to anger thee. Pal. No more! the keeper's coming: I shall live To knock thy brains out with my shackles. Do! Arc. Enter Gaoler. Gaoler. By your leave, gentlemen. Now, honest keeper ? Pal.Gaoler. Lord Arcite, you must presently to the duke: The cause I know not yet. I'm ready, keeper. Guoler. Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you Of your fair cousin's company. And me too, Even when you please, of life. Exeunt Gaoler and ARCITE. Why is he sent for ? It may be, he shall marry here; he is goodly, And like enough the duke hath taken notice Both of his blood and body. But his false-Why should a friend be treacherous? if that Get him a wife so noble and so fair, Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more I would but see this fair one.—Blessed garden, And fruit and flowers more blessed, that still blossom

But say that one

As her bright eyes shine on ye! Would 1 were,

For all the fortune of my life hereafter, You little tree, you blooming apricock!

How I would spread, and fling my wanton
arms

200
In at her window! I would bring her fruit.

In at her window! I would bring her fruit Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,

Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her; And if she be not heavenly, I would make her

So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;

And then I'm sure she would love me.

#### Re-enter Gaoler.

How now, keeper!

Where's Arcite?

Gaoler. Banish'd. Prince Pirithous Obtain'd his liberty; but never more, Upon his oath and life, must be set foot Upon this kingdom.

Pal. [Aside.] He's a blessed man! 20 He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms The bold young men that, when he bids'em

Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune, If he dare make himself a worthy lover, Yet in the field to strike a battle for her; And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward: How bravely may he bear himself to win her,

If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to

her,

And seek to ravish me.

Gaoler. My lord, for you

I have this charge too-

Pal. To discharge my life?

Gaoler. No; but from this place to remove your lordship

· The windows are too open.

Pal. Devils take 'cm
That are so envious to me! Pr'ythee, kill me.
Gaoler. And hang for 't afterward!
Pal. By this good light,

Had I a sword, I'd kill thee.

Gaoler. Why, my lord?

Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually,

Thou art not worthy life. I will not go. 270 Gaoler. Indeed, you must, my lord.

Pal. May I see the garden? Gaoler. No.

Pal. Then I'm resolved I will not go.

Gaoler.

I must

Constrain you, then; and, for you'redangerous, I'll clap more irons on you.

Pal. Do, good keeper: I'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep;

I'll make ye a new morris. Must I go? Gaoler. There is no remedy.

Pal. [A side.] Farewell, kind window; May rude wind never hurt thee!—O my lady, If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was, 200 Dream how I suffer!—Come, now bury me. [Exeunt.

#### Scene III.—†The Country near Athens.

#### Enter ARCITE.

Arc. Banish'd the kingdom?'t is a benefit, A mercy, I must thank'em for; but banish'd The free enjoying of that face I die for, O,'t was a studied punishment, a death Beyond imagination! such a vengeance, That, were I old and wicked, all my sins Could never pluck upon me. Palamon, Thou hast the start now; thou shalt stay, and see

Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,

And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed to Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty, That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall—Good gods, what happiness has Palamon! Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her; And, if she be as gentle as she's fair, I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton.

Come what can come,

The worst is death; I will not leave the kingdom:

I know mine own is but a heap of ruins, And no redress there: If I go, he has her. 20 †I am resolv'd: another shape shall make me, Or end my fortunes; either way, I 'm happy: I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Country-people, and one with a garland before them.

1 Coun. My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.

2 Coun. And I'll be there.

3 Coun. And I.

4 Coun. Why, then, have with ye, boys! 't is but a chiding:

Let the plough play to-day; I'll tickle't out Of the jades' tails to-morrow.

1 Coun. I am sure
To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
But that's all one: I'll go through, let her
mumble.

2 Coun. Clap her aboard to-morrow night, and stoa her,

And all's made up again.

3 Coun. Ay, do but put A feskue in her fist, and you shall see her Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench. Do we all hold against the Maying?

4 Coun. Hold!

What should ail us?

3 Coun. Areas will be there.

2 Coun. And Sennois, And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er dane'd †Under green tree; and ye know what wenches, ha!

But will the dainty domine, the schoolmaster, Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye

3 Coun. He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail: go to!

The matter is too far driven between

Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now; And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.

4 Coun. Shall we be lusty!

2 Coun. All the boys in Athens Blow wind i'the breech on us: and here I'll

And there I'll be, for our town, and here again.

And there again: ha, boys, heigh for the weavers!

1 Coun. This must be done i' the woods.

4 Coun. O, pardon me!

†2 Coun. By any means; our thing of learning says so;

Where he himself will edify the duke

Most parlously in our behalfs: he's excellent i' the woods;

Bring him to the plains, his learning makes no cry.

3 Coun. We'll see the sports; then every man to's tackle!

And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any means,

Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,

And God knows what may come on 't.

4 Coun. Content: the sports
Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and
hold!

Arc. By you: leaves, honest friends; pray you, whither go you?

4 Coun Whither! why, what a question's that!

A. Yes, 't is a question To me that know not.

3 Coun. To the games, my friend.

2 Coun. Where were you bred, you know it not?

Arc.

Not far, sir.

Are there such games to-day?

1 Coun. Yes, marry, are there; And such as you never saw: the duke himself Will be in person there.

Arc. What pastimes are they? 2 Coun. Wrestling and running.—'T is a pretty fellow.

3 Coun. Thou wilt not go along?

Arc. Not yet, sir,

4 Coun. Well, sir,

Take your own time.—Come, boys.

1 Coun. My mind misgives me This fellow has a vengeance trick o' the hip; Mark how his body's made for 't.

2 Coun.

I 'll be hang'd though,
If he dare venture; hang him, plum-porridge!
He wrestle? he roast eggs! Come, let's be
gone, lads.

[Execunt Countrymen.

Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity †I durst not wish for. Well I could have

The best men call'd it excellent; and run Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,

Curling the wealthy ears, nev'r flew. I'll venture.

And in some poor disguise be there; who knows

Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,

And happiness prefer me to a place Where I may ever dwell in sight of her?

[Exit.

Scene IV.—†Athens. A Room in the Prison.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman? 't is odds

He never will affect me: I am base,
My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince: to marry him is hopeless,
To be his whore is witless. Out upon 't!
What pushes are we wenches driven to,
When fifteen once has found us! First, I
saw him;

I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him—
If he please to bestow it so—as ever
These eyes yet look'd on: next I pitied him;
And so would any young wench, o' my conscience.

That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead To a young handsome man: then I lov'd him, Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him; And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too; But in my heart was Palamon, and there, Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is! And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken

Was never gentleman: when I come in To bring him water in a morning, first

He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus,

"Fair, gentle maid, good morrow: may thy goodness

Get thee a happy husband!" Once he kiss'd

I lov'd my lips the better ten days after:
Would he would do so every day! He
grieves much,

And me as much to see his misery :

What should I do, to make him know I love him?

For I would fain enjoy him: say I ventur'd To set him free? what says the law, then?

Thus much

For law, or kindred! I will do it;

And this night or to-morrow he shall love me.

Scene V.—†An Open Place in Athens.

A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous,
Emilia; Arcite, as a Countryman,
wearing a garland; and Country-people.

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seen,

Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews: Whate'er you are, you run the best, and wrestle,

That these times can allow.

Arc. I'm proud to please you. Thes. What country bred you?

Arc. This; but far off, prince.

Thes. Are you a gentleman?

Arc. My father said so; And to those gentle uses gave me life.

Thes. Are you his heir !

Arc. His youngest, sir.

Thes. Your father, Sure, is a happy sire, then. What proves you?

Arc. A little of all noble qualities: 10

I could have kept a hawk, and well have holla'd

To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise

My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew

me

Would say it was my best piece; last and greatest,

I would be thought a soldier. •

Thes. You are perfect. • Pir. Upon my soul, a proper man!

Emi. He is so. Pir. How do you like him, lady?

Hip. I admire him:
I have not seen so young a man so noble—

I have not seen so young a man so noble— If he say true,—of his sort.

Emi. Believe,

His mother was a wondfous handsome woman; ...

His face methinks goes that way.

Hip. But his body And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.

Pir. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun.

Breaks through his baser garments!

Hip. He's well got, sure.
Thes. What made you seek this place,
sir?

Arc. Noble Theseus, To purchase a name, and do my ablest service To such a well-found wonder as thy worth; For only in thy court, of all the world,

Dwells fair-cy'd Honour.

Pir. All his words are worthy.

Thes. Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,

Nor shall you lose your wish.—Pirithous, Dispose of this fair gentleman.

Pir. Thanks, Theseus.—Whate'er you are, you 're mine; and I shall give you

To a most noble service,—to this lady,

This bright young virgin: pray, observe her goodness:

You've honour'd her fair birthday with your

And, as your due, you're hers; kiss her fair hand, sir.

Arc. Sir, you're a noble giver.—[To EMILIA.]
Dearest beauty,

Thus let me scal my vow'd faith [Kisses her hand]: when your servant---

Your most unworthy creature—but offends you,

Command him die, he shall.

Emi. That were too cruel. †If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see it: You're mine: and somewhat better than your rank I'll use you.

Pir. I'll see you furnish'd: and because you say

You are a horseman, I must, needs entrest you

This afternoon to ride; but 't is a rough one.

Arc. I like him better, prince; I shall not,
then,

Freeze in my saddle.

Thes. Sweet, you must be ready,—And you, Emilia,—and you, friend,—and all,—

To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance 50 To flowery May, in Dian's wood.—Wait well, sir,

Upon your mistress.—Emily, I hope He shall not go afoot.

Emi. That were a shame, sir, While I have horses.—Take your choice; and what

You want at any time, let me but know it: If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you You'll find a loving mistress.

Arc. If I do not, Let me find that my father ever hated,— Disgrace and blows.

Thes. Go, lead the way; you've won it; It shall be so: you shall receive all dues of Fit for the honour you have won; 't were wrong else.--

Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,

That, if I were a woman, would be master: But you are wise.

Emi. I hope too wise for that, sir. [Flourish. Execut.

Scene VI.—†Athens. Before the Prison.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. Let all the dukes and all the devils roar,

He is at liberty: I 've ventur'd for him;
And out I 've brought him to a little wood
A mile hence: I have sent him, where a
cedar,

Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane, Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,

Till I provide him files and food; for yet His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,

Sweet, you must be ready,— What a stout-hearted child thou art! Myelia,—and you, friend,—and father

Durst better have endur'd cold iron than done it.

I love him beyond love and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety; I have made him know it:
I care not: I am desperate; if the law
Find me, and then condemn me for 't, some
wenches,

Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirg

And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpose is my way too: sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here:
If he do, maids will not so easily
Trust men again: and yet he has not thank'd
me

For what I've done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;

And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely

Could I persuade him to become a freeman, He made such scruples of the wrong he did To me and to my father. Yet, I hope, When he considers more, this love of mine Will take more root within him: let him do What he will with me, so he use me kindly; For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him, And to his face, no man. I'll presently as Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,

†And where there is a patch of ground I'll venture,

So he be with me: by him, like a shadow, I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub

Will be all o'er the prison: I am then Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father!

Get many more such prisoners and such daughters,

And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him! [Exit.

#### ACT III.

Scene I.—+A Forest near Athens.

Cornets in sundry places; noises and hollaing,
as of people a-Maying. Enter Arcite.

Arc. The duke has lost Hippolyta; each took A several land. This is a solemn rite They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it To th' heart of ceremony. O Queen Emilia, Fresher than May, sweeter

Thus her gold buttons on the boughs or all

Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all Th' enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden!

We challenge to the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, O
jewel

dO' the wood, o' the world, hast likewise bless'd a place

†With thy sole presence! In thy rumination

That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,

And chop on some cold thought! thriceblessed chance,

To drop on such a mistress, expectation

Most guiltless on 't. Tell me, O Lady

Fortun

Next after Emily my sovereign,—how far I may be proud t She takes strong note of me,

Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn,

The prim'st of all the year, presents me with

A brace of horses; two such steeds might
well

Be by a pair of kings back's, in a field That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas, Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou So little dream'st upon my fortune, that Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes, And therein wretched, although free: but if Thou knew'st my mistress breath'd on me, and that

I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye, O coz, What passion would enclose thee!

Enter PALAMON out of a bush, with his shackles: he bends his fist at ARCITE.

Pal. Traitor kinsman
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these
sugns

Of prisonment were off me, and this hand But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one, I, and the justice of my love, would make thee

A confess'd traitor! O thou most perfidious †That ever gently look'd! the void'st of

That e'er bore gentle token! falsest cousin That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine!

I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,

Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,

And these house-clogs away,-

Arc. Dear cousin Palamon,—
Pul. Cozener Arcite, give me language
such

As thou hast show'd me feat!

Arc. Not finding in The circuit of my breast any gross stuff

To form me like your blazon, holds me to This gentleness of answer: 't is your passion That thus mistakes; the which, to you being enemy,

Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me; and with them, fair

I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray, be pleas'd

To show in generous terms your griefs, since that

Your question's with your equal, who professes

To clear his own way with the mind and sword

Of a true gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst, Arcite!

Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well advertis'd

How much I dare: you've seen me use my sword

Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another You would not hear me doubted, but your silence

Should break out, though i' the sanctuary.

Pal.

Sir,

I've seen you move in such a place, which

I've seen you move in such a place, which well

Might justify your manhood; you were call'd A good knight and a bold: but the whole week's not fair,

If any day it rain. Their valiant temper Men lose when they incline to treachery;

And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly

Were they not tied.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to 70 His ear which now disdains you.

Pal. Come up to me: Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword, Though it be rusty, and the charity

Of one meal lend me; come before me then, A good sword in thy hand, and do but say That Emily is thine, I will forgive

The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life, If then thou carry't; and brave souls in

shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none

Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,

That thou art brave and noble.

Arc. Be content, Again betake you to your hawthorn-house: With counsel of the night, I will be here With wholesome viands; these impediments Will I file off; you shall have garments, and

Perfumes to kill the smell o' the prison; after, When you shall stretch yourself, and say but, "Arcite,"

I am in plight," there shall be at your choice Both sword and armour.

Pal. O you heavens, dares any So noble bear a guilty business? none so But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite In this kind is so bold.

Arc. Sweet Palamon,—
Pal. I do embrace you and your offer: for
Your offer do 't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on 't.

Wind horns of cornets.

Arc. You hear the horns:
†Enter your musite, lest this match between's
Be cross'd ere met. Give me your hand;
farewell:

I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you, Take comfort, and be strong.

Pal. Pray, hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow: most
certain

You love me not: be rough with me, and pour

This oil out of your language. By this air, I could for each word give a cuff; my stomach

Not reconcil'd by reason.

Arc. Plainly spoken!
Yet pardon me hard language: when I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and
anger

In me have but one face. [Wind horns. Hark, sir! they call

The scatter'd to the banquet: you must guess I have an office there.

Pal. Sir, your attendance 110
Cannot please heaven; and I know your office
Unjustly is achiev'd.

†Arc. I 've a good 'title, I am persuaded: this question, sick between's, My bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor That to yoursword you will bequeath this plea, And talk of it no more.

Pal. But this one word: You're going now to gaze upon my mistress; For, note you. mine she is,—

Arc. Nay, then,—
Pal. Nay, pray you,—
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength;
You're going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on; there you have

A vantage o'er me : but enjoy it till I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

Exeunt severally.

Scene II .- + Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

†Daugh. He has mistook the brake I meant; is gone

After his fancy. "T is now well-nigh morning;

No matter: would it were perpetual night, And darkness lord o' the world!—Hark! 't is a wolf:

In me hath grief slain fear, and, but for one thing,

I care for nothing, and that's Palamon:
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I holla'd for him?
I cannot holla: if I whooped, what then?
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night: why
may't not be

They have made prey of him? he has no weapons;

He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves Might call fell things to listen, who have in them

A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down He's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,

+And then they fed on him: so much for that!

Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I, then?

All's charr'd when he is gone. No, no, I lie;

My father's to be hang'd for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens.—I am mop'd:
†Food took I none these two days,—
Sipp'd some water: I've not clos'd mine

Sipp'd some water; I've not clos'd mine eyes,

†Save when my lips scour'd off their brine.

Alas,

Dissolve, my life! let not my sense unsettle. Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself!

O state of nature, fail together in me, Since thy best props are warp'd!—So, which way now?

The best way is the next way to a grave:
Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the
screeching owl

Calls in the dawn! all offices are done, Save what I full in: but the point is this, An end, and that is all. [Exit. Scene III .-- The same Part of the Forest as in Scene I. Enter Arcite, with meat, wine, fles, &c. Arc. I should be near the place. - Hoa, Cousin Palamon!

#### Enter PALAMON.

Pal. Arcite?

 $\Lambda rc.$  The same: I've brought you food and

Come forth, and fear not; here's no Theseus. Pal. Nor none so honest, Arcite.

Arr. That's no matter: We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;

You shall not die thus beastly: here, sir, drink;

I know you're faint; then I'll talk further with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou mightst now poison me. I might;

But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good, now,

No more of these vain parleys: let us not, 10 Having our ancient reputation with us,

Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health! †[Drinks.

Pal, Do.

Arc. Pray, sit down, then; and let me entreat you,

By all the honesty and honour in you,

No mention of this woman! 't will disturb us; We shall have time enough.

Well, sir, I'll pledge you. [Drinks. Arc. Drink a good hearty draught; it breeds good blood, man.

Do not you feel it thaw you?

Stay; I'll tell you

After a draught or two more.

Spare it not; The duke has more, coz. Eat now.

Pal.Yes. [Eats. Arc. I'm glad

You have so good a stomach.

I have so good meat to 't. Is 't not mad lodging

I am gladder 21

١

Here in the wild woods, cousin? Yes, for them

That have wild consciences.

How tastes your victuals?

Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.

Not much: But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin. What is this?

Arc. Venison.

T is a lusty meat. Pal, Give me more wine: here, Arcite, to the wenches

We 've known in our days! The lordsteward's daughter;

Do you remember her?

After you, coz. Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.

Arc. She did so: well, sir?

Pal. And I have heard some call him Arcite: and-

Arc. Out with it, faith!

She met him in an arbour: What did she there, coz ! play o' the vir-

ginals? Arc. Something she did, sir.

Made her groan a month for 't; Or two, or three, or ten.

The marshal's sister Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,

Else there be tales abroad: you'll pledge her? Pal.

Arc. A pretty brown wench 't is: 'there was a time

When young men went a-hunting, and a wood, And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale. ---

Heigh-ho!

Pal. For Emily, upon my life! Fool, Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again, That sigh was breath'd for Emily: base cousin, Dar'st thou break first?

Arc. You 're wide.

Pal.By heaven and earth, There's nothing in thee honest.

Arc. Then I'll leave you:

You are a beast now.

Pal. As thou mak'st me, traitor. Arc. There 's all things needful,—files, and shirts, and perfumes:

I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring

That that shall quiet all.

A sword and armour? M Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul: farewell:

Get off your trinkets; you shall want nought. Sirrah,-Arc. I'll hear no more. Exit. Pal.

If he keep touch, he dies for 't. Exit.

Scene IV.—†Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. I'm very cold; and all the stars are out too.

The little stars, and all that look like aglets: The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!

Alas, no! he's in heaven.-Where am I

Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship; how't tumbles! And there 's a rock lies watching under water;

Now, now, it beats upon it; now, now, now, There's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they cry!

+Spoom her before the wind, you'll lose all else;

†Up with a course or two, and tack about,

Good night, good night; ye're gone.—I'm very hungry:

Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell

News from all parts o' the world; then would I make

A careck of a cockle-shell, and sail

By cast and north-east to the King of Pigmies, For he tells fortunes rarely. Now, my father, Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice

To-morrow morning: I'll say never a word.

Sings.

For I'll cut my green cout a foot above my knee ;

And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine e'e :

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

He s' buy me a white cut, forth for to ride, And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide:

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny,

O for a prick now, like a nightingale, To put my breast against! I shall sleep like a top else.

Scene V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Gerrold, four Countrymen as Morris-+dancers, another as the Bavian, five Wenches, and a Taborer.

Ger. Fie, fie!

What tediosity and disensanity

Is here among ye! Have my rudiments Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye, And, by a figure, even the very plum-broth And marrow of my understanding laid upon

ye,

And do you still cry "Where," and "How," and "Wherefore?"

**†You most coarse freeze capacities, ye jane** judgments,

Have I said "Thus let be," and "There let be," And "Then let be," and no man understand me ?

Proh Deum, medius fidius, ye are all dunces! For why here stand I; here the duke comes; there are you,

Close in the thicket; the duke appears; I meet him,

And unto him I utter learned things

And many figures; he hears, and nods, and

And then cries "Rare!" and I go forward; at length

I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you, As once did Meleager and the boar,

Break comely out before him, like true lovers Cast yourselves in a body decently,

And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn, boys. 1 Coun. And sweetly we will do it, Master Gerrold.

2 Coun. Draw up the company. Where 's the taborer!

3 Coun. Why, Timothy!

Here, my mad boys; have at ye! Ger. But I say where's their women?

Here's Friz and Maudlin. 4 Coun.

2 Coun. And little Luce with the white legs, and bouncing Barbary.

1 Coun. And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her master.

Ger. Where be your ribands, maids ? swim with your bodies,

And carry it sweetly and deliverly;

And now and then a favour and a frisk. Nell. Let us alone, sir.

Where's the rest o' the music? 3 Conn. Dispers'd as you commanded.

Couple, then, Exit. And see what 's wanting. Where's the

Bavian? My friend, carry your tail without offence Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure

You tumble with audacity and manhood; And when you bark, do it with judgment. Yes, sir.

Ger. Quo usque tandem? here's a woman wanting.

4 Coun. We may go whistle; all the fat's i' the fire.

Ger. We have,

As learned authors utter, wash'd a tile; We have been fatuus, and labour'd vainly.

2 Coun. This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding,

That gave her promise faithfully she would Be here, Cicely the sempster's daughter: The next gloves that I give her shall be dog-

skin ;

Dii boni!

Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas,

She swore, by wine and bread, she would not break.

Ger. An cel and woman,

A learned poet says, unless by the tail

And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.

In manners this was false position.

1 Coun. A fire ill take her! does she ffinch now?

3 Coun.

What

Shall we determine, sir?

Ger. Nothing ;

Our business is become a nullity, Yea, and a woful and a piteous nullity.

4 Coun. Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,

Now to be frampal, now to piss o' the nettle! Go thy ways; I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!

Enter Gaoler's Daughter, and sings.

†The George, holla! came from the south, From the coast of Barbary-a;

And there he met with brave gallants of war, By one, by two, by three-a.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!

And whither now are you bound-a!

O, let me have your company
+Till I come to the Sound-a!

There was three fools fell out about an howlet:

The one said it was an owl;

The other he said may;

The limit is a said may;

The third he said it was a hawk, And her bells were cut away.

3 Coun. There's a dainty mad woman, master.

Come i' the nick; as mad as a March hare: If we can get her dance, we're made again; 1 warrant her she'll do the rarest gambols.

1 Coun. A mad woman! we are made, boys.

Ger. And are you mad, good woman?

Daugh. I'd be sorry else.

Give me your hand.

Ger. Why?

Daugh.

You are a fool.

Buzz!

I can tell your fortune:

Tell ten. I 've pos'd him.

Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do.

Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?

I know you; you're a tinker; sirrah tinker, Stop no more holes but what you should. Ger.
A tinker, damsel!

Daugh. Or a conjurer:

Raise me a devil now, and let him play Qui passa o' the bells and bones.

Ger. Go, take her,
And fluently persuade her to a peace;

Et opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis—
Strike up, and lead her in.

2 Coun. Come, lass, let's trip it.

Daugh. I'll lead.

3 Coun. Do, do. [Horns winded within. Ger. Persuasively and cunningly; away, boys!

I hear the horns: give me some meditation, And mark your cue.

[Execut all except Gerrold. Pallas inspire me!

Enter Theseus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, Emilia, Arcite, and Train.

Thes. This way the stag took.

Ger. Stay and edify.

Thes. What have we here?

Pir. Some country sport, upon my life, sir. + Thes. Well, sir, go forward; we will edify.-

Ladies, sit down: we'll stay it.

Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail! All hail, sweet ladies!

Thes. This is a cold beginning.

Ger. If you but favour, our country pastime made is.

We are a few of those collected here,
That ruder tongues distinguish villager;
And, to say verity and not to fable,
We are a merry rout, or else a rable.
Or company, or, by a figure, choris,
That fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
And I, that am the rectifier of all,
By title pardayogus, that let fall
The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here present this machine, or this frame:
And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal
fame

From Dis to Dædalus, from post to pillar, Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer, And, with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight

Upon this mighty morr—of mickle weight—
Is—now comes in, which being glu'd together
Makes morris, and the cause that we came
hether,

The body of our sport, of no small study.

I first appear, though rude and raw and muddy,

To speak, before thy noble grace, this tenner;

At whose great feet I offer up my penner: The next, the Lord of May and Lady

bright,
The Chambermaid and Servingman, by
night

That seek out silent hanging: then mine

And his fat spouse, that welcomes to their cost

The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning Informs the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:

Then the beast-eating Clown, and next the Fool,

The Bavian, with long tail and eke long tool;

Cum multis aliis that make a dance:

Say "Ay," and all shall presently advance.

Thes. Ay, ay, by any means, dear domine.

Pir. Produce.

+Ger. Intrate, filii; come forth, and foot it.

Re-enter the School, the Bavian, five Wenches, and the Taborer, with the Gaoler's Daughter, and others. They dance a morris.

Ladies, if we have been merry, †And have pleas'd ye with a derry, And a derry, and a down, Say the schoolmaster's no clown. Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,

And have done as good boys should do, Give us but a tree or twain

For a Maypole, and again,

Ere another year run out,

We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

Thes. Take twenty, domine.—How does
my sweetheart?

Hip. Never so pleas'd, sir.

Emi. "T was an excellent dance; and for a preface,

I never heard a better.

Thes. Schoolmaster, I thank you.—One see 'em all rewarded.

Pir

And here 's something †[Gives money.

To paint your pote withal.

Thes. Now to our sports again.

Ger. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,

And thy dogs be swift and strong!
May they kill him without lets,
And the ladies eat his dowsets!

[Exer.nt THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIP-POLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE, and Train. Horns winded as they go

Come, we're all made. Dir Deceque omnes! Ye have danc'd rarely, wenches. [Exeunt

Scene VI.—The same Part of the Forest as • in Scene III.

Enter PALAMON from the bush.

Pal. About this hour my cousin gave his faith

To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords and two good armours: if he fail,
He's neither man nor soldier. When he left
me.

I did not think a week could have restor'd My lost strength to me, I was grown so low And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,

Thou'rt yet a fair foe; and I feel myself
With this refreshing, able once again
To outdure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes
to hearing,

That 1 lay fatting like a swine, to fight,
And not a soldier: therefore, this blest
morning

Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses, If it but hold, I kill him with; 't is justice: So, love and fortune for me!

Enter Arcite, with armours and swords.

O, good morrow.

Arc. Good morrow, noble kinsman.
Pal.

I have put you

To too much pains, sir.

show

Arc. That too much, fair cousin, Is but a debt to honour and my duty.

Pal. Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish ye

As kind a kinsman as you force me find A beneficial foe, that my embraces

Might thank ye, not my blows.

Arc. I shall think either, Well done, a noble recompense.

Pal. Then I shall quit you.

Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you

More than a mistress to me: no more anger, As you love anything that's honourable: We were not bred to talk, man; when we're

arm'd,
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from

And then to whom the birthright of this beauty

Truly pertains—without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings,
Fitter for girls and school-boys—will be seen,
And quickly, yours or mine. Will't please
you arm, sir?

you

Or, if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll
stay, cousin,
And every day discourse you into health,
As I am spar'd: your person I am friends
with;
And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her,

And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her, and Though I had died; but, loving such a lady, And justifying my love, I must not fly from 't.

Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy, That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill

I'm well and lusty; choose your arms.

Arc. Choose you, sir.

Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou
do it

To make me spare thee?

Arc. If you think so, cousin, You are deceiv'd: for, as I am a soldier,

I will not spare you.

Pal. That's well said.

Arc. You'll find it.
Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and love
With all the justice of affection,
I'll pay thee soundly. This I'll take.

Arc. That's mine, then.

I'll arm you first.

[Proceeds to put on Palamon's armour.
Put. Do. Pray thee, tell me, cousin,
Where gott'st thou this good armour?

Arc. 'T is the duke's; And, to say true, I stole't. Do I pinch you?

Pal. No.

Arc. Is't not too heavy?

Pal, I have worn a lighter; But I shall make it serve.

Arc. I'll buckle't close.

Pal. By any means.

Arc. You care not for a grand-guard?

Pol. No, no; we'll use no horses: I perceive

You'd fain be at that fight.

Arc. I am indifferent.
Pal. Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust
the buckle

Through far enough.

Arc. I warrant you.

Pal. My casque now.

Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?

Pal. We shall be the nimbler.

Arc. But use your gauntlets though: those are o' the least;

Pr'ythee, take mine, good cousin.

Pal. Thank you, Arcite. How do I look? am I fall'n much away?

Arc. Faith, very little; Love has us'd you

kindly.

Pal. I'll warrant thee I'll strike home.

Arc. Do, and spare not.
I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.

Pul. Now to you, sir.

Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,

Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but
lighter.

Arc. That was a very good one; and that

I well remember, you outdid me, cousin; I never saw such valour: when you charg'd

Upon the left wing of the enemy,

I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me I had a right good horse.

Pal. You had indeed; A bright bay, I remember.

Arc. Yes, But all Was vainly labour'd in me; you outwent me,

Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little I did by imitation.

Pal. More by virtue; 81 You're modest, cousin.

Arc. When I saw you charge first, Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder Break from the troop.

Pal. But still before that flew The lightning of your valour. Stay a little: Is not this piece toe straight?

Arc. No, no; 't is well.

Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;

A bruise would be dishonour.

Arc. Now I'm perfect. Pal. Stand off, then.

Arc. Take my sword; I hold it better.
Pal. I thank ye. No, keep it; your life

lies on it:

Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honour

guard me!
Arc. And me my love!

[They bow several ways; then advance, and stand.

Is there aught else to say ? Pal. This only, and no more. Thou art

Pat. This only, and no more. Thou art mine aunt's son,

And that blood we desire to shed is mutual; In me thine, and in thee mine: my sword Is in my hand, and, if thou killest me.

The gods and I forgive thee: if there be
A place prepar'd for those that sleep in
honour,

I wish his weary soul that falls may win it.
Fight bravely, cousin: give me thy noble hand.

Arc. Here, Palamon: this hand shall never more

Come near thee with such friendship.

Pal. I commend thee

Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;

For none but such dare die in these just trials. Once more, farewell, my cousin.

Farewell, Arcite.
[They fight. Horns winded within: they stand.

Arc. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone

Pal. Why?

Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told vou:

If we be found, we're wretched; O, retire, 110

+For honour's sake and safety, presently
Into your bush again, sir; we shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen, you perish instantly
For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt: then all the world will
scorn us,

And say we had a noble difference, But base disposers of it.

Pal. No, no, cousin,
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial:
I know your cunning and I know your cause:
He that faints now, shame take him! Put
thyself

Upon thy present guard,—

Arc. You are not mad?
Pal. Or I will make th' advantage of this

Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me.

I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,

I love Emilia; and in that I'll bury Thee, and all crosses else.

Arc. Then, come what can come, Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well Die, as discourse or sleep. only this fears me, The law will have the honour of our ends. En Have at thy life!

Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite.

[They fight. Horns winded within.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, and Train.

Thes. What ignorant and mad malicious traitors

Are you, that, 'gainst the tenor of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights
appointed,

Without my leave, and officers of arms? By Castor, both shall die.

Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus: We're certainly both traitors, both despisers Of thee and of thy goodness: I am Palamon,

That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;

Think well what that deserves: and this is Arcite;

A bolder traitor never trod thy ground, A falser ne'er seemed friend: this is the man Was begg'd and banish'd: this is he contemns thee

And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise, †Against thy own edict, follows thy sister, That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia; Whose servant—if there be a right in seeing, And first bequeathing of the soul to—justly I am; and, which is more, dares think her his.

This treachery, like a most trusty lover, I call'd him now to answer: if thou be'st, As thou art spoken, great and virtuous, The true decider of all injuries, Say "Fight again!" and thou shalt see me,

Theseus,

Do such a justice thou thyself wilt envy:

Then take my life; I'll woo thee to't.

Pir.

O heaven,

What more than man is this!

Thes. I've sworn.

Arc. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus: 't is to me
A thing as soon to die as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd. Where this man calls
me traitor,

Let me say thus much: if in love be treason, In service of so excellent a beauty, As I love most, and in that faith will perish, As I have brought my life here to confirm it,

As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this cousin that denies it,
So let me be most traitor, and ye please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command

Stay here to love her; and, if she say "traitor,"

I am a villain fit to lie unburied.

Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, O Theseus,

If unto neither thou show mercy; stop,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant: for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labours crown his
memory,

Let's die together, at one instant, duke; Only a little let him fall before me,

That I may tell my soul he shall not have her. 180

Thes. I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him

More mercy than you found, sir, your offences Being no more than his.—None here speak for 'em;

For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever. Hip. Alas, the pity !- Now or never, sister, Speak, not to be denied: that face of yours Will bear the curses else of after ages For these lost cousins.

In my face, dear sister, I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin; The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em: Yet that I will be woman and have pity, My knees shall grow to the ground but I'll

get mercy. Help me, dear sister: in a deed so virtuous The powers of all women will be with us.— Most royal brother,-[They kneel. Sir, by our tie of marriage,-*Emi*. By your own spotless honour,— By that faith, That fair hand, and that honest heart you

gave me,-Emi. By that you would have pity in another,

By your own virtues infinite,-

By valour, 200 By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you,--

Thes. These are strange conjurings.

Nay, then, I'll in too :- Kneels. By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers, By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady,--

Emi. By that you would have trembled to deny

A blushing maid,—

By your own eyes, by strength, In which you swore I went beyond all women,

Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus,— Pir. To crown all this, by your most noble

Which cannot want due mercy, I beg first, 200 Hip. Next, hear my prayers.

Last, let me entreat, sir. Pir. For mercy.

Hip. Mercy.

Mercy on these princes. Emi. Thes. Ye make my faith reel: say I felt

Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?

Emi. Upon their lives; but with their banishments.

Thes. You're a right woman, sister; you have pity,

But want the understanding where to use it. If you desire their lives, invent a way Safer than banishment: can these two live,

And have the agony of love about 'em, And not kill one another? every day They'd fight about you; hourly bring your

In public question with their swords. Вe wise, then,

And here forget 'em; it concerns your credit And my oath equally; I 've said they die: Better they fall by the law than one another. Bow not my honour.

O my noble brother, Emi.That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;

Your reason will not hold it: if such vows Stand for express will, all the world must perish.

Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours, Of more authority, I'm sure more love; Not made in passion neither, but good heed.

Thes. What is it, sister ?

Urge it home, brave lady. Emi. That you would ne'er deny me any-

Fit for my modest suit and your free granting:

I tie you to your word now; if ye fall in't, †Think how you main your honour,-For now I'm set a-begging, sir, I'm deaf

To all but your compassion,-how their

*†Might breed the* ruin of my name, opinion! Shall anything that loves me perish for me? That were a cruel wisdom: do men proyne The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blossoms,

Because they may be rotten? O Duke Theseus,

The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,

And all the longing maids that ever lov'd, If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,

And in their funeral songs for these two

Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me, 250 Till I am nothing but the scorn of women.

For heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em.

Thes. On what conditions?

Swear 'em never more To make me their contention or to know me, To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be, Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers To one another.

I'll be cut to pieces Before I take this oath: forget I love her? O all ye gods, despise me, then. Thy banish-

I not mislike, so we may fairly carry Our swords and cause along; else, never triffe.

But take our lives, duke: I must love, and

And for that love must and dare kill this cousin.

On any piece the earth has.

Will you, Arcite, Thes.

Take these conditions?

He's a villain, then.

Pir. These are men!

Arc. No, never, duke; 't is worse to me than begging.

To take my life so basely. Though I think I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve The honour of affection, and die for her, Make death a devil.

Thes. What may be done? for now I feel compassion.

Pir. Let it not fall again, sir.

Say, Emilia, If one of them were dead, as one must, are

Content to take the other to your hus-

They cannot both enjoy you: they are princes As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble As ever fame yet spoke of: look upon 'em, And, if you can love, end this difference;

I give consent.—Are you content too, princes?

Pal. With all our souls.

Arc. Thes. He that she refuses

Must die, then.

Pal. Any death thou canst invent, duke.

Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with

And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.

Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me.

And soldiers sing my epitaph.

Make choice, then. Emi. I cannot, sir; they're both too excellent:

For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.

Hip. What will become of 'em?

Thus I ordain it; And, by mine honour, once again it stands, and Or both shall die.—You shall both to your country;

And each, within this month, accompanied With three fair knights, appear again in this place,

In which I'll plant a pyramid; and whether, Before us that are here, can force his cousin By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,

He shall enjoy her; th' other lose his head, And all his friends; nor shalt he grudge to fall,

Nor think he dies with interest in this lady. 300 Will this content ye?

Yes .--- Here, cousin Arcite, I'm friends again till that hour.

I embrace ye. Thes. Are you content, sister!

Yes; I must, sir; Emi.

Else both miscarry.

Come, shake hands again, then; And take heed, as you're gentlemen, this quarrel

Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your

Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theseus. Come, I'll give ye Now usage like to princes and to friends. When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;

Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bie

Exeunt.

#### $\Lambda$ C TIV.

Scene I.—+Athens. A. Room in the Prison. Enter Gauler and first Friend.

Gaoler. Hear, you no more? was nothing said of me

• Concerning the escape of Palamon? Good sir, remember.

1 Friend. Nothing that I heard: For I came home before the business Was fully ended: yet I might perceive, Ere I departed, a great likelihood Of both their pardons; for Hippolyta

And fair-ey'd Emily upon their knees Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke Methought stood staggering whether he should follow

His rash oath, or the sweet compassion Of those two ladies; and to second them, That truly noble Prince Pirithous, Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope All shall be well: neither heard I one ques-

Of your name or his scape.

Pray heaven, it hold so! Gaoler.

#### Enter second Friend.

2 Friend. Be of good comfort, man: I bring you news,

Good news.

Guoler. They're welcome.

Palamon has clear'd you, 2 Friend. And got your pardon, and discover'd how And by whose means he escap'd, which was your daughter's,

Whose pardon is procur'd too; and the

prisoner-

Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness— Has given a sum of money to her marriage, A large one, I'll assure you.

Guoler. Ye're a good man,

And ever bring good news.

1 Friend. How was it ended?

2 Friend. Why, as it should be; they that never begge

But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted:

The prisoners have their lives.

1 Friend.

I knew 't would be so. 2 Friend. But there be new conditions,

which you'll hear of

At better time.

Guoler. I hope they 're good.

2 Friend. They're honourable: How good they 'll prove, I know not.

1 Friend. 'T will be known.

#### Enter Woocr.

Wooer. Alas, sir, where's your daughter? Why do you ask?

Wooer. O, sir, when did you see her? 2 Friend. How he looks!

Gaoler. This morning.

Wooer. Was she well? was she in health, sir ?

When did she sleet

1 Friend. These are strange questions. Gaoler. I do not think she was very well; for, now

You make me mind her, but this very day I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me So far from what she was, so childishly, So sillily, as if she were a fool,

An innocent; and I was very angry.

But what of her, sir?

Wooer. Nothing but my pity: But you must know it, and as good by me As by another that less loves her.

Well, sir?

Gaoler,

1 Friend. Not right? 2 Friend.

Not well? Wooer. No, sir; not well: "I is too true, she is mad.

1 Friend. It cannot be, Wooer. Believe, you'll find it so.

I half suspected †What you have told me; the gods comfort

Either this was her love to Palamon, Or fear of my miscarrying on his scape,

Wooer. 'T is likely.

Gaoler. But why all this haste, sir? Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling

In the great lake that lies behind the palace, From the far shore, thick set with reeds and sedges.

As patiently I was attending sport,

I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive I gave my ear; when I might well perceive "T was one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,

A boy or woman. I then left my angle To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not

Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds

Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down, And listen'd to the words she sung; for then, Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,

I saw it was your daughter. Pray, go on, sir.

Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her

Repeat this often, "Palamon is gone, Is gone to the wood to gather mulberries; I'll find him out to-morrow."

1 Friend. Pretty soul! Wooer. "His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken;

And what shall I do then? I'll bring a

A hundred-black-ey'd maids that love as I

With chaplets on their heads of daffodillies, With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask

And all we'll dance an antic 'fore the duke, And beg his pardon." Then she talk'd of you, sir;

That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,

And she must gather flowers to bury you, And see the house made handsome. Then she sung

Nothing but "Willow, willow, willow;" and between

Ever was, "Palamon, fair Palamon," And "Palamon was a tall young man." The Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses

†A wreath of bulrush rounded; about her stuck

Thousand fresh water-flowers of several colours;

That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph •

That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris Newly dropt down from heaven. Rings she

Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies,—"Thus our true love 's
tied."

"This you may loose, not me," and many a one;

And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,

And with the same breath smil'd, and kiss'd her hand.

2 Friend. Alas, what pity 't is!

Wooer. I made in to her:

She sav me, and straight sought the flood; I sav'd her,

And set her safe to land: when presently She slipt away, and to the city made,

With such a cry, and swiltness, that, believe

She left me far behind her. Three or four I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em 100 I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,

And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her,

And hither came to tell you. Here they are.

Enter Gaoler's Brother, Daughter, and others.

Daugh. [Sings.]

May you never more enjoy the light, &c.

Is not this a fine song?

Broom,

Broth. O, a very fine one!

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Broth. I think you can.
Daugh. Yes, truly, can I; I can sing "The

And "Bonny Robin." Are not you a tailor? Broth. Yes.

Daugh. Where 's my wedding-gown?

Broth. I'll bring't to-morrow.

Daugh. Do, very rarely; I must be abroad

To call the maids and pay the minstrels;

For I must lose my maidenhead by cocklight;

'T will never thrive else.

O fair, O sweet, dec.

Broth. You must even take it patiently. Gaoler. T is true.

Daugh. Good even, good men. Pray, did you ever hear

Of one young Palamon ?

Gaoler. Yes, wench, we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine young gentleman?

Gaoler. 'T is love!

Broth. By no mean cross her; she is then distemper'd

†Far worse than now she shows.

1 Friend. Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. O, is he so? You have a sister?

1 Friend. Yes. 121

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell

her so,

For a trick that I know: y' had best look to her,

For, if she see him once, she's gone; she's done,

And undone in an hour. All the young maids

Of our town are in love with him: but I laugh at 'ein,

And let 'em all alone; is 't not a wise course?

1 Friend. Yes.

Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child by him, · ·

There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,

Close as a cockle; and all these must be boys,—

He has the trick on't; and at ten years old They must be all gelt for musicians,

And sing the wars of Theseus.

2 Friend. This is strange.

Daugh. As ever you heard: but say nothing.

1 Friend. No.

Daugh. They come from all parts of the dukedom to him;

I'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night As twenty to despatch; he'll tickle't up

In two hours, if his hand be in.

Gaoler. She's lost,

Past all cure.

Broth. Heaven forbid, man!

Daugh. Come hither; you're a wise man.

1 Friend. Does she know him?

2 Friend. No; would she did!

Daugh. You're master of a ship? Gaoler. Yes.

Daugh. Where's your compass?

Gaoler, Here.
Daugh. Set it to the north;

And now direct your course to the wood, where Palamon

Lies longing for me; for the tackling

Let me alone: come, weigh, my hearts, cheerly!

[Sings.

is fair :

Top the bowling; out with the main-sail: Where's your whistle, master?

Let's get her in. 150

Gaoler. Up to the top, boy! Where's the pilot?

Broth. Here. 1 Friend.

Daugh. What kenn'st thou?

2 Friend. A fair wood.

Bear for it, master: Daugh. +Tack about! Sings.

When Cynthia with her borrowd light, &c.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—†Athens. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Emilia with two pictures.

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open

And bleed to death for my sake else: I'll

And end their strife: two such young handsome men

Shall never fall for me: their weeping mothers.

Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons, Shall never curse my cruelty. Good heaven, What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise

With all her best endowments, all those beauties

She sows into the births of noble bodies, Were here a mortal woman, and had in her 10 The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless She would run mad for this man: what an eye,-

Of what a fiery sparkle and quick sweetness, Has this young prince! here Love himself sits smiling !-

Just such another, wanton Ganymede tSet Jove a-fire with, and enforc'd the god Snatch up the goodly boy and set him by him, A shining constellation: what a brow, Of what a spacious majesty, he carries, Arch'd like the great-cy'd Juno's, but far sweeter,

Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and

Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing

To all the under-world, the loves and fights Of gods, and such men near 'em. Palamon Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow: He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 't is up, the wind 'As if he had lost his mother; a still temper's No stirring in him, no alacrity; Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile; Yet these that we count errors, may become

> Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly. O, who can find the bent of woman's fancy? I am a fool, my reason is lost in me; I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly That women ought to beat me. On my knees

I ask thy pardon, Palamon; thou art alone, And only beautiful; and these the eyes, These the bright lamps of beauty, that com-

mand

And threaten Love; and what young maid dare cross 'em?

What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,

Has this brown manly face! O Love, this

From this hour is complexion. Lie there, Arcite;

Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy, And this the noble body. I am sotted, Utterly lost; my virgin's faith has fled me, For, if my brother but even now had ask'd

Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite; Now if my sister, more for Palamon.—

Stand both together .- Now, come, ask me, brother;—

Alas, I know not!—Ask me now, sweet sister ;-

I may go look !-What a mere child is fancy, That, having two fair gauds of equal sweet-

Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!

### †Enter a Gentleman.

How now, sir!

Gent. "From the noble duke your brother, Madam, I bring you news: the knights are

Emi. To end the quarrel? Gent. Yes.

Would I might end first! Emi.What sins have I committed, chaste Diana, That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd With blood of princes, and my chastity Be made the altar where the lives of lovers— Two greater and two better never yet Made mothers joy-must be she sacrifice To my unhappy beauty?

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, and Attendants.

Thes. Bring 'em in Quickly by any means; I long to see 'em. - Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights: now, my
fair sister,

You must love one of them.

Emi. I had rather both, So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Thus. Who saw 'em l

Pur. I a while.

Gent. I a wine. And I.

#### Enter Messenger.

Thes. From whence come you, sir?

Mess. From the knights.

Thes. Pray, speak,

You that have seen them, what they are.

Mess. I will, sir,

And truly what I think. Six braver spirits

Than these they've brought—if we judge by

th' outside—

I never saw nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince,—
His very looks so say him; his complexion
Nearer a brown than black; stern, and yet
noble.

Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;

†The circles of his eyes show fire within him,

And as a heated lion so he looks;

His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining

Like ravens' wings; his shoulders broad and strong;

Arm'd long and round; and on his thigh a sword

Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience.

Was never soldier's friend.

Thes. Thou 'st well describ'd him.

Pir. Yet a great deal short, Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon. Thes. Pray, speak him, friend.

Pir. I guess he is a prince too, And, if it may be, greater; for his show so Has all the ornament of honour in 't:

He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,

But of a face far sweeter; his complexion Is, as a ripe grape, ruddy; he has felt, Without doub, what he fights for and

Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter

To make this cause his own; in's face appears All the fair hopes of what he undertakes; And when he's angry, then a settled valour, Not tainted with extremes, runs through his body,

And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,

He shows no such soft temper; his head's yellow,

+Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick-twin'd, like ivy-tods,

Not to undo with thunder; in his face The livery of the warlike maid appears,

Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;

And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,

†As if she ever meant to court his valour; His nose stands high, a character of honour, His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies. In

Emi. Must these men die too?

Pir. When he speaks, his tongue Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments Are as a man would wish em, strong and clean;

He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold; His age some five-and-twenty.

Mess. There's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, sceming
As great as any; fairer promises

In such a body yet I never look'd on.

Pir. O, he that's freckle-fac'd t

Mess. The same, my lord: 120

Are they not sweet ones?

Pir. Yes, they 're well.

Methinks. Being so few and well-disposid, they show

Great and fine art in nature. He's white-hair'd,

Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour Next to an aborne; tough and nimble-set, Which shows an active soul; his arms are brawny,

Lin'd with strong sinews; to the shoulderpiece

Gently they swell, like women new-conceiv'd, Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting

Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still, But, when he stirs, a tiger; he's gray-ey'd, Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp

To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em, He 's swift to make 'em his: he does no wrongs,

Nor takes none; he's round-fac'd, and when he smiles

He shows a lover, when he frowns, a soldier; About his head he wears the winner's oak, And in it stuck the favour of his lady; His age some six-and-thirty; in his hand He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with

Thes. Are they all thus?

They're all the sons of honour. Thes. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see

Lady, you shall see men fight now.

I wish it, But not the cause, my lord: they would show Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms: 'T is pity Love should be so tyrannous .--O my soft-hearted sister, what think you? Weep not, till they weep blood, wench: it must be.

Thes. You've steel'd'em with your beauty. --Honour'd friend,

To you I give the field; pray, order it Fitting the persons that must use it.

Yes, sir. Thes. Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot

Their fame has fir'd me so—till they appear. Good friend, be royal.

There shall want no bravery. Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever

Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. Excunt.

#### Scene III.—+Athens. A Room in the Prison.

Enter Gaoler, Wover, and Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the moon than at other some, is it not? Gaoler. She is continually in a harmless distemper; sleeps little; altogether without appetite, save often drinking; dreaming of another world and a better; and what broken piece of matter soe'er she's about, the name Palamon lards it; that she farces every business withal, fits it to every question.— Look, where she comes; you shall perceive her behaviour.

### Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on't was Down-a, down-a; and penned by no worse man than Geraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: he's as fantastical, too, as ever he may go upon's legs; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

Doctor. What stuff's here! poor soul! Gaoler. Even thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this charm that I told you of. You must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry: then, if it be your chance to come where the blessed

that have our livers perished, cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proscrpine; then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him-mark me-then-

Doctor. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further.

Daugh. Faith, I'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break, we of the blessed. Alas, 't is a sore life they have i' th' other place, such burning, frying, boiling, hissing, howl-O, they have ing, chattering, cursing! Take heed: if one be shrewd measure! mad, or hang, or drown themselves, thither they go; Jupiter bless us! and there shall we be put in a caldron of lead and usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cut-purses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough,

Doctor. How her brain coins! Daugh. Lords and courtiers that have got maids with child, they are in this place; they shall stand in fire up to the navel, and in ice up to the heart, and there th'offending part burns, and the deceiving part freezes; in troth, a very grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a trifle: believe me, one would marry a leprous witch to be rid on 't, I'll assure you.

Doctor. How she continues this fancy! 'T is not an engraffed madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

Daugh. To hear there a proud lady and a proud city-wife howl together! I were a beast, an I'd call tit good sport: one cries, • "O, this smoke!" th' other, "This fire!" one cries, "O, that ever I did it behind the arras!" and then howls; th' other curses a suing fellow and her garden-house. Sings.

I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c. Exit.

Gaoler. What think you of her, sir? Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to.

Gaoler. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man ere she beheld Palamon?

Gaoler. I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too; and would arcount I had a great pen'svorth on 't, to give half my state, that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms. ...

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eve hath distemper'd the other senses: they spirits—as there's a sight now!—we maids | may return and settle again to execute their

preordained faculties; but they are now in | with ther, carve her, drink to her, and still This you must a most extravagant vagary. do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in than be permitted. Take upon you, young sir, her friend, the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love; this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon; other objects, that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskins of her madness: sing to her such green songs of love as she says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours, which are grateful to the sense; all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing: desire to eat

among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour: learn what maids have been her companions and play-feres; and let them repair to her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him. It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's now out of square in her into their former law and regiment: I have seen it approved, how many times I know not; but to make the number more I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution; and hasten the success, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort.

Exeunt.

#### ACT V.

Scene I .- + Athens. Three Altars prepared, and inscribed severally to Mars, Venus, and DIANA.

A flourish. Enter Theseus, Pirithous, HIPPOLYTA, and Attendants.

Thes. Now let 'em enter, and before the

Tender their holy prayers: let the temples Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling

To those above us: let no due be wanting: They have a noble work in hand, will honour The very powers that love 'em.

Pir. Sir, they enter.

A flourish of cornets. Enter PALAMON, ARCITE, and their Knights.

Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,

You royal germane foes, that this day come To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,

Lay by your anger for an hour, and dovelike

Before the holy altars of your helpers,

The all-fear'd gods, bow down your stubborn

Your hire is more than mortal; so your help

And, as the gods regard ye, fight with jus-

I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye I part my wishes.

Pir. Honour crown the worthiest!

[Execunt Theseus and his Train. Pal. The glass is running now that cannot finish

Till one of us expire: think you but thus, That, were there aught in me which strove to show

Mine enemy in this business, were't one

Against another, arm oppress'd by arm, I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would, Though parcel of myself: then from this

gather How I should tender you.

Arc. I am in labour To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred,

Out of my memory; and I' the selfsame place To seat something I would confound: so

The sails, that must these vessels port even where

The heavenly lymiter pleases.

You speak well. ... Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin: This I shall never do again.

One farewell! Arc. Pal. Why, let it be so: farewell, coz! Farewell, sir!

[They embrace.—Exeunt Palamon and his

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices, True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you

Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension

Which still is farther off it, go with me Before the god of our profession: there Require of him the hearts of lions, and The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too, & Yea, the speed also,—to go on, I mean, Else wish we to be snails: you know my

Must be dragg'd out of blood; force and great feat

Must put my garland on, where she sticks
The queen of flowers; our intercession, then,
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron

Brimm'd with the blood of men; give me your aid,

And bend your spirits towards him.

[They advance to the altar of MARS, and fall on their faces; then kneel.

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd

†Green Neptune into purple; whose approacl so

Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field Unearth'd skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down

The teeming Ceres' foyzon; who dost pluck †With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds

The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st

The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil, Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this

With military skill, that to thy laud I may advance my streamer, and by thee Be styl'd the lord o' the day;—give me, great Mars,

Some token of thy pleasure.

[Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise and bow-to the alter.

O great corrector of enormous times, Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood

The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world

O' the pluresic of people; I do take Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name To my design march boldly.—Let us go. Re-enter PALAMON and his Knights.

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be

To-day extinct; our argument is love, which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with
mine.

You, whose free nobleness do make my cause Your personal hazard: to the goddess Venus Commend we our proceeding, and implore Her power unto our party.

[They advance to the altar of VENUS, and fall on their faces; then kneel.

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets, who hast power

To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage, And weep unto a girl; that hast the might Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum,

And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make

A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him

Before Apollo; that may'st force the king To be his subject's vassal, and induce

Stale gravity to dance; the poul'd bach'lor—Whose youth, like wanton boys through bon-fires,

Have skipt thy flame-- at seventy thou canst catch,

And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat.

Abuse young lays of love: what godlike

Hast thou not power upon? to Phœbus thou

Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires

Did scorch his mortal son, thine him: the huntress

All moist and cold, some say, began to throw Her bow away, and sigh: take to thy grace Me, thy vow'd soldier, who do bear thy voke

As 't were a wreath of roses, yet is heavier Than lead itself, stings more than nettles: I Have never been foul mouth'd against thy law;

Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none, would not,

Had I kenn'd all that were; I never practis'd
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read

Of liberal wits; I nover at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
At simpering sirs that did; I have been
harsh

Exeunt.

To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd Allow'st no more blood than will make a

If they had mothers? I had one, a woman, And women 't were they wrong'd: I knew a

Of eighty winters,—this I told them, -- who A lass of fourteen brided; 't was thy power To put life into dust; the aged cramp Had screw'd his square foot round, The gout had knit his fingers into knots, Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life

In him seem'd torture; this anatomy +Had by his young fair fere a boy, and I Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was, And who would not believe her? Brief, I am To those that prate, and have done, no companion;

To those that boast, and have not, a defier; 120 To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer: Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices The foulest way, nor names concealments in The boldest language; such a one I am, And vow that lover never yet made sigh Truer than I. O, then, most soft sweet god-

Give me the victory of this question, which Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign Of thy great pleasure.

[Here music is heard, and doves are seen to flutter: they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.

O thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st iso In mortal bosoms, whose chase is this world, And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks

For this fair token; which being laid unto Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance My body to this business.—Let us rise,

And bow before the goddess: time comes on. † They bow; then exernet.

Still music of records. Enter Emilia in white, her thair about her shoulders, and wearing \* wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet todowns, which being set upon the altar of DIANA, ther Maids standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curtsy and kneel.

Emi. O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,

Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative, Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights

blush.

Which is their order's robe; I here, thy priest,

Am humbled 'fore thine altar : O, youchsafe, With that thy rare green eye-which never yet Beheld thing maculate—look on thy virgin; And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear— Which nev'r heard scurril term, into whose

Nev'r entered wanton sound—to my petition, Season'd with holy fear. This is my last Of vestal office; I'm bride-habited, But maiden-hearted: a husband I have 'pointed.

But do not know him; out of two I should Choose one, and pray for his success; but I †Am guiltless of election : of mine eyes Were I to lose one, — they are equal precious,-

I could doom heither; that which perish'd

Go to't unsentenc'd: therefore, most modest

He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me And has the truest title in 't, let him Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant The file and quality I hold I may Continue in my band.

Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.

See what our general of ebbs and flows Out from the bowels of her holy altar With sacred act advances; but one rose! If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound Both these brave knights, and I, a virgin flower,

Must grow alone, unpluck'd.

[Here is heard a sudden twany of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree, which vanishes under the altar.

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends.—O mistress,

Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd, I think so; but I know not thine own will: Unclasp thy mystery.—I hope she's pleas'd; Her signs were gracious.

They curtsy, and exeunt.

Scene II.—Athens. A Room in the Prison. Enter Doctor, Gaoler, and Wooer in the habit of PALAMON.

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her l

58 .

Doctor.

Woocr. O, very much; the maids that kept | And do it home; it cures her, ipso facto, her company Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon; Within this half-hour she came smiling to me, And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiss her: I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice. Doctor. Twas well done: twenty times had been far better; For there the cure lies mainly. Then she told me She'd watch with me to-night, for well she What hour my fit would take me. Let her do so; 10 And when your fit comes, fit her home, and presently. Wooer. She would have me sing. Doctor. You did so ! Wover. No. Doctor. "I was very Ill done, then; You should observe her every way. Alas, I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way! Doctor. That's all one, if ye make a noise: If she entreat again, do anything; Lie with her, if she ask you. Hoa, there, doctor! Gavler. Doctor. Yes, in the way of cure. But first, by your leave, Gaoler. I' the way of honesty. That's but a niceness; Ne'er cast your child away for honesty: Cure her first this way; then, if she'll be honest, She has the path before her. Thank ye, doctor. ! Gaoler. Doctor. Pray, bring her in, And let's see how she is. I will, and tell her Gaoler. Her Palamon stays for her: but, doctor. E.vit. Methinks you are i'the wrong still. Go, go; You fathers are fine fools: her honesty! An we should give her physic till we find Wooer. Why, do you think she is not honest, Doctor. How old is she! She 's eighteen. Wooer. Doctor. She may be; But that's all one, 't is nothing to our purpose: Whate'er her father says, if you perceive Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of, Videlicet, the way of flesh-you have me? + Woorr. Yes, very well, sir.

Please her appetite,

Scene II. The melancholy humour that infects her. Wooer. I am of your mind, doctor. + Doctor. You'll find it so. She comes: pray, humour her. Re-enter Gaoler, with Daughter and Maid. Gaoler. Come; your love Palamon stays for you, child, And has done this long hour, to visit you. Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience: He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to him. Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me? Gaoler. Yes. Daugh. How do you like him ? He's a very fair onc. Daugh. You never saw him dance? Gaoler. No. I have often: Daugh. He dances very finely, very comely; And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him; He turns ye like a top. That 's fine indeed. 50 Gaoler. Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour, And that will founder the best hobby-horse, If I have any skill, in all the parish; †And gallops to the tune of "Light o' Love:" What think you of this horse? Having these virtues, I think he might be brought to play at tennis. Daugh. Alas, that's nothing. Gaoler. Can he write and read too? Daugh. A very fair hand; and casts himself th' accounts Of all his hay and provender; that hostler Must rise betime that cozens him. You The chestnut mare the duke has? Gaoler. Verv well. Daugh. She's horribly in love with him, poor beast; But he is like his master, coy and scornful. Gaoler. What dowry has she! Some two hundred bottles, And twenty strike of oats; but he'll ne'er have her: He lisps in 's neighing, able to entice A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her. Doctor. What stuff she utters! Gaoler. Make curtsy; here your clove Wooer. Pretty soul, How do ye? That's a fine maid; there's a curtsy !

Daugh. Yours to command, i'the way of

honesty.

Daugh.

Wooer.

masters?

What is there else to do?

If we shall keep our wedding there.

For there, I will assure you, we shall find Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture To marry us, for here they 're nice and foolish: Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow, And that would be a blot i' the business. Are not you Palamon ? Wooer. Do not you know me? Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing But this poor petticoat and two coarse smocks. Wooer. That's all one; I will have you. Will you surely? Wooer. Yes, by this fair hand, will I. We'll to bed, then. Wooer. Even when ou will. Kisses her. O, sir, you'd tain be nibbling. Wooer. Why do you rub my kiss off! 'T is a sweet one, Daugh. And will perfume me finely gainst the wedding. Is not this your cousin Arcite? Yes, sweetheart: And I am glad my consin Palamon Has made so fair a choice. Do you think he'll have me? Doctor. Yes, without doubt. Daugh. Do you think so too? Guoler. Daugh. We shall have many children,— Lord, how y' are grown !... My Palamon I hope will grow, too, finely, Now he's at liberty: alas, poor chicken, He was kept down with hard meat and ill lodging; But I'll kiss him up again. Enter Messenger. Mess. What do you here! you'll lose the noblest sight That eer was seen. Guoler. Are they i' the field? Mess. They are: You bear a charge there too. Gaoler. I'll away straight.— I must even leave you here. Nay, we'll go with you; +1 will not lose the sight.

How far is 't now to th' end o' the world, my

Wooer. What shall we do there, wench?

Will you go with me?

Why, play at stool-ball:

I am content,

T is true ;

Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.

Doctor. I'll warrant you, within these three or four days I'll make her right again.- You must not from her, But still preserve her in this way. Wooer. I will. Doctor. Let's get her in. Wooer. Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner; And then we'll play at cards. Dangh. And shall we kiss too! Woocr. A hundred times. Dangh, And twenty ! Woorr. Ay, and twenty. Daugh. And then we'll sleep together ! Doctor. Take her offer. 186 Wooer. Yes, marry, will we. Daugh. But you shall not hurt me. Wooer. I will not, sweet. Dangh. If you do, love, I'll cry. Ereunt.

Gnoler. How did you like her?

Scene III.—+A Part of the Forest near Athens, and near the Place appointed for the Combat.

Flourish. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Entlia, Pirithous, and Attendants.

Emi. I'll no step further.

Pir. Will you lose this sight?

Emi. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly, Than this decision: every blow that falls

Threats a brave life; each stroke laments

The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like

+A bell than blade: I will stay here,-

It is enough my hearing shall be punish'd

With what shall happen, gainst the which

No deafing, but to hear, -hot taint mine

With dread sights it may shun.

Pir. Sir, my good lord,

Your sister will no further.

Thes. O, she must:

She shall see deeds of honour in their kind, †Which sometime show well, pencill'd: nature

Shall make and act the story, the belief

Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present;

You are the victor's meed, the price and garland

To crown the question's title,

Emi. Pardon me; If I were there, I'd wink.

Thes. You must be there;

This trial is as 't were i' the night, and you The only star to shine.

Emi. I am extinct: :
There is but envy in that light, which shows
The one the other. Darkness, which ever
was

The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd Of many mortal millions, may even now, By casting her black mantle over both, That neither could find other, get herself Some part of a good name, and many a murder

Set off whereto she's guilty.

Hip. You must go. Emi. In faith, I will not.

Thes. Why, the knights must kindle Their valour at your eye: know, of this war You are the treasure, and must needs be by To give the service pay.

Emi. Sir, pardon me; == The title of a kingdom may be tried Out of itself.

Thes. Well, well, then, at your pleasure: Those that remain with you could wish their office

To any of their enemies.

Hip. Farewell, sister:
I'm like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time: he whom the
gods

Do of the two know best, I pray them he Be made your lot.

[Execut all except EMILIA and some of the Attendants.

Emi. Arcite is gently visag'd; yet his eye Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon Has a most menacing aspect; his brow Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns

Yet sometimes 't is not so, but alters to The quality of his thoughts; long time his

Will dwell upon his object; mclaucholy Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth; But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth, <sup>5</sup> So mingled as if mirth did make him sad, And sadness merry; those darker humours that

+Stick misbecomingly on others, on him Live in fair dwelling.

[Cornets : and trumpets sound as to a charge, within,

Hark, how you spurs to spirit do incite The princes to their proof! Arcite may win

And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to

The spoiling of his figure. O, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by, 60
I might do hurt; for they would glance their

Toward my seat, and in that motion might Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,
Which crav'd that very time: it is my

Which crav'd that very time: it is much better . . . . . .

I am not there; O, better never born Than minister to such harm.

> [Cornets; and a great cry of "A Palamon!" within.

What is the chance?

1 Serv. The cry's "A Palamon!"

Emi. Then he has won. 'T was ever likely: He look d all grace and success, and he is Doubtless the prim'st of men. I prythee,

And tell me how it goes.

[Shouts; cornels: and cry of "A Palamon!" within.

1 Serv. Still "Palamon!"

Emi. Run and inquire. [Exit first Servant.

Poor servant, thou hast lost:

Upon my right side still I wore thy picture, Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not; †I had no end in 't else; chance would have it so:

On the sinister side the heart lies; Palamon Had the best-boding chance.

[Another cry, and shout, and cornets, within.

This burst of clamour

Is sure the end o' the combat.

#### Re-enter first Servant.

1 Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's oody

Within an inch o' the pyramid, that the cry so Was general "A Palamon!" but anon 'Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and The two bold tytlers at this instant are Hand to hand at it.

Emi. Were they metamorphos'd Both into one ... O, why? there were no woman

Worth so compos'd a man: their single share, Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives The prejudice of disparity, values shortness To any lady breathing.

[Cornets: and cry of "Arcite, Arcite!" within. More exulting ?

" Palamon " still?

1 Serr. Nay, now the sound is "Arcite." Emi. I prythee, lay attention to the cry; Set both thine cars to the business.

[Cornets: and a great shout, and cry of "Arcite, victory!" within.

1 Serv. The cry is "Arcite!" and "victory!" Hark: "Arcite, victory!"

The combat's consummation is proclaim'd By the wind-instruments.

Emi. Half-sights saw

That Arcite was no babe: God's lid, his richness.

And costliness of spirit look'd through him; it could

No more be hid in him than fire in flax,

Than humble banks can go to law with waters

That drift-winds force to raging. I did think

Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew
not

Why I did think so: our reasons are not prophets,

When oft our fancies are. They're coming off:

Alas, poor Palamon! [Cornets within.

Re-enter Theseus, Ilippolyta, Pirithous, with Arcite as victor, Attendants, &c.

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation, Yet quaking and unsettled.—Fairest Emily, The gods, by their divine arbitrament,

Have given you this 'might: he is a good one As ever struck at head. Give me your hands: Receive you her, you him; be plighted with A love that grows as you decay.

Arc. Emily, in To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me, Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,

As I do rate your value.

Thes. O lov'd sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed: surely, the gods
Would have him die a bach'lor, lest his race
Should show i' the world too godlike: his behaviour

So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was To him a sow of lead: if I could praise 129 †Each part of him to th' all I 've spoke, your Arcit?

Did not lose by 't; for he that was thus good Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o' the night

With their contentious throats, now one the higher,

And the other, then again the first,
And by-and-by out breasted, that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em: so it far'd
Good space between these kinsmen; till
heavens did

Make hardly one the winner.—Wear the garland With joy that you have won.—For the subdu'd,

Give them our present justice, since I know Their lives but pinch 'cm: let it here be done. The scenes's not for our seeing: go we hence, Right joyful, with some sorrow.—Arm your 'prize;

I know you will not lose her.—Hippolyta, 1 see one eye of yours conceives a tear, The which it will deliver.

Emi. Is this winning?
O all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?

But that your wills have said it must be so, And charge me live to comfort this unfriended, This miserable prince, that cuts away

A life more worthy from him than all women, I should and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pity, That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one, That two must needs be blind for 't!

Thes. So it is. [Flourish. Execut.

Scene IV.—The Same; a Block prepared.

Enter Palamon and his Knights pinioned, Gaoler, Executioner, &c., and Guard.

Pal. There's many a man alive that hath outliv'

The love o' the people; yea, i' the selfsame state

Stands many a father with his child: some comfort

We have by so considering; we expire, And not without men's pity; to live, still Have their good wishes; we prevent The loathsome misery of age, beguile

The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend For gray approachers; we come towards the gods,

Young and unwapper'd, not halting under crimes

Many and stale; that, sure, shall please the gods

Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em, For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,

Whose lives for this poor comfort are laid down,

You 've sold 'em too too cheap.

1 Knight. What ending could be Of more content? O'er us the victors have Fortune, whose title is as momentary As to us death is certain; a grain of honour They not o'erweigh us.

2 Knight. Let us bid farewell;

And withour patience anger tottering Fortune, Who, at her certain'st, reels.

3 Knight. Come; who begins?

Pal. Even he that led you to this banquet shall

Taste to you all.—Ah, hat my friend, my friend!

Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once; You'll see't done now for ever: pray, how does she?

I heard she was not well; her kind of ill Gave me some sorrow.

Guoler. Sir, she's well restor'd, And to be married shortly.

Pat. By my short life, I am most glad on 't; 't is the latest thing I shall be glad of; pr'ythee, tell her so; se Commend me to her, and, to piece her portion, Tender her this.

[Gives purse.]

1 Knight. Nay, let's be offerers all.

2 Knight. Is it a maid!

Pal. Verily, I think so; A right good creature, more to me descrying That I can 'quite or speak of.

All the Knights. Commend us to her. [Giving their purses.

Guoler. The gods requite you all, and make her thankful!

Pal. Adieu; and let my life be now as short

As my leave-taking.

1 Knight. Lead, courageous cousin.

All the Knights. We'll follow cheerfully.

[PALAMON lays his head on the block. A great noise, and cry of "Run, sace, hold!" within.

Enter Messenger in haste.

Mess. Hold, hold! O, hold, hold! 40
Enter Pirithous in haste.

Pir. Hold, hoa! it is a cursed haste you made,

If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon, The gods will show their glory in a life That thou art yet to lead.

Pal. Can that be, when Venus I've said is false! How do things

Pir. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear [PALAMON rises.

†That are most dearly sweet and bitter.

Pal.

What

Hath wak'd us from our dream?

Pir. List, then. Your cousin Mounted upon a steed that Emily

Did first bestow on him,—a black one, owing Not a hair-worth of white, which some will

Weakens his price, and many will not buy His goodness with this note; which superstition

Here finds allowance,—on this horse is Arcite Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins

Did rather tell than trample; for the horse Would make his length a mile, if 't pleas'd his rider

To put pride in him: as he thus went counting

The flinty pavement, dancing as 't were to the

His own hoofs made, for, as they say, from iron

Came music's origin,—what envious flint, Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd With fire malevolent, darted a spark, Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire, Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder

His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,

Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd, And of kind manage; pig-like he whines At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means Of boisterous and rough jadry, to dis-seat His lord that kept it bravely: when naught

this lord that kept it bravely: when naught serv'd,

When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor differing plunges

Disroot his rider whence he grew, but that He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs on end he stands,

That Arcite's legs, being higher than his head, Seem'd with strange art to hang: his victor's wreath

Even then fell off his head; and presently Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise

Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living; But such a vessel't is that floats but for The surge that next approaches: he much

To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Argive in a chair.

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance! The gods are mighty. Arcite, if thy heart, Thy worthy, manly heart, be yet unbroken, Give me thy last words; I am Palamon, One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy
hand:

Farewell; I've told my last hour. I was | Did play a subtler game: the conquer'd false.

Yet never treacherous: forgive me, cousin. One kiss from fair Emilia. [Kisses her.] —T is

Take her. I die. Dies. Thy brave soul seek Elysium! Pal. Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince; blessed

souls be with thee! Thou art a right good man; and, while I live, This day I give to tears.

Pal. And I to honour. Thes. In this place first you fought; even very here

I sunder'd you: acknowledge to the gods - 130 **†Your thanks that you are living.** 

His part is play'd, and, though it were too

He did it well; your day is lengthen'd, and The blissful dew of heaven does arrowze

The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her ultar,

And given you your love; our master Mars Hath vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave The grace of the contention: so the deities Have show'd due justice.--Bear this hence. Pal, O cousin,

That we should things desire, which do cost

The loss of our desire! that naught could buy Dear love but loss of dear love!

Thes. Never fortune triumphs.

The victor has the loss; yet in the passage The gods have been most equal. Palamon, Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the

Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restor'd

As your stol'n jewel, and desir'd your spirit To send him hence forgiven: the gods my justice

Take from my hand, and they themselves become

The executioners. Lead your lady off; And call your lovers from the stage of death, Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two Let us look sadly, and give grace unto The funeral of Arcite; in whose end The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on, And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour, But one heur since, I was as dearly sorry As glad of Arcite, and am now as glad As for him sorry. O you heavenly charmers, What things you make of us! For what we

+We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still Are children in some kind. Let us be thank

For that which is, and with you leave dispute That are above our question.— Let's go off, And bear us like the time.

Flourish. Execut.

#### EPILOGUE.

I would now ask ye how ye like the play; But, as it is with school-boys, cannot say I'm cruel fearful. Pray, yet stay a while And let me look upon ye. No man smile? Then it goes hard, I see. He that has Lov'd a young handsome wench, then, show his face, ---"T is strange if none be here, -and, if he will Against his conscience, let him hiss, and Our market. 'T is in vain, I see, to stay ye:

Have at the worst can come, then! Now what say ye! And yet mistake me not; I am not bold; We have no such cause. If the tale we've told

For 't is no other any way content ye,-For to that honest purpose it was meant ye,— We have our end; and ye shall have ere long, I dare say, many a better, to prolong Your old loves to us. We and all our might Rest at your service : gentlemen, good night. Flourish.

# EDWARD III.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONE.

EDWARD THE THIRD, King of England. Edward, Prince of Wales, his Son. EARL OF WARWICK. EARL OF DERBY. EARL OF SALISBURY. LORD AUDLEY. LORD PERCY. Lodowick, Edward's Confident. SIR WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE. Sir John Copland. Two Esquires, and a Herald, English. Robert, styling himself Earl, of Artois. EARL OF MONTFORT. GOBIN DE GRAY. John, King of France. CHARLES, } His Sons. PHILIP,

Duke of Lorrain.
Villiers, a French Lord.
King of Bohemia, A lids to King John.
A Polish Captain, S
Two Citizens of Calais.
A Captain, and a poor Inhabitant, of the same.
Another Captain; a Mariner.
Three Heralds, and four other Frenchmen.
David, King of Scotland.
Earl Douglas.
Two Messengers, Scotch.
Philippa, Edward's Queen.
Countess of Salisbury.
A French Woman.
Lords, and divers other Attendants; Heralds,
Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE-Dispersed; in England, Flanders, and France.

#### ACT I.

A Room of State in the Scene I.—London. Palace. Enter King Edward, attended; Flourish. PRINCE OF WALES, WARWICK, DERBY, AUDLEY, ARTOIS, and others. Edw. Robert of Artois, banish'd though thou be From France, thy native country, yet with Thou shalt retain as great a signiory; For we create thee Earl of Richmond here. And now go forwards with our pedigree; Who next succeeded Philip Le Beau? Art. Three sons of his; which all, successively, Did sit upon their father's regal throne; Yet died, and left no issue of their loins. Edw. But was my mother sister unto those 1 Art. She was, my lord; and only Isabelle Was all the daughters that this Philip had: Whom afterward your father took to wife; And, from the fragrant garden of her womb, Your gracious self, the flower of Europe's hope.

Derived is inheritor to France.

But note the rancour of rebellious minds. When thus the lineage of Le Beau was out, The French obscur'd your mother's privilege; And, though she were the next of blood, proclaim'd John, of the house of Valois, now their king: The reason was, they say, the realm of France, Replete with princes of great parentage, Ought not admit a governor to rule, Except he be descended of the male; And that's the special ground of their con-Wherewith they study to exclude your grace: But they shall find that forged ground of To be but dusty heaps of brittle sand. Perhaps, it will be thought a heinous thing. That I, a Frenchman, should discover this:

But Heaven I call to record of my vows;

But love unto my country, and the right,

Provokes my tongue thus lavish in report:

You are the lineal watchman of our peace.

What then should subjects, but embrace their

It is not hate, nor any private wrong,

And John of Valois indirectly climbs:

king?

And wherein may our duty more be seen,
Than, striving to rebate a tyrunt's pride,
Place 'the true shepherd of our commonwealth?

Edw. This counsel, Artois, like to fruitful showers,

Hath added growth unto my dignity:
And, by the fiery vigour of thy words,
Hot courage is engender'd in my breast,
Which heretofore was rak'd in ignorance;
But now doth mount with golden wings of
fame.

And will approve fair Isabelle's descent

Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel

That spurnagainst my sov'reignty in France.—

[Cornet within.

A messenger?—Lord Audley, know from whence.

[Exit Audley, and returns.

And. The Duke of Lorrain, having cross'd
the seas,

Entreats he may have conference with your highness.

Edw. Admit him, lords, that we may hear the news.—

[Exeunt Lords. King takes his state.

Re-enter Lords; with LORRAIN, attended.

Say, Duke of Lorrain, wherefore art thou come?

Lor. The most renowned prince, King John of France,

Doth greet thee, Edward: and by me commands,

That, for so much, as by his liberal gift
The Guyenne dukedom is entail'd to thee,
Thou do him lowly homage for the same: 
And, for that purpose, here I summon thee,
Repair to France within these forty days,
That there, according as the custom is,
Thou may'st be sworn true liegeman to the
king;

Or, else, thy title in that province dies, And he himself will repossess the place.

Edw. See, how occasion laughs me in the face! |
No sooner minded to prepare for France,
But, straight, I am invited; nay, with
threats,

Upon a penalty, enjoin'd to come:

"T were but a foolish part, to say him nay.—
Lorrain, return this answer to thy lord:
I mean to visit him, as he requests;
But how not servilely dispos'd to bend;
But like a conqueror, to make him bow:
His lame unpolish'd shifts are come to light;
and truth hath pull'd the visard from his

hat set a gloss upon his arrogance.

Dare he command a fealty in me?

Tell him, the crown, that he usurps, is mine;

And where he sets his foot, he ought to kneel:

'T is not a petty dukedom that I claim, But all the whole dominions of the realm; Which if with grudging he refuse to yield, I'll take away those borrow'd plumes of his, And send him naked to the wilderness.

Lor. Then, Edward, here, in sight of all thy lords,

I do pronounce defiance to thy face.

Prince. Defiance, Frenchman? we rebound it back,

Even to the bottom of thy master's throat: we And,—be it spoke with reverence of the king

My gracious father, and these other lords,—I hold thy message but as scurrilous;
And him, that sent thee, like the lazy drone,
Crept up by stealth unto the eagle's nest;
From whence we'll shake him with so rough
a storm,

As others shall be warned by his harm, War. Bid him leave off the lion's case he

wears;

Lest, meeting with the lion in the field, He chance to tear him piecemcal for his pride.

Art. The soundest counsel I can give his grace,

Is, to surrender ere he be constrain'd:
A voluntary mischief hath less scorn,
Than when reproach with violence is borne.

Lor. Degenerate traitor, viper to the place Where thou wast foster'd in thine infancy,

[Drawing his sword.]
Bear'st thou a part in this conspiracy?

Edw. Lorrain, behold the sharpness of this steel:

[Drawing his.]

Fervent desire, that sits against my heart, Is far more thorny-pricking than this blade; That, with the nightingale, I shall be scar'd, As oft as I dispose myself to rest,

Until my colours be display'd in France:

This is thy final answer; so be gone.

Lor. It is not that, nor any English brave Afflicts me so, as doth his poison'd view That is most false, should most of all be true

[Execut Lorrain, and Train.

Edw. Now, lords, our fleeting bark is

under sail:
Our gage is thrown; and war is soon begun,
But not so quickly brought unto an end.

Enter Sir WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE.

But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague?

How stands the league between the Scot and us?

Mount. Crack'd and dissever'd, my renown'd lord.

The treacherous king no sooner was inform'd Of your withdrawing of our army back, But straight, forgetting of his former oath, He made invasion on the bordering towns: Berwick is won; Newcastle spoil'd and lost; And now the tyrant hath begirt with siege The castle of Roxborough, where enclos'd wo The Countess Salisbury is like to perish.

Edw. That is thy daughter, Warwick, is it not:

Whose husband hath in Bretagne serv'd long,

About the planting of Lord Montfort there?

War. It is, my lord.

Edw. Ignoble David! hast thou none to grieve,

But silly ladies, with thy threat'ning arms?
But I will make you shrink your snaily horns.—

First, therefore, Audley, this shall be thy charge;

Go levy footmen for our wars in France:-And, Ned, take muster of our men at arms: In every shire elect a several band Let them be soldiers of a lusty spirit, Such as dread nothing but dishonour's blot: Be wary therefore; since we do commence A famous war, and with so mighty a nation. — Derby, be thou ambassador for us Unto our father-in-law, the Earl of Hainault: Make him acquainted with our enterprise; And likewise will him, with our own allies, That are in Flanders, to solicit too The Emperor of Almaigne in our name.— Myself, whilst you are jointly thus employ'd, Will, with these forces that I have at hand, March, and once more repulse the trait'rous Scots.

But, sirs, be resolute; we shall have wars On every side:—and, Ned, thou must begin Now to forget thy study and thy books, And ure thy shoulders to an armour's weight.

Prince. As cheerful sounding to my youthful spleen.

This tunult is of war's increasing broils, As, at the coronation of a king,
The joyful clamours of the people are,
When, "Ave, Cæsar!" they pronounce aloud;
Within this school of honour I shall learn,
Either to sacrifice my foes to death,
Or in a rightful quarrel spend my breath.
Then cheerfully forward, each a several way;
In great affairs 't is naught to use delay.

Scene II.—Roxborough, Before the Castle.

Enter Counters of Salisbury, and certain of her People, upon the Walls.

Count. Alas, how much in vain my poor eyes gaze

For succour that my sovereign should send!
Ah, cousin Mountague, I fear, thou want'st,
The lively spirit sharply to solicit
With vehement suit the king in my behalf:
Thou dost not tell him, what a grief it is
To be the scornful captive to a Scot;
Either to be woo'd with broad untuned oaths,

Or forc'd by rough insulting barbarism:
Thou dost not tell him, if he here prevail, 10
How much they will deride us in the north;
And, in their vile, uncivil, skipping jigs,
Bray forth their conquest, and our overthrow,
Even in the barren, bleak, and fruitless air.

Enter King DAVID, and Forces; with Douglas, Lorrain, and others.

I must withdraw; the everlasting foe Comes to the wall: I'll closely step aside, And list their babble, blunt, and full of pride. [Retiring behind the works.

Dac. My Lord of Lorrain, to our brother of France

Commend us, as the man in Christendom
Whom we most reverence, and entirely love.
Touching your embassage, return, and say,
That we with England will not enter parley,
Nor never make fair weather, or take truce;
But burn their neighbour towns, and so
persist

With eager roads beyond their city York.

And never shall our bonny riders rest;

Nor rusting canker have the time to eat

Their light-borne snaffles, nor their nimble spurs;

Nor lay aside their jacks of gymold mail; Nor hang their staves of grained Scottish ash, In peaceful wise, upon their city walls; so Nor from their button'd tawny leathern belts Dismiss their biting whinyards,—till your king

Cry out, Enough; spare England now for pity.

Farewell: and tell him, that you leave us here

Before this castle; say, you came from us Even when we had that yielded to our hands. Lor. I take my leave; and fairly will return

Your acceptable greeting to my king. [Exit.

Exeunt.

Dav. Now, Douglas, to our former task 9 happy comfort, welcome to our house!

again, 

The confident and boist rous boasting Seo

For the division of this certain spoil.

Doug. My liege, I crave the lady, and no more.

Dav. Nay, soft ye, sir, first 1 must make my choice;

And first I do bespeak her for myself.

Doug. Why then, my liege, let me enjoy her jewels.

Day. Those are her own, still liable to her, And, who inherits her, hath those withal.

Enter a Messenger, hustily.

Mess. My liege, as we were pricking on the hills,

To fetch in booty, marching hitherward We might descry a mighty host of men: The sun, reflecting on the armour, show'd A field of plate, a wood of pikes advanc'd; Bethink your highness speedily herein: An easy march within four hours will bring

The hindmost rank unto this place, my liege. Dear Dav. Dislodge, dislodge, it is the King of

England.

Doug. Jemmy my man, saddle my bonny

black.

Dav.-Mean'st thou to fight, Douglas? we

äre too weak.

Dong. I know it well, my liege, and there-

fore flee.

Count. My lords of Scotland, will ye stay

and drink?

[Rising from her concealment.

Dav. She mocks at us; Doughs, I can't endure it.

Count. Say, good my lord, which is he, must have the lady;

And which, her jewels? I am sure, my lords, Ye will not hence, till you have shar'd the spoils,

Dav. She heard the messenger, and Meard our talk;

And now that comfort makes her scorn at us.

# Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Arm, my good lord; O, we are all surpris'd!

Count. After the French ambassador, my liege.

and tell him, that you dare not ride to York; xcuse it, that your bonny horse is lame. To Dav. She heard that too; intolerable

græf!—

Toman, farewell: although I do not stay,—

[Alarums. Exeunt Scots.

Count. 'T is not for fear,—and yet you run away.—

O happy comfort, welcome to our house!

The confident and boist rous boasting Scot, —
That swore before my walls, he would not back,

For all the armed power of this land,—— With faceless fear, that ever turns his back, Turn'd hence against the blasting north-east wind,

Upon the bare report and name of arms.

## Enter MOUNTAGUE, and others.

O summer's day! see where my cousin comes.

Monn. How fares my aunt? Why, aunt,
we are not Scots;

Why do you shut your gates against your friends?

Count. Well may I give a welcome, cousin, to three,

For thou com'st well to chase my foes from hence.

Moun. The king himself is come in person hither;

Dear aunt, descend, and gratulate his highness.

Count. How may I entertain his majesty, To show my duty, and his dignity?

[Exit, from above.

Flowrish. Enter King Edward, Warwick, Artois, and others.

Edw. What, are the stealing foxes fled and

Before we could uncouple at their heels?

War. They are, my liege; but, with a cheerful cry,

Hot hounds, and hardy, chase them at the heels.

### Re-enter Countess, attended.

Edw. This is the countess, Warwick, is it not?

War. Even she, my liege; whose beauty tyrant fear,

As a May blossom with pernicious winds, Hath sullied, wither'd, overcast, and done.

Edw. Hath she been fairer, Warwick, than she is?

War. My gracious king, fair is she not at all.

If that herself were by to stain herself,
As I have seen her when she was herself.

Edw. What strange enchantment lurk'd in those her eyes,

When they excell'd this excellence they have, That now their dim decline hath power to

My subject eyes from piercing majesty, ! To gaze on her with doting admiration? Count. In duty lower than the ground I

And for my dull knees bow my feeling heart, To witness my obedience to your highness; With many millions of a subject's thanks For this your royal presence, whose approach Hath driven war and danger from my gate.

Edw. Lady, stand up: I come to bring thee peace,

However thereby I have purchas'd war. Count. No war to you, my liege; the Scots

And gallop home toward Scotland with their: haste.

Edw. Lest yielding here I pine in shameful love,

Come, we'll pursue the Scots; -Artois, away. while, my gracious Count. A little sovereign, stay,

And let the power of a mighty king Honour our roof; my husband in the wars, When he shall hear it, will triumph for joy: Then, dear my liege, now niggard not thy

Being at the wall, enter our homely gate. Edw. Pardon me, countess, I will come no near:

! dream'd to-night of treason, and I fear. Count. Far from this place let ugly treason

Edw. No further off, than her conspiring

Which shoots infected poison in my heart, Beyond repulse of wit, or cure of art. Now in the sun alone it doth not lie, With light to take light from a mortal eye; For here two day-stars, that mine eyes would

More than the sun, steal mine own light from It shall attend, while I attend on thee.—

Contemplative desire! desire to be

In contemplation, that may master thee! Warwick, Artois, to horse, and let's away. Count. What might I speak, to make my sovereign stay !

Edw. What needs a tongue to such a

speaking eye, That more persuades than winning oratory? Count. Let not thy presence, like the April

Flatter our earth, and suddenly be done. More happy do not make our outward wall, Than thou wilt grace our inward house withal.

Our house, my liege, is like a country swain, Whose habit rude, and manners blunt and plain,

Presageth nought; yet inly beautified With bounty's riches, and fair hidden pride: For, where the golden ore doth buried lie, 100 The ground, undeck'd with nature's tapestry, Scems barren, sere, unfertile, fruitless, dry; And where the upper turf of earth doth boast His pied perfumes, and party-colcur'd cost, Delve there, and find this issue, and their pride.

To spring from ordure, and corruption's side. But, to make up my all too long compare,-These ragged walls no testimony are

What is within; but, like a cloak, doth hide, From weather's waste, the under garnish'd pride.

More gracious than my terms can let thee be, Intreat thyself to stay a while with me. '161 Edw. As wise as fair; what fond fit can be

heard. When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's

guard 4-Countess, albeit my business urgeth me,

Come on, my lords, here will I host to-night. Exeunt.

#### ACT II.

Scene I.—The Same. Enter Lodowick.

Lod. I might perceive his eye in her eye

His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance; changing passion, like inconstant clouds,--

That, rack'd upon the carriage of the winds, Increase, and die, -- in his disturbed cheeks. Lo, when she blush'd, even then did he look palo:

Gardens of the Castle. As if her cheeks, by some enchanted power, Attracted had the cherry blood from his: Anon, with reverent fear when she grew pale, His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments; 10 But no more like her oriental red, Than brick to coral, or-live things to dead. Why did he then thus counterfeit her looks? If she did blush, 't was tender modest shame, Being in the sacred presence of a king; If he did blush, 't was red immodest shame, To vail his eyes amiss, being a king: If she look'd pale, 't was silly woman's fear,

To bear herself in presence of a king;
If he look'd pale, it was with guilty fear, \*\*
To dote amiss, being a mighty king:
Then, Scottish wars, farewell; I fear, 't will prove

A ling'ring English siege of peevish love. Here comes his highness, walking all alone.

Enter King Edward.

Edw. She is grown more fairer far since I came hither;

Her voice more silver every word than other, Her wit more fluent: what a strange discourse

Unfolded she, of David, and his Scots?
"Even thus," quoth she, "he spake,"—and
then spoke broad,

With epithets and accents of the Scots; so But somewhat better than the Scot could speak:

"And thus," quoth she,—and answer'd then herself;

For who could speak like her? but she herself Breathes from the wall an angel's note from heaven

Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.

When she would talk of peace, methinks, her tongue

Commanded war to prison; when of war,
It waken'd Cæsar from his Roman grave,
To hear war beautified by her discourse.
Wisdom is foolishness, but in her tongue;
Beauty a slander, but in her fair face:
There is no summer, but in her cheerful looks;

Nor frosty winter, but in her disdain.

I cannot blame the Scots, that did besiege her,
For she is all the treasure of our land;
But call them cowards, that they ran away,
Having so rich and fair a cause to stay.—
Art thou there, Lodowick? give me ink and
paper.

Lod. I will, my sovereign.

Edw. And bid the lords hold on their play at chess.

For we will walk and meditate alone.

Lod. I will, my liege.

[E.cit.

Edw. This fellow is well read in poetry,
And hath a lusty and persuasive spirit:

I will acquaint him with my passion;
Which he shall shadow with a veil of lawn,
Through which the queen of beauty's queens
shall see

Herself the ground of my infirmity.---

Re-enter LODOWICK.

Hast thou pen, ink, and paper ready, Lodowick?

Lod. Ready, my liege.

Edv. Then in the summer arbour sit by me,

Make it our council-house, or cabinet; Since green our thoughts, green be the conventicle,

Where we will ease us by disburd'ning them. Now, Lodowick, invocate some golden muse, To bring thee hither an enchanted pen, That may, for sighs, set down true sighs in-

deed;
Talking of grief, to make thee ready grown;
And, when thou writ'st of tears, encouch the

word.
Before, and after, with such sweet laments, 70
That it may raise drops in a Tartar's eye,
And make a fliut heart Scythian pitiful:
For so much moving hath a poet's pen;
Then, if thou be a poet, move thou so,
And be enrich'd by thy sovereign's love.
For, if the touch of sweet concordant strings
Could force attendance in the cars of hell;

Could force attendance in the ears of hell; How much more shall the strains of poet's wit Beguile, and ravish, soft and humane minds? Lod. To whom, my lord, shall I direct my

Edw. To one that shames the fair, and sots the wise;

Whose body, as an abstract, or a brief,
Contains each general virtue in the world:
Better than beautiful, -thou must begin;
Devise for fair a fairer word than fair;
And every ornament, that thou wouldst praise,

Fly it a pitch above the sour of praise:
For flattery fear thou not to be convicted;
For, were thy admiration ten times more,
Ten times ten thou and more the worth ex-

Of that thou art to praise, thy praise's worth, Begin, I will to contemplate the while: Forget not to set down, how passionate, How heart-sick, and how full of languishment, Her beauty makes me.

Lod. Write I to a woman?

Edw. What beauty else could triumph over

me;

Or who, but woman, do our love-lays greet t What, think'st thou I did bid thee praise a horse?

Lod. Of what condition or estate she is, no "T were requisite that I should know, my lord.

Edw. Of such estate, that hers is as a throne.

And my estate the footstool where she treads Then may'st thou judge what her condition is, By the proportion of her mightiness.

Write on, while I peruse her in my thoughts.—

Her voice to music, or the nightingale: To music every summer-leaping swain
Compares his sun-burnt lover when one
speaks:

And why should I speak of the nightingale? The nightingale sings of adulterate wrong; And that, compar'd, is too satirical:

For sin, though sin, would not be so esteem'd; But, rather, virtue sin, sin virtue deem'd. Her hair, far softer than the silkworm's twist, Like to a flattering glass, doth make more fair

The yellow amber: like a flattering glass
Comes in too soon; for, writing of her eyes,
I'll say, that like a glass they catch the sun,
And thence the hot reflection doth rebound
Against my breast, and burns my heart
within.

Ah, what a world of descant makes my soul Upon this voluntary ground of love!— Come, Lodowick, hast thou turn'd thy ink to gold?

If not, write but in letters capital My mistress' name,

And it will gild thy paper: read, lord, read, Fill thou the empty hollows of mine cars With the sweet hearing of thy poetry.

Lod. I have not to a period brought her praise.

Educ. Her praise is as my love, both infinite.

Which apprehend such violent extremes, That they disdain an ending period.

Her beauty hath no match, but my affection; Hers more than most, mine most, and more than more:

Hers more to praise, than tell the sea by drops:

Nay, more, than drop the massy earth by sands

And, sand by sand, print them in memory: Then wherefore talk'st thou of a period, To that which craves unended admiration! Read, let us hear.

Lod. "More fair, and chaste, than is the queen of shades,"—

Edw. That line hath two faults, gross and palpable:

Compar'st thou her to the pale queen of night, Who, being set in dark, seems therefore light! What is she, when the sun lifts up his head, But like a fading taper, dim and dead?

My love shall brave the 'eye of heaven at

My love shall brave the 'eye of heaven at noon,

And, being unmask'd, outshine the golden sun.

Lod. What is the other fault, my sovereign lord?

Edw. Read o'er the line again.

Lod. "More fair, and chaste,"—

Edw. 1 did not bid thee talk of chastity,

To ransack so the treasure of her mind;

For I had rather have her chas'd, than chaste.

Out with the moon-line, I will none of it,

And let me have her liken'd to the sun:

Say, she hath thrice more splendour than the sun,

That her perfection emulates the sun,
That she breeds sweets as plenteous as the
sun,

That she doth thaw cold winter like the sun, That she doth cheer fresh summer like the sun,

That she doth dazzle gazers like the sun:
And in this application to the sun,
Bid her be free and general as the sun;
Who smiles upon the basest weed that grows,
As lovingly as on the fragrant rose,
Let's see what follows that same moon-light

line.

Lod. "More fair, and chaste, than is the

Lod. —" than Judith was."

Edw. O monstrous line! Put in the next a sword,

And I shall woo her to cut off my head. Blot, blot, good Lodowick! Let us hear the

Lod. There's all that yet is done.

Edw. I thank thee then, thou hast done little ill;

But what is done, is passing passing ill.

No, let the captain talk of boist'rous war;

The prisoner, of immured dark constraint;

The sick man best sets down the pangs of death;

The man that starves, the sweetness of a feast;

The frozen soul, the benefit of fire; And every grief, his happy opposite:

Love cannot sound well, but in lovers' tongues;

Give me the pen and paper, I will write.—

#### Enter Countess.

But, soft, there comes the treasurer of my spirit.—

Lodowick, thou know'st not how to draw a battle;

These wings, these flankers, and these squadrons

Argue in thee defective discipline:

Thou shouldst have plac'd this here, this other
here

gracious lord;

Let my intrusion here be call'd my duty, That comes to see my sovereign how he fares. Edw. Go, draw the same, I tell thee in what form.

Exit. Lod. I go. Count. Sorry I am, to see my liege so sad: What may thy subject do, to drive from thec

Thy gloomy consort, sullen melancholy? Edw. Ah, lady, I am blunt, and cannot strew

The flowers of solace in a ground of shame: -Since I came hither, countess, I am wrong'd. Count. Now, God forbid, that any in my

Should think my sovereign wrong! Thricegentle king,

Acquaint me with your cause of discontent. Edw. How near then shall I be to remedy? Count. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power

Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.

Edw. If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress:

Engage thy power to redeem my joys, And I am joyful, countess; else, 1

Count. I will, my liege.

Edw. Swear, countess, that thou wilt. Count. By Heaven, 1 will.

Edw. Then take thyself a little way aside; And tell thyself, a king doth dote on thee: Say, that within thy power it doth lie, To make him happy; and that thou hast

sworn, To give me all the joy within thy power: Do this; and tell me, when I shall be happy. Count. All this is done, my thrice-dread sovereign:

That power of love, that I have power to give,

Thou hast with all devout obedience; Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof. Edw. Thou hear'st me say, that I do dote

Count. If on my beauty, take it if thou canst;

Though little, I do prize it ten times less: If on my virtue, take it if thou canst; For virtue's store, by giving doth augment: Be it on what it will, that I can give, And thou canst take away; inherit it.

Edw. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy. Count. O, were it painted, I would wipe it

And dispossess myself, to give it thee. But, sovereign, it is solder'd to my life;

Count. Pardon my boldness, my thrice- Take one, and both; for, like an humble shadow,

Scene 1.

It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life. Edw. But thou may'st lend it me, to sport

Count. As easy may my intellectual soul Be lent away, and yet my body live, As lend my body, palace to my soul, Away from her, and yet retain my soul. My body is her bower, her court, her abbey, And she an angel, pure, divine, unspotted; If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee, I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.

Edw. Didst thou not swear, to give me what I would?

Count. 1 did, my liege; so, what you would,

Edv. I wish no more of thee, than thou may'st give :

Nor beg I do not, but 4 rather buy, That is, thy love; and, for that love of thine, In rich exchange, I tender to thee mine,

Count. But that your lips were sacred, O my lord,

You would profane the holy name of love: That love, you offer me, you cannot give; For Casar owes that tribute to his queen: That love, you beg of me, I cannot give; For Sarah owes that duty to her lord. He, that doth clip, or counterfeit, your stamp, Shall die, my lord; and will your sacred self Commit high treason against the King of heaven,

To stamp his image in forbidden metal, Forgetting your allegiance, and your oath i In violating marriage' sacred law, You break a greater honour than yourself: To be a king, is of a younger house, Than to be married; your progenitor, Sole-reigning Adam on the universe, By God was honour'd for a married man, But not by him anointed for a king. It is a penalty, to break your statutes, Though not enacted by your highness' hand: How much more, to infringe the holy act Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand ?

I know, my sovereign—in my husband's love, Who now doth loyal service in his wars— Doth but to try the wife of Salisbury, Whether she will hear a wanton's tale, or no; Lest being therein guilty by my stay, From that, not from my liege, I turn away.

Edw. Whether is her beauty by her words divine; Or are her words sweet chaplains to her

beauty?

Like as the wind doth beautify a sail,
And as a sail becomes the unseen wind,
So do her words her beauty, beauty words.
O, that I were a honey-gathering bee,
To bear the comb of virtue from his flower;
And not a poison-sucking envious spider,
To turn the vice I take to deadly venom!
Religion is austere, and beauty gentle;
Too strict a guardian for so fair a ward.
O, that she were, as is the air, to me!
Why, so she is; for, when I would embrace her,

This do I, and catch nothing but myself. I must enjoy her; for I cannot beat, With reason, and reproof, fond love away.

#### Enter WARWICK.

Here comes her father: I will work with him, To bear my colours, in this field of love.

War. How is it, that my sovereign is so sad?

May I with pardon know your highness' grief, And that my old endeavour will remove it, It shall not cumber long your majesty.

Edw. A kind and voluntary gift thou proffer'st,

That I was forward to have begg'd of thee.
But, O thou world, great nurse of flattery,
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with gorden
words.

And peise their deeds with weight of neavy lead.

That fair performance cannot follow promise?

O, that a man might hold the heart's close book:

And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth

The breath of falsehood not character'd there!

War. Far be it from the honour of my
age.

That I should owe bright gold, and render lead:

Age is a cynic, not a flatterer:
I say again, that, if I knew your grief,
And that by me it may be lessened,
My proper harm should buy your highness'
good.

Edw. These are the vulgar tenders of false men.

That never pay the duty of their words.

Thou wilt not stick to swear what thou hast said;

But, when thou know'st my grief's condition, This rash-disgorged vomit of thy word Thou wilt eat up again, and leave me helpless.

War. By Heaven, I will not; though your majesty

Did bid me run upon your sword, and die.

Edw. Say, that my grief is no way med'cinable,

But by the loss and bruising of thine honour to War. If nothing but that loss may vantage you.

I would account that loss my vantage too.

Edv. Think'st, that thou canst unswear
thy oath again?

War. I cannot; nor I would not, if I could.

Edv. But, if thou dost, what shall I say to thee?

War. What may be said to any perjur'd villain,
That breaks the sacred warrant of an oath.

Edw. What wilt thou say to one that breaks an oath?

War. That he hath broke his faith with God and man,

And from them both stands excommunicate.

Edw. What office were it, to suggest a man
To break a lawful and religious vow?

War. An office for the devil, not for man. 200 Edw. That devil's office must thou do for me; Or break thy oath, or cancel all the bonds Of love, and duty, 'twixt thyself and me. And therefore, Warwick, if thou art thyself, The lord and master of thy word and oath, Go to thy daughter; and, in my behalf, Command her, woo her, win her any ways, To be my mistress, and my secret love.

I will not stand to hear thee make reply; 349
Thy oath break hers, or let thy sovereign die.

[Exit:

War. O doting king! O detestable office! Well may I tempt myself to wrong myself, When he hath sworn me by the name of God, To break a vow made by the name of God. What if I swear by this right hand of mine, To cut this right hand off? the better way Were, to profane the idol, than confound it: But neither will I do; I 'll keep my oath, And to my daughter make a recantation Of all the virtue I have preach'd to her: I'll say, she must forget her husband Salis-

If she remember, to embrace the king;
I'll say, an oath may easily be broken,
But not so easily pardon'd, being broken;
I'll say, it is true charity to love,
But not true love to be so charitable;
I'll say, his greatness may bear out the shame,
But not his kingdom can buy out the sin;
I'll say, it is my duty to persuade,
But not her honesty to give consent:

#### Enter COUNTESS.

See, where she comes: was never father, had, Against his child, an embassage so bad. Count. My lord and father, I have sought for you:

My mother and the peers importune you, To keep in presence of his majesty,

And do your best to make his highness merry.

War. How shall I enter on this graceless

errand?

I must not call her child; for where's the father

That will, in such a suit, seduce his child?
Then, Wife of Salisbury,—shall I so begin?
No, he's my friend; and where is found the friend,

That will do friendship such endamagement?— Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife.

I am not Warwick, as thou think'st I am, But an attorney from the court of hell; That thus have hous'd my spirit in his form, To do a message to thee from the king. The mighty King of England dotes on thee; He, that hath power to take away thy life, Hath power to take thine honour; then con-

To pawn thine honour, rather than thy life:
Honour is often lost, and got again;
But life, once gone, hath ro recovery.
The sun, that withers hay, doth nourish grass;
The king, that would distain thee, will advance thee.

The poets write, that great Achilles' spear Could heal the wound it made: the moral is, What mighty men misdo, they can amend. The lion doth become his bloody jaws, And grace his foragement, by being mid when vassal fear lies trembling at his feet. The king will in his glory hide thy shame; And those, that gaze on him to find out thee, Will lose their eyesight, looking in the sun. What can one drop of poison harm the sea, Whose hugy vastures can digest the ill, And make it lose his operation?

The king's great name will temper thy mis-

deeds,
And give the bitter potion of reproach
A sugar'd-sweet and most delicious taste:
Besides, it is no harm, to do the thing
Which without shame could not be left undone.

Thus have I, in his majesty's behalf, Apparell'd sin in virtuous sentences, And dwell upon thy answer in his suit.

\*Count. Unnatural besiege! Woe me un-

To have escap'd the danger of my foes,
And to be ten times worse inwir'd by friends!
Hath he no means to stain my honest blood,
But to corrupt the author of my blood,

To be his scandalous and vile solicitor?

No marvel then, though the branches be infected,

When poison hath encompassed the root: No marvel, though the leprous infant die, When the stern dam envenometh the dug. Why then, give sin a passport to offend, And youth the dangerous rein of liberty: Blot out the strict forbidding of the law; And cancel every canon, that prescribes A shame for shame, or penance for offence. No, let me die, if his too boist rous will will have it so, before I will consent To be an actor in his graceless lust.

War. Why, now thou speak'st as I would have thee speak:

And mark how I unsay my words again. An honourable grave is more esteem'd, Than the polluted closet of a king: The greater man, the greater is the thing, Be it good, or bad, that he shall undertake: An unreputed mote, flying in the sun. Presents a greater substance than it is: The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss: Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe: That sin doth ten times aggravate itself, That is committed in a holy place: An evil deed, done by authority, Is sin, and subornation: deck an apo In tissue, and the beauty of the robe Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast. 450 A spacious field of reasons could I urge, Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame: That poison shows worst in a golden cup ; Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;

Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds; And every glory that inclines to sin,
The same is treble by the opposite.
So leave I, with my blessing in thy bosom;
Which then convert to a most heavy curse,
When thou convert'st from honour's golden
name

To the black faction of bed-blotting shame! [Exit.

Count. I'll follow thee; and, when my mind turns so,

My body sink my soul in endless woe!

Exit.

Scene II.—The Same. A Room in the Castle

Enter Derby and Audley, meeting.

Der. Thrice-noble Audley, well encounter'd here: How is it with our sovereign, and his peers?

Aud. "T is full a fortnight, since I saw his highness,

What time he sent me forth to muster men; Which I accordingly have done, and bring them hither

In fair array before his majesty.

What news, my Lord of Derby, from the emperor?

Der. As good as we desire: the emperor Hath yielded to his highness friendly aid; And makes our king lieutenant-general, 10 In all his lands and large dominions:

Then via for the spacious bounds of France!

Aud. What, doth his highness leap to hear these news?

Der. I have not yet found time to open them;

The king is in his closet, malcontent,
For what, I know not, but he gave in charge,
Till after dinner, none should interrupt
him

The Countess Salisbury, and her father Warwick,

Artois, and all, look underneath the brows.

Aud. Undoubtedly, then something is amiss.

[Trumpet within.

Der. The trumpets sound; the king is now abroad.

#### Enter EDWARD.

Aud. Here comes his highness.

Der. Befall my sovereign all my sovereign's wish!

Edw. Ah, that thou wert a witch, to make it so

Der. The emperor greeteth you:

[Presenting letters.

Edw. 'Would it were the countess! Der. And hath accorded to your highness'

Edw. Thou liest, she hath not; but I would, she had!

And. All love, and duty, to my lord the

Edw. Well, all but one is none:—what news with you?

Aud. I have, my liege, levied those horse and foot,

According to your charge, and brought them hither.

Edw. Then let those foot trudge hence upon those horse,

According to our discharge, and be gone.— Derby, I'll look upon the countess' mind Anon.

Der. The countess' mind, my liege?

Edw. I mean the emperor: 'leave me alone.

Aud. What's in his mind?

Der. Let's leave him to his humour.

[Exeunt DERBY and AUDLEY.]

Edw. Thus from the heart's abundance speaks the tongue;

Countess for emperor: and, indeed, why not? She is as imperator over me;

And I to her

Am as a kneeling vassal, that observes.

The pleasure, or displeasure, of her eye.—

#### Enter Lodowick.

What says the more than Cleopatra's match To Casar now?

Lod. That yet, my liege, ere night
She will resolve your majesty. [Drum within.
Edw. What drum is this, that thunders
forth this march.

To start the tender Cupid in my bosom?

Poor sheep-skin, how it brawls with him that beateth it!

Go, break the thund'ring parchment bottom out,

And I will teach it to conduct sweet lines
Unto the bosom of a heavenly nymph:
For I will use it as my writing-paper;
And so reduce him, from a scolding drum,
To be the herald, and dear counsel-bearer,
Betwixt a goddess and a mighty king.

Go, bid the drummor learn to touch the lute,
Or hang him in the braces of his drum;
For now we think it an uncivil thing,
To trouble heaven with such harsh resounds:
Away.—

[Exit Lodowick.
The quarrel, that I have, requires no arms,
But these of mine; and these shall meet my

In a deep march of penetrable groans:
My eyes shall be my arrows; and my sighs
Shall serve me as the ventage of the wind, 70
To whirl away my sweet'st artillery:
Ah but, £las, she wins the sun of me,
For that is she herself; and thence it comes,
That poets term the wanton warrior, blind;
But love hath eyes as judgment to his steps,
Till too much loved glory dazzles them.—

#### Re-enter LODOWICK.

How now?

Lod. My liege, the drum, that struck the lusty march,

Stands with Prince Edward, your thrice-valiant son.

Enter PRINCE. LODOWICK retires to the door.

Edw. I see the boy. O, how his mother's face, so Moulded in his, corrects my stray'd desire,

.

And rates my heart, and chides my thievish 'So thou wilt hence a while, and leave me

Who being rich enough in seeing her, Yet seeks elsewhere: and basest theft is that, Which cannot cloke itself on poverty.— Now, boy, what news?

Prince. I have assembled, my dear lord and father,

The choicest buds of all our English blood, For our affairs to France; and here we come, To take direction from your majesty.

Edw. Still do I see in him delineate His mother's visage; those his eyes are

Who, looking wistly on me, make me blush; For faults against themselves give evidence: Lust is a fire; and men, like lanthorns,

Light lust within themselves, even through themselves.

Away, loose silks of wavering vanity! Shall the large limit of fair Brittany By me be overthrown I and shall I not Master this little mansion of myself? Give me an armour of eternal steel; I go to conquer kings; and shall I then Subdue myself, and be my enemy's friend? It must not be.-Come, boy, forward, advance !

Let's with our colours beat the air of France. Lod. My liege, the countess, with a smiling cheer,

Desires access unto your majesty.

[Advancing from the door, and whispering

Edw. Why, there it goes! that very smile of hers

Hath ransom'd captive France; and set the king,

The Dauphin, and the peers, at liberty.-- 110 Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy Exit PRINCE. friends.

Thy mother is but black; and thou, like her, Dost put into my mind how foul she is.— Go, fetch the countess hither in thy hand, And let her chase away those winter clouds; For she gives beauty both to heaven and

earth. Exit LODOWICK. The sin is more, to hack and hew poor men, Than to embrace, in an unlawful bed,

The register of all varieties Since leathern Adam till this youngest -hour.

Re-enter LODOWICK, with the COUNTESS.

Go, Lodowick, put thy hand into my purse, Play, spend, give, riot, waste; do what thou wilt,

Exit LODOWICK.

Now, my soul's playfellow! and art thou

To speak the more than heavenly word, of

To my subjection in thy beauteous love? Count. My father on his blessing hath commanded-

Edw. That thou shalt yield to me. Count. Ay, dear my liege, your due. Edw. And that, my dearest love, can be no less

Than right for right, and tender love for love.

Count. Than wrong for wrong, and endless hate for hate.-

But,—sith I see your majesty so bent, That my unwillingness, my husband's love, Your high estate, no. no respect respected Can be my help, but that your mightiness Will overbear and awe these dear regards,-I bind my discontent to my content, And, what I would not, I'll compel I will :

Provided, that yourself remove those lets, 140 That stand between your highness' love and . mine.

Edw. Name them, fair countess, and, by Heaven, I will.

Count. It is their lives, that stand between our love,

That I would have chok'd up, my sovereign. Edw. Whose lives, my lady? Count. My thrice-loving liege,

Your queen, and Salisbury my wedded husband;

Who living have that title in our love, That we cannot bestow but by their death.

Edw. Thy opposition is beyond our law. 150 Count. And so is your desire: if the law

Can hinder you to execute the one, Let it forbid you to attempt the other: I cannot think you love me as you say, Unless you do make good what you have sworn.

Edw. No more; thy husband and the queen shall die.

Fairer thou art by far than Hero was; Beardless Leander not so strong as I: He swum an easy current for his love; But I will through a helly spout of blood, To arrive at Sestos where my Hero lies.

Count. Nay, you'll do more; you'll make the river too,

With their heart-bloods that keep our love asunder,

Of which, my husband, and your wife, are | Either swear to leave thy most unholy suit.

Edw. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death

And gives in evidence, that they shall die; Upon which verdict, I, their judge, condemn

Count. O perjur'd beauty! more corrupted

When, to the great star-chamber o'er our

The universal sessions calls to count This packing evil, we both shall tremble for

Edw. What says my fair love? is she resolute?

Count. Resolv'd to be dissolv'd; and, therefore, this,-

Keep but thy word, great king, and I am

Stand where thou dost, I'll part a little from thee,

And see how I will yield me to thy hands. [Turning suddenly upon him, and showing two daggers.

Here by my side do hang my wedding knives: Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,

And learn by me to find her where she lies; And with this other I'll despatch my love, 180 Which now lies fast asleep within my heart: When they are gone, then I'll consent to love.

Stir not, lascivious king, to hinder me; My resolution is more nimbler far, Than thy prevention can be in my rescue, And, if thou stir, I strike: therefore stand

And hear the choice that I will put thee to:

And never henceforth to solicit me;

Or else, by Heaven, [kneeling] this sharppointed knife

Shall stain thy earth with that which thou wouldst stain,

My poor chaste blood. Swear, Edward, swear,

Or I will strike, and die, before thee here. Edw. Even by that Power I swear, that gives me now

The power to be ashamed of myself, I never mean to part my lips again . In any word that tends to such a suit. Arise, true English lady; whom our isle May better boast of, than e'er Roman might Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath task'd ze The vain endeavour of so many pens: Arise; and be my fault thy honour's fame, Which after-ages shall enrich thee with. I am awaked from this idle dream ;-Warwick, my son, Derby, Artois, and Audley, Brave warriors all, where are you all this while?

#### Enter Prince and Lords.

Warwick, I make thee warden of the north :— You, Prince of Wales, and Audley, straight to sea;

Scour to Newhaven; some, therestay forme:-Myself, Artois, and Derby, will through Flanders,

To greet our friends there, and to crave their

This night will scarce suffice me, to discover My folly's siege against a faithful lover; For, ere the sun shall gild the eastern sky, We'll wake him with our martial harmony.

10

#### ACT III.

Scene I.—Flanders. The French Camp.

Enter King John of France; his two Sons, CHARLES Duke of Normandy, and PHILIP; Duke of Lorrain, and others.

John. Here, till our navy, of a thousand

Have made a breakfast to our fee by sea, Let us encamp, to wait their happy speed,-Lorrain, what readiness is Edward in? How hast thou heard that he provided is Of martial furniture for this exploit?

Lor. To lay aside unnecessary soothing, And not to spend the time in circumstance,

"T is bruited for a certainty, my ford, That he's exceeding strongly fortified; His subjects flock as willingly to war, As if unto a triumph they were led.

Char. England was wont to harbour malcontents.

Blood-thirsty and seditious Catilines, Spendthrifts, and such as gape for nothing

But change and alteration of the state; And is it possible, that they are now So loyal in themselves?

Lor. All but the Scot; who solemnly protests,

As heretofore I have inform'd his grace, Never to sheathe his sword, or take a truce.

John. Ah, that's the anchorage of some better hope!

But, on the other side, to think what friends King Edward hath retained in Netherland, Among those ever-bibbing epicures,

Those frothy Dutchmen, puff'd with double

beer,
That drink and swill in every place they come,
Doth not a little aggravate mine ire:
Besides, we hear, the emperor conjoins,
And stalls him in his own authority:
But, all the mightier that their number is,
The greater glory reaps the victory.
Some friends have we, beside domestic power;
The stern Polonian, and the warlike Dane,
The King of Bohemia, and of Sicily,
Are all become confederates with us,
And, as I think, are marching hither apace.

But, soft, I hear the music of their drums, By which I guess that their approach is near.

Enter Bohemia, and Forces; and Aid of Danes, Poles, and Muscovites.

Bah. King John of France, as league, and neighbourhood

Requires, when friends are anyway distress'd,

I come to aid thee with my country's force.

Pole. And from great Moscow, fearful to
the Turk,

And lofty Poland, nurse of hardy men, I bring these servitors to fight for thee, • Who willingly will venture in thy cause.

John. Welcome, Bohemian king; and welcome, all:

This your great kindness I will not forget;
Beside your plentiful rewards in crowns,
That from our treasury ye shall receive:
There comes a hair-brain'd nation, deck'd in pride,

The spoil of whom will be a treble game.—And now my hope is full, my joy complete:
At sea, we are as puissant as the force
Of Agamemnon in the haven of Troy;
By land, with Xerxes we compare of strength,
Whose soldiers drank up rivers in their thirst:
Then, Bayard-like, blind over-weening Ned,
To reach at our imperial diadem,
Is, either to be swallow'd of the waves,
Or hack'd a-pieces when thou com'st ashore.

Enter a Mariner.

Mar. Near to the coast I have descried, my lord,

As I was busy in my watchful charge, The proud armado of King Edward's ships: Which, at the first, far off when I did ken, Seem'd as it were a grove of wither'd pines; But, drawing near, their glorious bright aspect,

Their streaming ensigns wrought of colour'd

Like to a meadow full of sundry flowers,
Adorns the naked bosom of the earth:
Majestical the order of their course,
Figuring the horned circle of the moon:
On the top-gallant of the admiral,
And likewise all the handmaids of his train,
The arms of England and of France united
Are quarter'd equally by herald's art.
Thus, tightly carried with a merry gale,
They plough the ocean hitherward amain.

John. Dare he already crop the flower-de-

I hope, the honey being gather'd thence, so He, with the spider, afterward approach'd, Shall suck forth deadly venom from the leaves.—

But where's our navy? how are they prepar'd
To wing themselves against this flight of
ravens?

Mar. They, having knowledge brought them by the scouts,

Did break from anchor straight; and, puff'd with rage,

No otherwise than were their sails with wind, Made forth; as when the empty eagle flies, To satisfy his hungry griping maw.

John. There's for thy news. Return unto

And, if thou scape the bloody stroke of war, And do survive the conflict, come again, And let us hear the manner of the fight.— [Exit Mariner.

Mean space, my lords, 't is best we be dispers'd To several places, lest they chance to land: First, you, my lord, with your Bohemian troops,

Shall pitch your battles on the lower hand;
My eldest son, the Duke of Normandy,
Together with this aid of Muscovites,
Shall climb the higher ground another way;
Here in the middle coast, betwixt you both,
Philip, my youngest boy, and I will lodge.
So, lords, be gone, and look unto your charge;
You stand for France, an empire fair and

[Exeunt Charles, Lorrain, Bohemia, and Forces.

Now tell me, Philip, what is thy conceit,
Touching the challenge that the English make?

Phi. 1 say, my lord, claim Edward what he can,

And bring he ne'er so plain a pedigree,

'T is you are in possession of the crown, And that's the surest point of all the law: But, were it not; yet, ere he should prevail, I'll make a conduit of my dearest blood, Or chase those straggling upstarts home again. John. Well said, young Philip! Call for bread and wine,

That we may cheer our stomachs with repast,

To look our foes more sternly in the face. [A table and provisions brought in; KING and his Son set down to it. Ordnance afar off.

Now is begun the heavy day at sea. Fight, Frenchmen, fight; be like the field of

When they defend their younglings in their caves!

Steer, angry Nemesis, the happy helm; That, with the sulphur battles of your rage, The English fleet may be dispers'd, and sunk! Ordnunce again.

Phi. O, father, how this echoing cannonshot,

Like sweetest harmony, digests my cates! John. Now, boy, thou hear'st what thund'ring terror 't is,

To buckle for a kingdom's sovereignty: The earth, with giddy trembling when it shakes,

Or when the exhalations of the air Break in extremity of lightning flash, Affrights not more, than kings, when they dispose

To show the rancour of their high-swoln Retreut heard. Retreat is sounded; one side hath the worse: O, if it be the French !-- Sweet Fortune, turn; And, in thy turning, change the froward winds,

That, with advantage of a favouring sky, Our men may vanquish, and the other fly!

## Enter Mariner.

My heart misgives :—say, mirror of pale death, To whom belongs the honour of this day? Relate, I pray thee, if thy breath will serve, The sad discourse of this discomfiture. Mar. I will, my lord.

My gracious sovereign, France hath ta'en the

And boasting Edward triumphs with success. These iron-hearted navies,

When last I was reporter to your grace, Both full of angry spleen, of hope, and fear, Hasting to meet each other in the face, At last conjoin'd; and by their admiral Our admiral encounter'd many shot: By this, the other, that beheld these twain 150 | And carry bag and baggage too?

Give carnest penny of a further wrack, Like fiery dragons took their haughty flight; And, likewise meeting from their smoky

Sent many grim ambassadors of death. Then 'gan the day to turn to gloomy night; And darkness did as well enclose the quick, . As those that were but newly reft of life: No leisure serv'd for friends to bid farewell; And, if it had, the hideous noise was such, As each to other seemed deaf, and dumb: 160 Purple the sea; whose channel fill'd as fast Withstreaming gore, that from the maimed fell, As did her gushing moisture break into The crannied cleftures of the through-shot planks:

Here flew a head, dissever'd from the trunk; There mangled arms, and legs, were toss'd aloft:

As when a whirlwind takes the summer dust. And scatters it in middle of the air: Then might ye see the reeling vessels split, And tottering sink into the ruthless flood, 170 Until their lofty tops were seen no more. All shifts were tried, both for defence and hurt:

And now the effect of valour, and of fear,-Of resolution, and of cowardice, We lively pictur'd; how the one for fame, The other by compulsion laid about: Much did the Nonpareille, that brave ship; So did the black-snake of Boulogne, than which

A bonnier vessel never yet spread sail: But all in vain; both sun, the wind and tide, Revolted all unto our foemen's side, That we perforce were fain to give them way, And they are landed: thus my tale is done; We have untimely lost, and they have won.

John. Then rests there nothing, but, with present speed,

To join our several forces all in one, And bid them battle, ere they range too far.— Come, gentle Philip, let us hence depart; This soldier's words have pierc'd thy father's heart.

Scene II.—Picardy. Fields near Cressi.

Enter a Frenchman, meeting certain others, a Woman and two Children, laden with household-stuff, as removing.

1 F. Well met, my masters: how now? what's the news?

And wherefore are you laden thus with stuff? What, is it quarter-day, that you remove,

I fear:

Have you not heard the news that flies abroad?

1 F. What news?

3 F. How the French navy is destroy'd at

And that the English army is arriv'd.

1 F. What then?

2 F. What then, quoth you? why, is 't not time to fly,

When enemy and destruction is so nigh?

1 F. Content thee, man; they are far enough from hence;

And will be met, I warrant you, to their cost, Before they break so far into the realm.

2 F. Ay, so the grasshopper doth spend the time

In mirthful jollity, till winter come; And then too late he would redeem his time, When frozen cold hath nipp'd his careless head. He, that no sooner will provide a cloak, Than when he sees it doth begin to rain, May, peradventure, for his negligence, Be throughly wash'd when he suspects it not. We, that have charge, and such a train as

Must look in time to look for them and us, Lest, when we would, we cannot be reliev'd.

1 F. Belike, you then despair of all success, And think your country will be subjugate.

3 F. We cannot tell; 't is good, to fear the

1 F. Yet rather fight, than, like unnatural

Forsake your loving parents in distress.

2 F. Tush, they, that have already taken

Are many fearful millions, in respect Of that small handful of our enemies: But 't is a rightful quarrel must prevail; Edward is son unto our late king's sister, Where John Valois is three degrees remov'd.

Wom. Besides, there goes a prophecy abroad,

Publish'd by one that was a friar once, Whose oracles have many times proved true; And now he says, "The time will shortly

When as a lion, roused in the west, Shall carry hence the flower-de-luce of France:"

These I can tell ye, and such-like surmises Strike many Frenchmen cold unto the heart.

Enter another Frenchman, hastily.

4 F. Fly, countrymen, and citizens of France!

2 F. Quarter-day? ay, and quartering day, Sweet-flow ring peace, the root of happy life. Is quite abandon'd and expuls'd the land: Instead of whom, ransack-constraining war Sits raven-like upon your houses' tops; Slaughter and mischief walk within your streets,

And, unrestrain'd, make havoc as they pass: The form whereof even now myself beheld, Now, upon this fair mountain, whence I came. For so far off as I direct mine eyes, I might perceive five cities all on fire, Corn-fields, and vineyards, burning like an oven;

And, as the recking vapour in the wind Turn'd but aside, I likewise might discern The poor inhabitants, escap'd the flame, Fall numberless upon the soldiers' pikes: Three ways these dreadful ministers of wrath Do tread the measures of their tragic march: Upon the right hand comes the conquering king,

Upon the left his hot unbridled son, And in the midst our nation's glittering host; All which, though distant, yet conspire in one To leave a desolation where they come. Fly, therefore, citizens, if you be wise, Seek out some habitation further off: Here if you stay, your wives will be abus'd, Your treasure shar'd before your weeping eyes; Shelter yourselves, for now the storm doth

Away, away! methinks, I hear their drums:-Ah, wretched France, I greatly fear thy fall; Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall.

Exeunt.

#### Scene III.—The Same.

Drums.Enter King Edward, marching; DERBY, &c., and Forces, and GOBIN DE GREY.

Edw. Where is the Frenchman, by whose cunning guidance

We found the shallow of this river Somme, And had direction how to pass the sea? Gob. Here, my good lord.

Edw. How art thou call'd I thy name ! Gob. Gobin de Grey, if please your excellence.

Edw. Then, Gobin, for the service thou hast done,

We here enlarge and give thee liberty; And, for a recompense, beside this good, Thou shalt receive five hundred marks in gold.-I know not how, we should have met our

Whom now in heart I wish I might behold.

## Enter ARTOIS.

Art. Good news, my lord; the prince is hard at hand,

And with him comes Lord Audley, and the rost,

Whom since our landing we could never meet.

Drums. Enter Prince, Audley, and Forces.

Edw. Welcome, fair prince! How hast thou sped, my son,

Since thy arrival on the coast of France?

Prince. Successfully, I thank the gracious heavens:

Some of their strongest cities we have won, As Harfleur, Lo, Crotage, and Carentan; And others wasted; leaving at our heels A wide apparent field, and beaten path, For solitariness to progress in:

Yet, those that would submit, we kindly pardon'd;

But who in scorn refus'd our proffer'd peace, Endur'd the penalty of sharp revenge.

Edw. Ah, France, why shouldst thou be thus obstinate

Against the kind embracement of thy friends? How gently had we thought to touch thy breast,

And set our foot upon thy tender mould,
But that, in froward and disdainful pride,
Thou, like a skittish and untamed colt,
Dost start aside, and strike us with thy
heels?---

But tell me, Ned, in all thy warlike course Hast thou not seen the usurping King of France?

Prince. Yes, my good lord, and not two hours ago,

With full an hundred thousand fighting men, Upon the one side o' the river's bank, I on the other; with his multitudes

I fear'd he would have cropp'd our smaller power:

But, happily, perceiving your approach, He hath withdrawn himself to Cressi plains; Where, as it seemeth by his good array, He means to bid us battle presently.

Edw. He shall be welcome, that's the thing we crave.

Drums. Enter King John; Charles and Philip, his Sons; Bohemia, Lorrain, &c., and Forces.

John. Edward, know, that John, the true King of France,— Musing thou shouldst encroach upon his land, And, in thy tyrannous proceeding, slay His faithful subjects, and subvert his towns,— Spits in thy face; and in this manner following

Upbraids thee with thine arrogant intrasion. First, I condemn thee for a fugitive, A thievish pirate, and a needy mate; One, that hath either no abiding place, Or else, inhabiting some barren soil, Where neither herb nor fruitful grain is had, Dost altogether live by pilfering:

Next,—insonuch thou hast infring'd thy faith, Broke league and solemn covenant made with mc.—

I hold thee for a false pernicious wretch: • And last of all,—although I scorn to cope With one such an inferior to myself; Yet, in respect thy thirst is all for gold, Thy labour rather to be fear'd than lov'd,— To satisfy thy lust in either part, Here am I come; and with me I have

brought
Exceeding store of treasure, pearl, and coin.
Leave therefore now to persecute the weak;
And, armed ent'ring conflict with the arm'd,

How thou canst win this pillage manfully.

Edw. If gall, or wormwood, have a pleasant

Then is thy salutation honey-sweet:
But as the one hath no such property,
So is the other most satirical.
Yet wot how I regard thy worthless taunts;—
If thou have utter'd them to soil my fame,
Or dim the reputation of my birth,
Know, that thy wolfish barking cannot hurt:
If slily to instnuate with the world,
And with a strumpet's artificial line
To paint thy vicious and deformed cause,
Be well assur'd, the counterfeit will fade,
And in the end thy foul defects be seen:
But if thou didst it to provoke me on,—
As who should say, I were but timorous,
Or, coldly negligent, did need a spur,—

towns,
Enter'd no further but upon the coast,
And there have ever since securely slept.
But if I have been otherwise employ'd,
Imagine, Valois, whether I intend
To skirmish, not for pillage, but for the

How, since my landing, I have won no

Bethink thyself, how slack I was at sea;

Which thou dost wear; and that I vow to have,

Or one of us shall fall into his grave.

Prince. Look not for cross invectives at
our hands,

Or railing execrations of despite: Let creeping serpents, hid in hollow banks, Sting with their tongues; we have remorseless swords,

And they shall plead for us, and our affairs.
Yet thus much, briefly, by my father's leave:
As all the immodest poison of thy throat
Is scandalous and most notorious lies,
And our pretended quarrel truly just,
So end the battle when we meet to-day;
May either of us prosper and prevail,
Or, luckless curst, receive eternal shame!

Edw. That needs no further question; and,
I know,

His conscience witnesseth, it is my right.— Therefore, Valois, say, wilt thou yet resign, Before the sickle's thrust into the corn, or that enkindled fury turn to flame?

John. Edward, I know what right thou hast in France;

And ere I basely will resign my crown, This champion field shall be a pool of blood, And all our prospect as a slaughter-house.

Prince. Ay, that approves thee, tyrant, what thou art:

No father, king, or shepherd of thy realm;
But one, that tears her entrails with thy
hands,

And, like a thirsty tiger, spck'st her blood.

And. You peers of France, why do you follow him

That is so prodigal to spend your lives?

Char. Whom should they follow, aged impotent.

But he that is their true-born sovereign?

Edw. Upbraid'st thou him, because within his face

Time hath engrav'd deep characters of age?
Know, these grave scholars of experience,
Like stiff-grown oaks, will stand immovable,
When whirlwinds quickly turn up younger
trees.

Der. Was ever any of thy father's house King, but thyself, before this present time? Edward's great lineage, by the mother's side, Five hundred years hath held the sceptre

Judge then, conspirators, by this descent,
Which is the true-born sovereign, this, or that.
Phi. Good father, range your battles, prate
no more

These English fain would spend the time in words,

That, night approaching, they might scape unfought.

John. Lords, and fny loving subjects, now's the time, 140
That your intended force must bide the touch:

Therefore, my friends, consider this in brief,—
He, that you fight for, is your natural king;

He, against whom you fight, a foreigner:
He, that you fight for, rules in elemency,
And reins you with a mild and gentle bit;
He, against whom you fight, if he prevail,
Will straight enthrone himself in tyranny,
Make slaves of you, and, with a heavy hand,
Curtail and curb your sweetest liberty.

Then, to protect your country, and your
king,

Let but the haughty courage of your hearts Answer the number of your able hands, And we shall quickly chase these fugitives. For what's this Edward, but a belly-god, A tender and lascivious wantonness, That t' other day was almost dead for love? And what, I pray you, is his goodly guard? Such as, but scant them of their chines of

And take away their downy feather-beds,
And, presently, they are as resty-stiff
As 't were a many over-ridden jades.

Then, Frenchmen, scorn that such should be your lords,

beef,

And rather bind ye them in captive bands.

French. Vive le roi! God save King John
of France!

John. Now on this plain of Cressi spread yourselves,—

And, Edward, when thou dar'st, begin the fight.

[Exeunt King John, Charles, Philip, Lorrain, Bohemia, and Forces.

Edw. We presently will meet thee, John of France:—

And, English lords, let us resolve the day, Either to clear us of that scandalous crime, 170 Or be entombed in our innocence.—
And, Ned, because this battle is the first That ever yet thou fought'st in pitched field, As ancient custom is of martialists, To dub thee with the type of chivalry, In solemn manner we will give thee arms:—Come, therefore, heralds, orderly bring forth A strong attirement for the prince my son.—

Flowrish. Enter four Heralds, bringing a coat-armour, a helmet, a lance, and a shield: first Herald delivers the armour to Kiny EDWARD; who puts it on his Son.

Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,
As with this armour I impall thy breast,
So be thy noble unrelenting heart
Wall'd in with flint of matchless fortitude,
That never base affections enter there;
Fight, and be valiant, conquer where thou
com'st!—

Now follow, loads, and do him honour toe.

Der. [Receiving the helmet from the second Herald.] Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,

As I do set this helmet on thy head,
Wherewith the chamber of thy brain is fenc'd,
So may thy temples, with Bellona's hand,
Be still adorn'd with laurel victory;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou
com'st!

Aud. [Receiving the lance from the third Herald.] Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,

Receive this lance, into thy manlike hand; Use it in fashion of a brazen pen, To draw forth bloody stratagems in France, And print thy valiant deeds in honour's book; Fight, and be valiant, conquer where thou

Art. [Receiving the shield from the fourth . Herald.] Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,

Hold, take this target, wear it on thy arm;

And may the view thereof, like Perseus'
shield, 200

Astonish and transform thy gazing foes
To senseless images of meagre death;
Fight, and be valiant, conquer where thou
com'st!

Edw. Now wants there nought but knight-hood; which, deferr'd,

We leave, till thou hast won it in the field.

Prince. My gracious father, and ye forward
neers

This honour, you have done me, animates

And cheers my green yet-scarce-appearing
strength

With comfortable good-presaging signs; No otherwise than did old Jacob's words, 210 When as he breath'd his blessings on his sons: These hallow'd gifts of yours when I profune, Or use them not to glory of my God, To patronage the fatherless, and poor, Or for the benefit of England's peace, Be numb my joints! wax feeble both mine

Wither my heart! that, like a sapless tree, I may remain the map of infamy.

Edw. Then thus our steeled battles shall be rang'd ;—

The leading of the vaward, Ned, is thine; 200 To dignify whose lusty spirit the more, We temper it with Audley's gravity; 'That, courage and experience join'd in one, Your manage may be second unto none: For the main battles, I will guide myself; And, Derby, in the rearward murch behind, That orderly dispos'd, and set in 'ray, Let us to horse; and God grant us the day!

#### SCENE IV .- The Same.

Alarums, as of a battle joined, Enter a many Frenchmen, flying; Prince, and English, pursuing; and exeunt: then enter King John and Lorrain.

John. O Lorrain, say, what mean our men to fly?

Our number is far greater than our foes.

Lor. The garrison of Genoeses, my lord,
That came from Paris, weary with their march,

Grudging to be so suddenly employ'd, •
No sooner in the fore-front took their place,
But, straight retiring, so dismay'd the rest,
As likewise they betook themselves to flight;
In which, for haste to make a safe escape,
More in the clust'ring throng are press'd to
death,

Than by the enemy, a thousand-fold.

John. O hapless fortune! Let us yet assay

If we can counsel some of them to stay.

Exeunt.

## Scene V.—The Same.

Drums. Enter King EDWARD and AUDIEY.

Edw. Lord Audley, whiles our son is in the chase,

Withdraw your powers unto this little hill, And here a season let us breathe ourselves.

Aud. I will, my lord. [Exit. Retreat. Edw. Just-dooming Heaven, whose secret providence

To our gross judgment is unscrutable, How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works.

That hast this day giv'n way unto the right, And made the wicked stumble at themselves?

### c Enter Artois, hastily.

Art. Rescue, King Edward! rescue for thy

Edw. Rescue, Artois? what, is he prisoner? Or, else, by violence fell beside his horse? Art. Neither, my lord; but narrowly beset With turning Frenchmen, whom he did pursue. As 't is impossible that he should scape,

Except your highness presently descend.

Edw. Tut, let him fight; we gave him arms

And he is labouring for a knighthood, man.

### Enter DERBY, hastily.

Der. The prince, my lord, the prince! O, succour him;

He's close encompass'd with a world of odds!

Edw. Then will be win a world of honour too.

If he by valour can redeem him thence:
If not, what remedy? we have more sons
Than one, to comfort our declining age.

## Re-enter AUDLEY, hastily.

Aud. Renowned Edward, give me leave, I pray,

To lead my soldiers, where I may relieve Your grace's son, in danger to be slain. The spares of French, like emmets on a bank, Muster about him; whilst he, lion-like, Entangled in the net of their assaults, Franticly rends, and bites the woven toil: But all in vain, he cannot free himself,

Edw. Audley, content; I will not have a man,

On pain of death, sent forth to succour him: This is the day ordain'd by destiny To season his courage with those grievous thoughts,

That, if he breathe out Nestor's years on earth, Will make him savour still of this exploit.

Der. Ah, but he shall not live to see those days.

Edw. Why, then his epitaph is lasting praise.

Aud. Yet, good my lord, 't is too much wilfulness.

To let his blood be spilt, that may be sav'd.

Edw. Exclaim no more; for none of you can tell,

Whether a borrow'd aid will serve, or no;
Pethaps, he is already slain, or ta'en:
And dare a falcon when she's in her flight,
And ever after she'll be haggard-like:
Let Edward be deliver'd by our hands,
And still, in danger, he'll expect the like;
But if himself himself redeem from thence, so
He will have vanquish'd, cheerful, death, and
fear,

And ever after dread their force no more, Than if they were but babes, or captive

Aud. O cruel father !- Farewell, Edward, then!

Der. Farewell, sweet prince, the hope of chivalry!

Art. O, would my life might ransom him from death!

Edw. But, soft; methinks, I hear

[Retreat sounded. pets' loud retreat:

The dismal charge of trumpets' loud retreat: All are not slain, I hope, that went with him; Some will return with tidings, good, or bad. Flourish. Enter Prince EDWARD in triumph, bearing in his hand his shivered lance; his sword, and battered armour, borne before him, and the body of the King of BOHEMIA, wrapped in the colours: Lords run and embrace him.

Aud. O joyful sight! victorious Edward lives!

Der. Welcome, brave prince! Edw. Welcome, Plantagenet

[Embracing him.

Prince. First having done my duty, as beseem'd,

[Kneels, and kisses his Father's hand.
Lords, I regreet you all with hearty thanks.
And now, behold,—after my winter's toil,
My painful voyage on the boist'rous sea
Of war's devouring gulfs and steely rocks,—
I bring my fraught unto the wished port,
My summer's hops, my travel's sweet reward:
And here, with humble duty, I present
This sacrifice, this first-fruit of my sword,
Cropp'd and cut down even at the gate of
death,

The King of Bohemia, father, whom I slew; Whose thousands had entrench'd me round about.

And lay as thick upon my batter'd crest,
As on an anvil, with their pond'rous glaives:

Yet marble courage still did underprop;
And when my weary arms, with often
blows,—

Like the continual lab'ring woodman's axe, so That is enjoin'd to fell a load of oaks,—
Began to falter, straight I would remember
My gifts you gave me, and my zealous vow,
And then new courage made me fresh again;
That, in despite, I carv'd my passage forth,
And put the multitude to speedy flight.
Lo, thus hath Edward's hand fill'd your

And done, I hope, the duty of a knight.

Edw. Ay, well thou hast deserv'd a knighthood, Ned

request,

And, therefore, with thy sword, yet reeking warm

[Receiving it from the soldier who bore it, and laying it on the kneeling PRINCE.

With blood of those that fought to be thy bane,

Arise, Prince Edward, trusty knight at arms: This day thou hast confounded me with joy, And prov'd thyself fit heir unto a king.

Prince. Here is a note, my gracious lord, of those

That in this conflict of our foes were slain:

Eleven princes of esteem; fourscore c. Barons; a hundred and twenty knights; And thirty thousand common soldids; And, of our men, a thousand.

Edw. Our God be prais'd! Now, John of France, I hope,

Thou know'st King Edward for no wanton-

No love-sick cockney; nor his soldiers, jades.—

But which way is the fearful king escap'd?

Prince. Towards Poitiers, noble father, and his sons.

Edw. Ned, thou, and Audley, shall pursue them still;
Myself, and Derby, will to Calais straight.
And there begirt that haven-town with siege.
Now lies it on an upshot; therefore strike,
And wistly follow while the game 's on foot,
What picture's this? [Pointing to the colories.
Prince.
A pelican, my lord,
Wounding her bosom with her crooked beak,
That so her nest of young ones may be fed.
With drops of blood that issue from her heart;
The motto, "Sie et vos, And so should you."

[Flourish. Execute in triumph.

## ACT IV.

Scene I.—Bretagne. Camp of the English.

Forces under the Earl of Salisbury; Salisbury's Tent. Enter Salisbury; to him, the Earl of Montfort, attended, a coronet in his hand.

Mont. My Lord of Salisbury, since by your aid

Mine enemy Sir Charles of Blois is slain, And I again am quietly possess'd In Bretagne's dukedom, know, that I resolve, For this kind furtherance of your king, and

To swear allegiance to his majesty:
In signs whereof, receive this coronet,
Bear it unto him; and, withal, my oath,
Never to be but Edward's faithful friend.

Sal. I take it, Montfort: thus, I hope, ere

The whole dominions of the realm of France Will be surrender'd to his conquering hand.

[Exeunt Montfort and Train.

Now, if I knew but safely how to pass, I would at Calais gladly meet his grace, Whither, I am by letters certified, That he intends to have his host remov'd. It shall be so: this policy will serve:—Ho, who's within? Bring Villiers to me.—

#### Enter VILLIERS.

Villiers, thou know'st, thou art my prisoner, And that I might, for ransom, if I would, 20 Require of thee an hundred thousand francs, Or else retain and keep thee captive still: But so it is, that for a smaller charge Thou may'st be quit, an if thou wilt thyself,

And this it is, procure me but a passport Of Charles the Duke of Normandy, that I, Without restraint, may have recourse to Calais

Through all the countries where he hath to do,

(Which thou may'st easily obtain, I think, By reason I have often heard thee say, between the and thyself were students once together). And then thou shalt be set at liberty.

How say'st thou? wilt thou undertake to do.

How say'st thou? wilt thou undertake to do it?

Vil. I will, my lord; but I must speak with him.

Sal. Why, so thou shalt; take horse, and post from hence:

Only, before thou go'st, swear by thy faith, That, if thou canst not compass my desire, Thou wilt return my prisoner back again; And that shall be sufficient warrant for thee.

Vil. To that condition I agree, my lord, 40 And will unfeignedly perform the same.

Sal. Farewell, Villiers.— Exit VILLIERS.— This once I mean to try a Frenchman's faith-

Scene II.—Picardy. The English Campbefore Calais.

Enter King Edward and Derby, with Soldiers.

Edw. Since they refuse our proffer'd league, my lord,

And will not ope their gates, and let us in.
We will entrench ourselves on every side,
That neither victuals, nor supply of men,
May come to succour this accursed town;
Famine shall combat where our swords are
stopp'd.

Der. The promis'd aid, that made them stand aloof,

A now retir'd, and gone another way;

will repent them of their stubborn will.

Enter some poor Frenchmen.

But what are these poor ragged slaves, my lord?

Edw. Ask what they are; it seems, they come from Calais.

Der. You wretched patterns of despair and woe,

What are yet living men; or gliding ghosts, Crept from your graves to walk upon the earth?

1 F. No ghosts, my lord, but men that breathe a life

Far worse than is the quiet sleep of death:
We are distress'd poor inhabitants,
That long have been diseased, sick, and lame;
And now, because we are not fit to serve,
The captain of the town hath thrust us forth,
That so expense of victuals may be sav'd.

Edw. A •charitable deed, and worthy
praise.—

But I wo do you imagine then to speed?
We are your enemies; in such a case
We can no less but put you to the sword,
Since, when we proffer'd truce, it was refus'd.

1 F. An if your grace no otherwise vouchsafe,

As welcome death is unto us as life.

Edw. Poor silly men, much wrong'd, and more distress'd!—

Go, Derby, go, and see they be reliev'd; Command that victuals be appointed them, And give to every one five crowns a-piece:—

[Exeunt Derby and Frenchmen. The lion scorns to touch the yielding prey; And Edward's sword must flesh itself in such As wilful stubbornness hath made perverse.—

Enter the Lord Percy, from England.

Lord Percy! welcome: what's the news in England?

Per. The queen, my lord, commends her to your grace;

And from her highness, and the lord vicegerent,

I bring this happy tidings of success:
David of Scotland, lately up in arms,
(Thinking, belike, he soonest should prevail,
Your highness being absent from the realm)
Is, by the faithful service of your peers,
And painful travel of the queen herself,
That, big with child, was every day in arms,
Vanquish'd, subdu'd, and taken prisoner.

Edw. Thanks, Percy, for thy news, with all my heart!

What was he, took him prisoner in the field?

Per. A squire, my lord; John Copland is his name:

Who since, entreated by her majesty, Denies to make surrender of his prize To any but unto your grace alone; Whereat the queen is grievously displeas'd.

Edw. Well, then we'll have a pursuivant despatch'd,

To summon Copland hither out of hand,
And with him he shall bring his prisoner .

king.

Per. The queen's, my lord, herself by this at sea;

And purposeth, as soon as wind will serve, To land at Calais, and to visit you.

Edw. She shall be welcome; and, to wait her coming, &
I'll pitch my tent near to the sandy shore.

Enter a French Captain.

Cap. The burgesses of Calais, mighty king, Have, by a council, willingly decreed To yield the town, and castle, to your hands; Upon condition, it will please your grace To grant them benefit of life, and goods.

Edw. They will so! then, belike, they may command,

Dispose, elect, and govern as they list.

No, sirrah, tell them, since they did refuse
Our princely elemency at first proclaim'd, we
They shall not have it now, although they
would;

I will accept of nought but fire and sword,
Except, within these two days, six of them,
That are the wealthiest merchants in the town,
Come naked, all but for their linen shirts,
With each a halter hang'd about his neck,
And prostrate yield themselves, upon their
knees,

To be afflicted, hang'd, or what I please; And so you may inform their masterships. [Exceunt Edward and Percy.

Cap. Why, this it is to trust a broken staff. Had we not been persuaded, John our king Would with his army have reliev'd the town, We had not stood upon defiance so:

But now't is past that no man can recall;
And better some do go to wrack, than all.

Exit.

Scene III.—Poitou. Fields near Poitiers.
The French Camp; Tent of the Duke of NORMANDY.

Enter CHARLES and VILLIERS.

Char. I wonder, Villiers, thou shouldst importune me

For one that is our deadly enemy.

Vil. Not for his sake, my gracious lord, so much

Am I become an earnest advocate,
As that thereby my ransom will be quit.

Clur. Thy ransom, man! why, need'st thou talk of that?

Art thou not free? and are not all occasions,
That happen for advantage on our foes,
To be accepted of and stood upon?

To be accepted of, and stood upon?

Vil. No, good my lord, except the same be

For profit must with honour be comix'd, Or else our actions are but scandalous: But, letting pass these intricate objections, Will't please your highness to subscribe, or no?

Char. Villiers, I will not, nor I cannot do it;

Salisbury shall not have his will so much, To claim a passport how it please himself. Vil. Why, then I know the extremity, my

I must return to prison whence I came.

Char. Return! 1 hope, thou wilt not,
Villiers:

What bird, that hath escap'd the fowler's gin, Will not be ware how she's ensnar'd again? Or, what is he, so senseless, and secure, That, having hardly pass'd a dangerous gulf, Will put himself in peril there again?

Vil. Ah, but it is mine oath, my gracious lord,

Which I in conscience may not violate,
Or else a kingdom should not draw me hence.
Char. Thine oath! why, that doth bind
thee to abide:

Hast thou not sworn obedience to thy prince?

Vil. In all things that uprightly he commands:

si

But either to persuade, or threaten me, Not to perform the covenant of my word, Is lawless, and I need not to obey.

Char. Why, is it lawful for a man to kill, And not, to break a promise with his foe? Vil. To kill, my lord, when war is once

Vil. To kill, my lord, when war is once proclaim'd,So that our quarrel be for wrongs receiv'd,

No doubt, is lawfully permitted us:
But, in an oath, we must be well advis'd to How we do swear; and, when we once have sworn,

Not to infringe it, though we die therefore: Therefore, my lord, as willing I return,
As if I were to fly to paradise. [Going.

Char. Stay, my Villiers; thine honourable mind

Deserves to be eternally admir'd.

Thy suit shall be no longer thus deferr'd;
Give me the paper, I'll subscribe to it:

[Signs, and gives it back.

And, wheretofore I lov'd thee as Villiers, •
Hereafter I'll embrace thee as myself;
Stay, and be still in favour with thy lord.

Vil. I humbly thank your grace: I must despatch,

And send this passport first unto the earl, And then I will attend your highness' pleasure.

Char. Do so, Villiers;—and Charles, when he hath need,

Be such his soldiers, howsoe'er he speed!

# Enter King John.

John. Come, Charles, and arm thee; Edward is entrapp'd,

The Prince of Wales is fall'n into our hands, And we have compass'd him, he cannot scape. Char. But will your highness fight to-day?

John. What else, my son? he's scarce eight thousand strong,

And we are threescore thousand at the least.

Char. I have a prophecy, my gracious lord.

Wherein is written, what success is like To happen us in this outrageous war; It was deliver'd me at Cressi' field, By one that is an aged hermit there.

[Reads.
"When feather'd fowl shall make thine army tremble.

And flint stones rise, and break the battle

Then think on him that doth not now dissemble; 70

For that shall be the hapless dreadful day; Yet, in the end, thy foot thou shalt advance As far in England, as thy foe in France."

John. By this it seems we shall be fortunate:

For as it is impossible, that stones
Should ever rise, and break the battle ray;
Or airy fowl make men in arms to quake;
So is it like, we shall not be subdu'd.
Or, say this might be true, yet, in the end,
Since he doth promise, we shall drive him
hence,

And forage their country, as they have done ours,

By this revenge that loss will seem the less.

But all are frivolous fancies, toys, and dreams:

Once, we are sure we have ensnar'd the son, Catch we the father after how we can.

[Exceunt. Scene IV.—The Same. The English Camp.

Enter Prince EDWARD, AUDLEY, and others.

Prince. Audley, the arms of death embrace us round,

And comfort have we none, save that to die,
We pay sour carnest for a sweeter life.
At Cressi' field our clouds of warlike smoke
Chok'd up those French moths, and dissever'd
them:

But now their multitudes of millions hide, Masking as't were, the beauteous burning sun; Leaving no hope to us, but sullen dark, And eyeless terror of all-ending night.

Aud. This sudden, mighty, and expedient head.

That they have made, fair prince, is wonderful. Before us in the valley lies the king, Vantag'd with all that heaven and earth can

yield•;

His party stronger battled than our whole: His son, the braving Duke of Normandy, Hath trimm'd the mountain on our right hand up

In shining plate, that now the aspiring hill
Shows like a silver quarry, or an orb;
Aloft the which, the banners, bannerets,
And new-replenish'd pendants, cuff the air,
And beat the winds, that, for their gaudiness,
Struggle to kiss them: on our left hand lies
Philip, the younger issue of the king,
Coating the other hill in such array,
That all his gilded upright pikes do seem
Straight trees of gold, the pendant streamers,
leaves;

And their device of antique heraldry, Quarter'd in colours seeming sundry fruits, Makes it the orchard of the Hesperides: Behind us too the hill doth bear his height, so (For, like a half-moon, op'ning but one way, It rounds us in) there at our backs are lodg'd The fatal cross-bows; and the battle there Is govern'd by the rough Chatillion. Then thus it stands,—the valley for our flight The king binds in; the hills on either hand Are proudly royalised by his sons; And on the hill behind stands certain death, In pay and service with Chatillion.

Prince. Death's name is much more mighty
than his deeds;—
40

Thy parcelling this power hath made it more. As many sands as these my hands can hold, Are but my handful of so many sands:

Then, all the world,—and call it but a power.—

Easily ta'en up, and quickly thrown away:

But, if I stand to count them sand by sand,
The number would confound my memory,
And make a thousand millions of a task,
Which, briefly, is no more, indeed, than one.
These quarters, squadrons, and these regiments,

Before, behind us, and on either hand,
Are but a power: when we name a man,
His hand, his foot, his head, have several
strengths;

And being all but one self instant strength,
Why, all this many, Audley, is but one,
And we can call it all but one man's strength.
He, that hath far to go, tells it by miles;
If he should tell the steps, it kills his heart:
The drops are infinite, that make a flood;
And yet, thou know'st, we call it but a rain.
There is but one France, and one King of
France,

That France hath no more kings; and that same king

Hath but the puissant legion of one king; And we have one: then apprehend no odds: For one to one is fair equality.—

#### Enter a Herald.

What tidings, messenger? be plain, and brief.

Her. The King of France, my sovereign lord and master,

Greets thus by me his foe the Prince of Wales:

If thou call forth an hundred men of name, Of lords, knights, 'squires, and English gentlemen,

And with thyself and those kneel at his feet, He straight will fold his bloody colours up, And ransom shall redeem lives forfeited:

If not, this day shall drink more English blood Than e'er was buried in our British earth.

What is the answer to his proffer'd mercy?

Prince. This heaven, that covers France, contains the mercy

That draws from me submissive orisons;
That such base breath should vanish from my
lips.

To urge the plea of mercy to a man,
The Lord forbid! Return, and tell thy king,
My tongue is made of steel, and it shall beg
My mercy on his coward burgonet;
Tell him, my colours are as red as his,
My men as bold, our English arms as strong.
Return him my defiance in his face.

Her. I go. Exit.

#### Enter another Herald.

Prince. What news with thee?

Her. The Duke of Normandy, my lord and master,

Pitying thy youth is so engirt with peril,

By me hath sent a nimble-jointed jennet,

As swift as ever yet thou didst bestrice,

And therewithal he counsels thee to fly;

Else, death himself hath sworn, that thou shalt die.

Prince. Back with the beast unto the beast that sent him;

Tell him, I cannot sit a coward's horse:
Bid him to-day bestride the jade himself;
For I will stain my horse quite o'er with blood,

And double-gild my spurs, but I will catch him;

So tell the carping boy, and get thee gone. 100 [Exit Herald.

### Enter another Herald.

Her. Edward of Wales, Philip, the second

To the most mighty Christian King of France,
Seeing thy body's living date expir'd,

All full of charity and Christian love, Commends this book, full fraught with prayers,

To thy fair hand, and, for thy hour of life, Entreats thee that thou meditate therein, And arm thy soul for her long journey towards.

Thus have I done his bidding, and return.

Prince. Herald of Philip, greet thy lord
from me;

All good that he can send, I can receive: But think'st thou not, the unadvised boy Hath wrong'd himself, in thus far tend'ring me?

Haply, he cannot pray without the book; I think him no divine extemporal:
Then render back this commonplace of prayer,
To do himself good in adversity;

Besides, he knows not my sin's quality, And therefore knows no prayers for my avail; Ere night, his prayer may be, to pray to God To put it in my heart to hear his prayer; 121 So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.

Her. I go. [Exit. Prince. How confident their strength and number makes them!—

Now, Audley, sound those silver strings of thine.

And let those milk-white messengers of time Show thy time's learning in this dangerous time;

Thyself art bruis'd and bit with many broils, And stratagems forepast with iron pens Are texted in thine honourable face; 120 Thou art a married man in this distress, But danger woos me as a blushing maid: Teach me an answer to this perilous time.

Aud. To die is all as common, as to live;
The one in choice, the other holds in chase?
For, from the instant we begin to live,
We do pursue and hunt the time to die:
First bud we, then we blow, and after
Then, presently, we fall; and, as a shade
Follows the body, so we follow death.

If then we hunt for death, why do we fear
it?

If we fear it, why do we follow it?
If we do fear, with fear we do but aid
The thing we fear to seize on us the sooner:
If we fear not, then no resolved proffer
Can overthrow the limit of our fate:
For, whether ripe, or rotten, drop we shall,
As we do draw the lottery of our doom.

Prince. Ah, good old man, a thousand thousand armours

These words of thine have buckled on my back:

Ah, what an idiot hast thou made of life,

To seek the thing it fears! and how disgrac'd The imperial victory of murd'ring death!

Since all the lives, his conquering arrows strike,

Seek him, and he not them, to shame his glory.

I will not give a penny for a life,
Nor half a halfpenny to shun grim death;
Since for to live is but to seek to die,
And dying but beginning of new life:
Let come the hour when he that rules it will!
To live, or die, I hold indifferent.

Excunt,

Scene V.—The Same. The French Camp.

Enter King John and Charles.

John. A sudden darkness hath defac'd the

The winds are crept into their caves for fear, The leaves move not, the wood is hush'd and still.

The birds cease singing, and the wand'ring brooks

Murmur no wonted greeting to their shores; Silence attends some wonder, and expecteth That Heaven should pronounce some proplacy:

Whence, or from whom, proceeds this silence, Charles?

Char. Our men, with open mouths, and staring eyes,

Look on each other, as they did attend
Each other's words, and yet no creature speaks;

A tongue-tied fear hath made a midnight And speeches sleep through all the waking regions. John. But now the pompous sun, in all his Look'd through his golden coach upon the world. And, on a sudden, hath he hid himself; That now the under earth is as a grave, Dark, deadly, silent, and uncomfortable. A clamour of ravens heard. Hark! what a deadly outcry do I hear! Char. Here comes my brother Philip. John. All dismay'd :-Enter PHILIP. What fearful words are those thy looks pro-Phi. A flight, a flight! John. Coward, what flight? thou liest, there needs no flight. Phi. A flight! John. Awake thy craven powers, and tell on The very substance of that fear indeed, Which is so ghastly printed in thy face: What is the matter? • Phi. A flight of ugly ravens Do croak and hover o'er our soldiers' heads, And keep in triangles, and corner'd squares, Right as our forces are embattled; With their approach there came this sudden Which now hath hid the airy floor of heaven, And made at noon a night unnatural 'Upon the quaking and dismay'd world: In brief, our soldiers have let fall their arms, And stand like metamorphos'd images, Bloodless and pale, one gazing on another. John. Ay, now I call to mind the prophecy; But I must give no entrance to a fear.— Return, and hearten up those rielding souls; Tell them, the ravens, seeing them in arms,--So many fair against a famish'd few,-Come but to dine upon their handiwork, And prey upon the carrion that they kill: For when we see a horse laid down to die, Although he be not dead, the ravenous birds Sit watching the departure of his life; Even so these ravens, for the carcasses Of those poor English, that are mark'd to die, Hover about, and, if they cry to us, T is but for meat that we must kill for them. Away, and comfort up my soldiers, And sound the trumpets; and at once de-

spatch

This little business of a silly fraud.

Exit PHILIP.

Noise within. Enter a French Captain, with Salisbury prisoner. Cap. Behold, my liege, this knight, and forty more,---Of whom the better part are slain and fled,---With all endeavour sought to break our ranks, And make their way to the encompass'd prince; Dispose of him as please your majesty. John. Go, and the next bough, soldier, that Disgrace it with his body presently: For I do hold a tree in France too good To be the gallows of an English thief. Sal. My Lord of Normandy, I have your And warrant for my safety through this land. Char. Villiers procur'd it for thee, did he not? Sal. He did. Char. And it is current, thou shalt freely John. Ay, freely to the gallows to be hang'd, Without denial, or impediment:— Away with him. Char. I hope, your highness will not so disgrace me, And dash the virtue of my seal at arms: He hath my never-broken name to show, Character'd with this princely hand of mine; And rather let me leave to be a prince, Than break the stable verdict of a prince: •• I do beseech you, let him pass in quiet. John. Thou and thy word lie both in my command; What canst thou promise, that I cannot break? Which of these twain is greater infamy, To disobey thy father, or thyself?

Thy word, nor no man's, may exceed his power;

Nor that same man doth never break his

That keeps it to the utmost of his power: The breach of faith dwells in the soul's con sent;

Which if thyself without consent do break, so Thou art not charged with the breach of faith.-

Go, hang him; for thy licence lies in me: And my constraint stands the excuse for thee. Char. What, am I not a soldier in my word ?

Then, arms adieu, and let them fight that list:

Shall I not give my girdle from my waist, But with a guardian I shall be controll'd, To say, I may not give my things away?

Upon my soul, had Edward Prince of Wales Your grace should see a glorious day of this:-Engag'd his word, writ down his noble hand, For all your knights to pass his father's

The royal king, to grace his warlike son, Would not alone safe-conduct give to them, But with all bounty feasted them and theirs. John. Dwell'st thou on precedents? Then be it so .-

Say, Englishman, of what degree thou art? Sal. An earl in England, though a prisoner hore ;

And those, that know me, call me Salisbury. John. Then, Salisbury, say, whither thou art bound?

Sal. To Calais, where my liege, King Edward, is. 110

John. To Calais, Salisbury? Then to Calais pack;

And bid the king prepare a noble grave, To put his princely son, black Edward, in. And as thou travell'st westward from this

Some two leagues hence there is a lofty hill, Whose top seems topless, for the embracing sky

Doth hide his high head in her azure bosom; Unto whose tall top when thy foot attains, Look back upon the humble vale below, (Humble of late, but now made proud with arms)

And thence behold the wretched Prince of Wales,

Hoop'd with a band of iron round about. After which sight, to Calais spur amain, And say, the prince was smother'd, and not slain:

And tell the king, this is not all his ill; For I will greet him, ere he thinks I will. Away, be gone; the smoke but of our shot Will choke our foes, though bullets hit them not. Exeunt.

Scene VI.—The Same.—A Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums, as of a battle joined, skirmishings. Enter Prince EDWARD and ARTOIS.

Art. How fares your grace? are you not shot, my lord?

Prime. No, dear Artois; but chok'd with dust and smoke,

And stepp'd aside for breath and fresher air. Art. Breathe then, and to 't again: the amazed French

Are quite distract with gazing on the crows; And, were our quivers full of shafts again,

O, for more arrows, lord! that is our want. Prince. Courage, Artois! a fig for feather'd shafts.

When feather'd fowls do bandy on our side! What need we fight, and sweat, and keep a

When railing crows out-scold our adversaries? Up, up, Artois! the ground itself is arm'd:.. Fire-containing flint; command our bows To hurl away their pretty-colour'd yew, And to't with stones: away, Artois, away; My soul doth prophesy we win the day. •

Exeunt.

Alarums, and Parties skirmishing. Enter King John.

John. Our multitudes are in themselves confounded,

Dismayed, and distraught; swift-starting

Hath buzz'd a cold dismay through all our

And every petty disadvantage prompts The fear-possessed abject soul to fly:

Myself, whose spirit is steel to their dull

(What with recalling of the prophecy, And that our native stones from English arms Rebel against us) find myself attainted With strong surprise of weak and yielding fear.

#### Enter CHARLES.

Char. Fly, father, fly! the French do kill the French;

Some, that would stand, let drive at some that fly:

Our drums strike nothing but discouragement,

Our trumpets sound dishonour and retire; The spirit of fear, that feareth nought but death,

Cowardly works confusion on itself.

#### Enter PHILIP.

Phi. Pluck out your eyes, and see not this lay's shame

An arm hath beat an army; one poor David Hath with a stone foil'd twenty stout Goliahs: Some twenty naked starvelings, with small flints,

Have driven back a puissant host of men, ... Array'd and fenc'd in all accomplements.

John. Mordieu, they quoit at us, and kill

No less than forty thousand wicked elders Have forty lean slaves this day ston'd to death. Char. O, that I were some other country:

This day hath set derision on the French;
And all the world will blurt and scorn at us.

John. What, is there no hope left?

Phi. No hope, but death, to bury up our

shame.

John. Make up once more with me; the

twentieth part
Of those that live, are men enough to quail

The feeble handful on the adverse part. so Char. Then charge again: if Heaven be not oppos'd,

We cannot lose the day.

John. On, on; away.

Exeunt.

Alarums, &c. Enter Audley, wounded, and two Esquires, his rescuers.

I Esq. How fares my lord?

Aud. E'en as a man may do,

That dines at such a bloody feast as this.

2 Esq. I hope, my lord, that is no mortal

Aud. No matter, if it be; the count is cast,
And, in the worst; ends but a mortal man.
Good friends, convey me to the princely
Edward,

That, in the crimson bravery of my blood, I may become him with saluting him; I 'll smile, and tell him, that this open scar Doth end the harvest of his Audley's war.

[Exeunt. [Other alarums; afterwards, a retreat.

Scene VII The Same. The English Camp.

Flourish. Enter Prince Edward, in triumph, leading prisoners, King John and his son Charles; and Officers, Soldiers, &c., with ensigns spread.

Prince. Now, John in France, and lately John of France,

Thy bloody ensigns are my captive colours;

And you, high-vaunting Charles of Normandy,

That once to-day sent me a horse to fly, Are now the subjects of my clemency. Fie, lords! is't not a shame, that English

Whose early days are yet not worth a beard, Should in the bosom of your kingdom thus, One against twenty, beat you up together?

John. Thy fortune, not thy force, hath conquer'd us.

Prince. An argument, that heaven aids the right.—

Enter ARTOIS, with PHILIP.

See, see, Artois doth bring along with Lim
The late good counsel-giver to my sou!!—
Welcome, Artois;—and welcome, Philip, too:
Who now, of you, or I, have need to pray?
Now is the proverb verified in you,
Too bright a morning breeds a louring day.—

Enter Audley, led by the two Esquires.

But, say, what grim discouragement comes here!

Speak, thou that woo'st death with thy careless smile,

And look'st so merrily upon thy grave
As if thou wert enamour'd on thine end,
What hungry sword hath so bereav'd thy face,
And lopp'd a true friend from my loving
soul?

Aud. O prince, thy sweet bemoaning speech to me

Is as a mournful knell to one dead-sick.

Prince. Dear Audley, if my tongue ring out thy end,

My arms shall be thy grave: what may I do,
To win thy life, or to revenge thy death? ::

If thou wilt drink the blood of captive
kings,—

Or, that it were restorative, command

A health of king's blood, and I'll drink to

thee:

If honour may dispense for thee with death, The never-dying honour of this day Share wholly, Audley, to thyself, and live.

Aud. Victorious prince,—that thou art so, behold

A Caesar's fame in kings' captivity,—
If I could hold dim death but at a bay,
Till I did see my liege thy royal father,
My soul should yield this castle of my flesh,
This mangled tribute, with all willingness,
To darkness, consummation, dust, and worms.

Private Checky hold royal thy soul is all

Prince. Cheerly, bold man! thy soul is all too proud,

To yield her city for one little breach; She'ld be divorced from her earthly spouse By the soft temper of a Frenchman's sword? Lo, to repair thy life, I give to thee

Three thousand marks a year in English land.

Aud. I take thy gift, to pay the debts I

owe:

These two poor 'squires redeem'd me from the French,

With lusty and dear hazard of their lives; What thou hast given to me, I give to them; And, as thou lov'st me, prince, lay thy consent

To this bequeath in my last testament.

Prince. Renowned Audley, live, and have from me

This gift twice doubled, to these squires, and thee:

But, live, or die, what thou hast given away,

To these, and theirs, shall lasting treated stay.—
Come, gentlemen, I'll see my friend best within an easy litter; then we'll march Proudly toward Calais, with triumphant proef.
Unto my royal father, and there bring.
The tribute of my wars, fair France's king.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Picardy. The English Camp before Calais.

Enter King Edward, with Philippa his Queen, and Derby; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edw. No more, Queen Philippa, pacify yourself;

Copland, except he can excuse his fault,
Shall find displeasure written in our looks.—
And now unto this proud resisting town:
Soldiers, assault; I will no longer stay,
To be deluded by their false delays;
Put all to sword, and make the spoil your own!

Trumpets sound to arms. Enter, from the town, six Citizens, in their shirts, and barefooted, with halters about their necks.

Cit. Mercy, King Edward! mercy, gracious lord!

Edw. Contemptuous villains! call ye now for truce?

Mine ears are stopp'd against your bootless cries:—

Sound, drums; [Alarum] draw, threat'ning swords!

1 Cit. Ah, noble prince,

Take pity on this town, and hear us, mighty king!

We claim the promise that your highness made;

The two days' respite is not yet expir'd,
And we are come, with willingness, to bear
What torturing death, or punishment, you
please,

So that the trembling multitude be sav'd.

Edw. My promise? well, I do confess as
much:

But I requir'd the chiefest citizens,
And men of most account, that should submit;
You, peradventure, are but servile grooms,
Or some felonious robbers on the sea,
Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
Albeit severity lay dead in us:
No, no, ye cannot over-reach us thus.

2 Cit. The sun, dread lord, that in the western fall

Beholds us now low brought through misery, Did in the orient purple of the morn Salute our coming forth, when we were known;

Or may our portion be with damned fiends.

Edw. If it be so, then let our covenant stand.

We take possession of the town in peace:
But, for yourselves, look you for no remorse;
But, as imperial justice hath decreed,
Your bodies shall be dragg'd about these
walls.

And after feel the stroke of quartering steel: This is your doon;—go, soldiers, see it done.

Queen. Ah, be more mild unto these yielding men!

It is a glorious thing, to 'stablish peace; And kings approach the nearest unto God, By giving life and safety unto men: As thou intendest to be King of France,

So let her people live to call thee king; For what the sword cuts down, or fire hath spoil'd,

Is held in reputation none of ours.

Edw. Although experience teach us this is

That peaceful quietness brings most delight When most of all abuses are controll'd, Yet, insomuch it shall be known, that we as well can master our affections, As conquer other by the dint of sword, Philippa, prevail; we yield to thy request; These men shall live to boast of clemency,—

And, tyranny, strike terror to thyself.

Cit. Long live your highness! happy be your reign!

Edw. Go, get you hence return unto the town;

And if this kindness hath deserv'd your love, Learn then to reverence Edward as your king.— [Execunt Citizens.

Now, might we hear of our affairs abroad, we would till gloomy winter were o'er-spent,

Thirtee our men in garrison a while.

Enter COPLAND and King DAVID.

Der. Copland, my lord, and David King of Scots.

\* Edw. Is this the proud presumptuous 'squire o' the north,

That would not yield his prisoner to my queen!

· Cop. I am, my liege, a northern 'squire, indeed,

But neither proud nor insolent, I trust.

Edw. What mov'd thee then, to be so

• obstinate

To contradict our royal queen's desire?

Cop. No wilful disobedience, mighty lord,

But my desert, and public law of arms:

I took the king myself in single fight;

And, like a soldier, would be loath to lose The least pre-eminence that I had won: And Copland, straight, upon your highness'

charge,
Is come to France, and, with a lowly mind,

Doth vail the bonnet of his victory.

Receive, dread lord, the custom of my fraught.

The wealthy tribute of my labouring hands;
Which should long since have been surrender'd up,

Had but your gracious self been there in

Queen. But, Copland, thou didst scorn the king's command,

Neglecting our commission in his name.

· Cop. His name I reverence, but his person more;

His name shall keep me in allegiance still, But to his person I will bend my knee.

Edw. I pray thee, Philippa, let displeasure

This man doth please me, and I like his words:

For what is he, that will attempt high deeds, And lose the glory that ensues the same ? •• All rivers have recourse unto the sea; And Copland's faith, relation to his king.— Kneels therefore down; now rise, King

Edward's knight And, to maintain thy state, I freely give Five hundred marks a year to thee and

thine.

# Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, Lord Salisbury: what news from Bretagne?

Sal. This, mighty king: the country we have won;

And John de Montfort, regent of that place, Presents your highness with this coronet, Protesting true allegiance to your grace.

Edw. We thank thee for thy service,

valiant earl;

Challenge our favour, for we owe it thee.

Sal. But now, my lord, as this is joyful news,

So must my voice be tragical again, And I must sing of doleful accidents.

Edw. What, have our men the overthrow at Poitiers?

Or is my son beset with too much olds?

Sal. He was, my lord: and as my worthless self.

With forty other serviceable knights, '110 Under safe-conduct of the Dauphin's seal Did travel that way, finding him distress'd, A troop of lances met us on the way, Surpris'd, and brought us prisoners to the

king;
Who, proud of this, and eager of revenge,
Commanded straight to cut off all our heads:
And surely we had died, but that the duke,
More full of honour than his angry sire,
Procur'd our quick deliverance from thence:
But, ere we went, "Salute your king," quoting

"Bid him provide a funeral for his son,
To-day our sword shall cut his thread of life;
And, sooner than he thinks, we'll be with
him.

To quittance those displeasures he hath done:"

This said, we pass'd, not daring to reply; Our hearts were dead, our looks diffus'd and wan.

Wand'ring, at last we climb'd unto a hill; From whence, although our grief were much before,

Yet now to see the occasion with our eyes Did thrice so much increase our heaviness:
For there, my lord, O, there we did descry is Down in a valley how both armies lay.
The French had cost their transless lake a

The French had cast their trenches like a ring;

And every barricado's open front
Was thick emboss'd with brazen ordinance:
Here stood a battle of ten thousand horse;
There twice as many pikes, in quadrantwise:
Here cross-bows, arm'd with deadly-wounding
darts:

And in the midst, like to a slender point
Within the compass of the horizon,—
As 't were a rising bubble in the sea,
A hazel-wand amidst a wood of pines,—
Or as a bear fast chain'd unto a stake,
Stood famous Edward, still expecting when

hose dogs of France would fasten on his flesh.

non, the death-procuring knell begins:

If go the cannons, that, with trembling noise,

id shake the very mountain where we stood;

hen sound the trumpets' clangours in the air, he battles join: and, when we could no more

Discern the difference 'twixt the friend and foe.

(So intricate the dark confusion was)
Away we turn'd our wat'ry eyes, with sighs
As black as powder fuming into smoke.
And thus, I fear, unhappy have I told
The most untimely tale of Edward's fall.

Queen. Ah me! is this my welcome into

Is this the comfort, that I lock'd to have, When I should meet with my beloved son? Sweet Ned, I would, thy mother in the sea Had been prevented of this mortal grief!

Edw. Content thee. Philippa: 't is not

Edw. Content thee, Philippa; 't is not tears, will serve
To call him back, if he be taken hence:

Comfort thyself, as I do, gentle queen,
With hope of sharp, unheard-of, dire

He bids me to provide his funeral;
And so I will: but all the peers in France
Shall mourners be, and weep out bloody
tears,

Until their empty veins be dry and sere:
The pillars of his hearse shall be their bones;
The mould that covers him, their cities'
ashes;

His knell, the groaning cries of dying men; And, in the stead of tapers on his tomb, An hundred fifty towers shall burning blaze, While we bewail our valiant son's decease.

Flourish of trumpets within. Enter a Herald.

Her. Rejoice, my lord; ascend the imperial throne!

The mighty and redoubted Prince of Wales, Great Servitor to bloody Mars in arms,
The Frenchman's terror, and his country's

Triumphant rideth like a Roman peer: 180
And, lowly at his stirrup, comes afoot
King John of France, together with his son,
In captive bonds; whose diadem he brings,
To crown thee with, and to proclaim thee

Edw. Away with mourning, Philippa, wipe thine eyes ;--

Sound, trumpets, welcome in Plahtagenet!

A Loud Flourish. Enter PRINCE, AUDLEY, ARTOIS, with King John, and PHILIP.

As things, long lost, when they are found again,

So doth my son rejoice his father's heart, For whom, even now, my soul was much perplex'd!

[Running to the PRINCE, and embracing him. Queen. Be this a token to express my joy, [Kissing him.

For inward passions will not let me speak.

Prince. My gracious father, here receive
the gift,

[Presenting him with King John's crown. This wreath of conquest, and reward of war, Got with as mickle peril of our lives, As e'er was thing of price before this day; Install your highness in your proper right: And, herewithal, I render to your hands These prisoners, chief occasion of our strife.

Edw. So, John of France, I see, you keep your word.

You promis'd to be sooner with ourself
Than we did think for, and 't is so indeed:
But, had you done at first as now you do,
How many civil towns had stood untouch'd,
That now are turn'd to ragged heaps of
stones?

How many people's lives might you have sav'd,

That are untimely sunk into their graves?

John. Edward, recount not things irrevocable;

Tell me what ransom thou requir'st to have?

Educ. Thy ransom, John, hereafter shall be known:

But first to England thou must crost the seas, To see what entertainment it affords;

Howe'er it falls, it cannot be so bad As ours hath been since we arriv'd in France. John. Accursed man! of this I was fore-

But did misconster what the prophet told.

Prince. Now, father, this petition Edward
makes.—

To Thee, [kneels] whose grace hath been his strongest shield,

That, as Thy pleasure chose me for the man To be the instrument to show Thy power, So Thou wilt grant, that many princes more, Bred and brought up within that little isle, May still be famous for like victories!— The And, for my part, the bloody scars I bear, The weary nights that I have watch'd in field.

The dangerous conflicts I have often had, The fearful menaces were proffer'd me, The heat, and cold, and what else might displease,

I wish were now redoubled twenty-fold;

So that hereafter ages, when they read

The painful traffic of my tender youth, 20

Might thereby be inflamed with such resolve,

As not the territories of France alone,

But likewise Spain, Turkey, and what countries else

That justly would provoke fair England's ire,

Might, at their presence, tremble and re-

Edw. Here, English lords, we do proclaim a rest,

And interceasing of our painful arms: Sheathe up your swords, refresh your weary

limbs,

Peruse your spoils; and, after we have breath'd

A day or two within this haven town, 246
God willing, then for England we'll be shipp'd;

Where, in a happy hour, I trust, we shall Arrive, three kings, two princes, and a queen.

[Flourish. Execut omnes.

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